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Smith, Seraphina Gardner ed.
Recollections of the pioneers of
Lee county.

(Title taken from
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vol. 9 p. 325)

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS

DEDICATED

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE PIONEERS,

BY THE

LEE COUNTY COLUMBIAN CLUB.

A Tale of the Airly Days.

Oh! tell me a tale of the airly days,
Of the times as they ust to be;
"Pillar of Fire," and "Shakespeare's Plays,"
Is a 'most too deep for me!
I want plain facts, and I want plain words,
Of good old-fashioned ways,
When speech run free as the songs of birds,
'Way back in the airly days.

Tell me a tale of the timber lands,
And the old-time pioneers—
Somepin' a pore man understands
With his feelins', well as ears.
Tell of the old log house—about
The loft, and the puncheon floor—
The old fire-place, with the crane swung on,
And the latch string through the door.

Tell of the things just like they wuz—
They don't need no excuse;
Don't tetch 'em up like the poets does
Till they're all too fine fer use!
Say they wuz 'leven in the family—
Two beds and the chist below,
And the trundle-beds, 'at each helt three;
And the clock and the old bureau.

Then blow the horn at the old back door
Till the echoes all hallo,
And the children gathers home one't more,
Jest as they ust to do;
Blow for Pap till he hears and comes,
With Tomps and Elias, too,
A marchin' home, with the fife and drums
And the old Red, White and Blue!

Blow and blow till the sound draps low
As the moan of the whipperwill,
And wake up Mother, and Ruth, and Jo,
All sleepin' at Bethel Hill;
Blow and call till the faces all
Shine out in the back-log's blaze,
And the shadders dance on the old hewn wall
As they did in the airly days.

—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

When a stranger taps at our door we naturally expect to be told his name and errand, and if he wishes to become an inmate of our home, something of his history.

To those, therefore, who care to become better acquainted with this little book, we will tell something of its birth and parentage.

The Lee County Columbian Club, in common with others throughout the entire state, was organized by an officer of the Illinois Woman's Exposition Board—for the purpose of opening communication with all parts of the county, of securing, for the various departments of the great exposition any and every item in our county which would add to its interest or give evidence of the history, growth, resources, culture, or natural features of the county. Also to facilitate communication with the State Board; to encourage the study of the Exposition; awakening interest and enabling us to enjoy it more intelligently.

At one of our earliest meetings Miss Elizabeth J. Shaw spoke with much earnestness of the great historic events which are connected with Lee County, making it a point of interest not only to the state, but to the nation.

This led to her being requested to prepare a sketch of those events, for the instruction and entertainment of the Club.

We also wished to commemorate these events in some way by a county exhibit at the Exposition, and decided to offer a window, on which should be suitably represented, as a center panel, Father Dixon's cabin, the first white man's home on Rock River, and on either side of it pictures of Father Dixon and of Black-Hawk, types of the advancing and receding races.

That such an exhibit would have been an appropriate and beautiful one, is beyond doubt. That the plan met with insurmountable difficulties and was reluctantly abandoned is a source of inexpressible and unceasing regret—but such was the case, and we record it here that there may be at least this proof of the taste which proposed, and the cheerful willingness which would have carried out the project had it been possible.

Meantime the Club had listened to Miss Shaw's admirable paper, (which forms a chapter in this book,) and to a second by Mrs. Chase, of Amboy, on the "Pioneer Women" of that township, which so awakened interest that we began to realize the opportunity for co-operation afforded by the county organization and to ask that similar papers be gathered from the entire county.

We asked for papers referring to facts and experiences in pioneer life—especially that of the pioneer women, which had not already been recorded in the various histories of the county, endeavoring to make them more like the fireside chat of old friends than a mere formal record of names

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and events. In many cases the response was at once generous and sympathetic; friends caught up the spirit of the enterprise and gave us papers that will delight you as they have us; others equally willing did not realize that stories of pioneer women were most desired, or, perhaps, thought with the good old deacon, that "the brethren always embraced the sisters;" or feared, as another deacon did in regard to heaven "that there'd be so many more women than men, that it wouldn't be interesting," but they wrote delightful papers in the masculine gender, and they, too, will give you pleasure.

But alas! many others equally willing and anxious for our success "would gladly aid us but it was so long ago they had forgotten, etc., etc." One of our best contributors says: "Sometimes I gave up, here; sometimes I followed them up with a "Columbian Shorter Catechism," and in this way I became possessed of some interesting and picturesque incidents. At one time about all I could get was 'the way they heated the water to scald the hogs.' I thought if our book lived and should ever reach those whom we shall never live to see, my part of it would be those hot rocks a thunderin' down the ages!"

Others wrote more formal particulars, but all have been preserved and all are of interest.

When we were obliged to abandon our hope of the window, it was too late to attempt any other project, so we decided to collect all this material at once, and publish it as a book for our exhibit.

Not that it is as desirable an exhibit as the window would have been, or as it might have been made had we known the end from the beginning but we had no better resource.

So, whether you see it among the varied exhibits at the great exposition or place it among your household treasures, this is its history, and it is yours as well as ours. It is not all we wished or hoped, probably not all that you expect, but if you are inclined to criticise the omission of any matter remember that the omission is your own. If you say," why did you not put in this, or that?" we shall address the question to you, in reply. Such as has been given us, we give you, wishing no less than you that it was more complete.

Look upon its failings then, with allowance, drop a tear on the sad pages, and laugh with your children over the merry ones. Teach them how true it is, and that it was written for them. Then we shall feel that the mission of our little book has been fulfilled, for as Webster says: "Those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the present, do not perform their duty to the world."



INDIAN CAMPING GROUND NEAR BINGHAMPTON.

The Township of Amboy.

By Mrs. D. C. Chase.

The First Inhabitants.

MIDWAY between Chicago and the Mississippi River, in north latitude, between 41 and 42 degrees and in west longitude 12 degrees and 30 minutes, lies Lee County. Fifty years ago the Indians roamed at large over the vast billows of prairie land, glided up and down the silvery streams in the light canoe, and lodged beneath the protecting branches of the beautiful trees that bordered the winding rivers. No boundary line of town or county then intersected this part of Illinois. Since 1680 the Illinois country had been subject to France or Great Britain, and not until 1783 had the United States claimed possession of it. Even then the Starry Flag waved aloft in imagination only, for no white man had claimed its protection. As late as 1818 the settled part of the state extended only a little north of Alton. A remnant of the French Colony founded by LaSalle in 1680, many of whom had intermarried with the Indians; and American emigrants, chiefly from Kentucky, Virginia and Pennsylvania, had increased the population of Southern Illinois to the number of twelve thousand. These, strengthened with the aid of one company of regular soldiers, resisted, in the war of 1812, the combined encroachments of the English with the Kickapoos, Sacs, Foxes, Pottawattomies, Winnebagoes and Shawnees. These tribes still encamped at intervals in Northern Illinois, and not until after the close of the Black Hawk war in 1831 and 1832, when the Indians were relegated to their claims beyond the Mississippi river, was this portion of the state open for the peaceful abode of the white man. Here, a few miles east of us, lived Shabbona, chief of the Pottawattomies, with his tribe, and Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs, dwelt at the junction of Rock River and the Mississippi, while farther north were the Winnebagoes, and farther south the Kickapoos and Shawnees.

The atrocities and treacheries of the Indian have been commented upon until every one has sufficient information in that direction, and we will turn to other characteristics not as often described; and as this

section of the state of Illinois was inhabited by the tribes above mentioned and the Foxes, (as named by the French, but called Ottogamies by the other Indian tribes), we will direct our attention to what we can learn of them; our predecessors on these prairies. Here in our groves and beside our streams they built their lodges, hunted and fished, fought, loved and died, while down in the southern part of Illinois, as in southern Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri, the first faint gleams of the dawn of civilization were beginning to illumine the green and flowery wilderness of the Great West. Here and there, miles apart, the rising smoke from the solitary cabin would send a gleam of hope to a weary traveler, or a ray of light from some lonely hut would beckon the benighted wanderer to the comfort and joy of human companionship. It is true that in these wild regions the human beings were sometimes inhuman, and the unhappy explorer found a terrible welcome; but far, far oftener the mercy which had come from heaven met him, and having been sheltered, warmed and fed, he proceeded on his way to untried fields beyond. Year after year brought new inhabitants, and farther and farther west and north the pioneer opened up a high-way for multitudes, in time, to follow, and to reach, at last, the homes of the red men here. The hardships of those who led the way to civilization there, were soon to be borne by the brave spirits who inaugurated prosperity for us here, and before this story is ended, we shall see with admiration what noble men and women were led forth by the unseen hand to prepare the way for us who followed. One short extract describing pioneer life in Southern Illinois and adjacent territory years before the pioneers had reached here, and then we will tarry awhile with the original "settlers" before we take up the histories of our own. It is from the autobiography of Peter Cartright, the renowned itinerant Methodist preacher who commenced his labors in 1804, at the age of nineteen years, and continued them for sixty years; and whose circuit extended 600 miles, and who is said to have preached 18,000 sermons.

"We killed our meat out of the woods, wild, and beat our meal and hominy with a pestle and mortar. We stretched a deer skin over a hoop, burned holes in it with the prongs of a fork, sifted our meal, baked bread eat it, and it was first rate eating, too. We raised or gathered out of the woods our own tea. We had sage, bohea, cross-bone, spice and sassafras teas in abundance. We made our sugar out of the water of the maple tree, and our molasses too. These were great luxuries in those days. Ministers of different denominations came in and preached through the country; but the Methodist preachers were the pioneer messengers of salvation in these ends of the earth. People unacquainted with frontier

life fifty or sixty years ago, can form but a very imperfect idea of the sufferings and hardships the early settlers of these western states underwent at that day, when Methodist preachers went from fort to fort, from camp to camp, from tent to tent, from cabin to cabin, with or without road or path. We walked on dirt floors, sat on stools or benches for chairs, ate on puncheon tables, had forked sticks and pocket or butcher knives for knives and forks, slept on bear, deer or buffalo skins before the fire, sometimes on the ground in open air for downy beds, had our saddles or saddle-bags for pillows of feathers; and one new suit of clothes of home spun was ample clothing for one year for an early Methodist preacher in the west. We crossed creeks and large rivers without bridges or ferryboats, often swam them on horseback or crossed on trees that had fallen over the stream, drove our horses over and often waded over waist deep, and if by chance we got a dugout or canoe to cross in ourselves, and swim our horses by, it was quite a treat. The above course of training was the colleges in which we early Methodist preachers graduated and from which we took our diplomas. Here we solved our mathematical problems, declined our nouns and conjugated our verbs, parsed our sentences, and became proficient in the dead languages of the Indian and back-woods dialect."

The Abbe 'em, Domenech, a missionary to the Indians, has given an account of some of the customs, traditions and legends of those tribes, which from having once inhabited this part of Illinois, are of greatest interest to us. He described many lovely and beautiful traits in these poor untutored children of the wilderness, and translated some of their songs and legends, specimens of which are introduced here.

Those who have read the life of Black Hawk will recollect his long and heavy mourning for his departed children, and also, that his greatest sorrow and regret in leaving the country, which had been ceded to the whites, was in bidding adieu to the graves of his ancestors.

One historian who had known the Indians well, speaks of their great tenderness for their children. Not having any regular time for eating, and depending much on wild game for sustenance, they are sometimes a long time without food, as the hunters are not always successful. Sometimes the father returns home without sufficient game to supply the family, in which case the parents invariably continue their own fasting while all which has been taken is given to the children.

Black is the sign of mourning among Indians as among us. Among several of these northern tribes, a woman who has lost a child in the cradle, places it in its little wicker bed which she has lined with black feathers, and carries it about with her for one whole year, in all her

emigrations, places it in her cabin, speaks to it and sings, gay or sad, as if the child were still alive and could smile and answer her. The widows of the Fox Indians remain several months without changing their clothes or giving any care to their dress. This custom is common in many tribes of the north.

The Sacs and Foxes place their dead, wrapped in blankets or buffalo skins, in rude coffins made of old canoes or the bark of trees and bury them. If the deceased was a warrior, a post is erected above his head painted with red bars, indicating the number of men, women and children he has killed during his life and who are to be his slaves in the land of shadows.

The grief of these children of the desert has in it something so touching and simple that it strikes even the coldest hearts;—and often they are seen talking, weeping or singing by their graves as if the dead could hear them.

Although some of the Indians are very poetical, the sweet cadences of measured rhyme have never been known among them, but like the Orientals they chant their songs of love or of war. "The finest song known" is the one improvised and sung by the celebrated Chippewa Chief Onaoubogie before and after a great victory which he had gained over the Sioux, the Foxes and the Sacs. The translation is by the Abbe' em Domenech.

A chief of a tribe not having a permanent army at his command, is obliged to have recourse to voluntary enlistment whenever he wishes to declare war against a hostile tribe. Then, through the medium of couriers whom he sends to every lodge and village of his nation, he assembles all the men capable of bearing arms; after which, in a preparatory ceremony, he extemporizes a few stanzas of energetic poetry, which he sings with fiery enthusiasm gesticulating and accompanying himself with the drum and raquetts. The auditors' imagination is gradually excited by all they hear; they become animated with the warlike ardor of their chieftain, and generally finish by enlisting *en masse* to fight and die under his command.

ONAOUBOGIE'S WAR SONG.

"Hearken to my voice, you brave heroes!
The day is coming when our warriors
Will fall upon our cowardly enemies.
My heart burns with a just vengence
Against the cruel, treacherous race
Of the Sioux the Foxes and the Sacs.
Here, my breast is covered with blood.
Behold! behold the wounds caused by the conflict!
Mountains tremble at my cries!
I fight! I strike! I kill!

But where are my enemies? they are dying.
They fly in the prairie like foxes;
They tremble like the leaves during a tempest,
Perfidous dogs! you have burnt our children.
We will hunt during five winters,
And we shall mourn for our massacred warriors
Until our youths having become men,
Shall be instructed for war.
Then will our days end like those of our fathers.
You are no more noble warriors, you are gone.
My brother, my companion, my friend,
To the path of death, where all the brave go;
But we live to avenge you
And we will die as died our ancestors."

When the son of a warrior wishes to get married, "he takes his flute and goes at night towards the cabin wherein she rests whom he has chosen for his future spouse!" He begins by playing a melancholy tune; then he sings words of his own composition which enumerate the charms of his beloved. He likens her to the sweet perfumes of the wild flowers, to the pure water that flows from the rocks, to the graceful trees of the forests, and to the verdant banks of the river in which she bathes. He afterwards promises her a long series of happy days in his wigwam, until the hour when they should depart for the enchanted prairies, where joy is without end.

The following is selected by Abbe' em Domenech from a great number of Indian love chants that had become popular on the prairies, and translated by him.

"My Dove's eye, listen to the sound of my flute;
Hearken to the voice of my songs, it is my voice.
Do not blush, all thy thoughts are known to me.
I have my magic shield, thou canst not escape.
I shall always draw thee to me, even shouldst thou be
In the most distant Isle, beyond the great lakes.
I am mighty by my strength and valor.
Listen, my betrothed, it is to thy heart that I speak.
* * * * * * * *
The finest bears of the prairies shall become my prey,
I will exchange horses for necklaces;
Thy moccasins shall become shining beads.
Fly not from me; I will go even up to the clouds to keep thee.
The Great Spirit is for me, my betrothed;
Hearken to the voice of my song, it is my voice."

We have given two specimens of Indian poetry, one of war, the other of love. The two poems which follow were improvised and sung by Indian women. In the village, as in the forests, when the child wishes to sleep its mother suspends the cot in which it lies, and which she has ornamented with the greatest care, to a beam or to a branch; she then rocks it to and fro, singing a song which is either extemporized or become popular from habit. The literal translation of the song given



ANOTHER INDIAN CAMPING GROUND NEAR BINGHAMPTON.

below being impossible, the translator was oblige to be content with reproducing the sense, and not word for word of the original.

"Balance, balance thou pretty cot,
Roll on, roll on aerial wave;
Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep, sleep,
For thy mother watches over thee.
It is she who will ever rock thee,
Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep, sleep.

Little darling, thou art thy mother's love,
Sleep, sleep, my child, sleep, sleep.
Tiny cradle, balance, balance,
Rock my baby near me;
Sweet darling do not weep,
For thy mother watches over thee.

Roll on, roll on, aerial wave.
Gently rock my sleeping babe;
His mother is near him watching
That he may not be alone,
Wave in the air thou pretty cot;
Wave, wave, sweet little child."

The musical beauty of the Indian words repeated oft as in the song is said to constitute an indescribable charm.

Many can doubtless recall the sad story of the Indian woman who, distracted and heart-broken at having been abandoned by her husband, embarked in a canoe with her baby, and allowed herself to perish in the St. Anthony Falls. When she saw that the current carried off her frail skiff, and that all hope of life was lost, she rose, holding her infant in her arms, and began to sing in a solemn and sad air the following words:

"It was for him whom I solely cherished with all the love of my heart;
It was for him that I prepared the freshly killed game and that my cabin was so daintily bedecked;
It was for him that I tanned the skin of the noble stag and that I embroidered the moccasins which adorn his feet.
Every day at sunrise I anxiously awaited the return of him whom I loved;
My heart beat with joy as soon as I heard the step of my brave huntsman;
He would throw down his load at the door of my cabin—it was a deer, and I would hasten to prepare it for the repast.
My heart was attached to my spouse, and to me his love was more than all the world;
But he has forsaken me for another and now life has become a burden to me which I can no longer support;
My child is also a grief to my heart, for he is so like him.
How can I endure life when all its moments are so cruel and so poignant to me!
I have elevated my voice towards the Master of Life; I have besought Him to take back the life He had given me, for I wish for it no longer.
I am going on with the current that carries me off, and that will satisfy my desire and my prayers
I see the waters foaming, I see it gush forth impetuously, it shall be my shroud.
I hear the deep murmurs of the gulf,—it is my funeral song. Farewell! Farewell!"

The Sacs and Foxes, as well as several other tribes, believe that at the time of the deluge, a man and woman remained on the summit of a high mountain, after all the rest of the human race were drowned. When the waters subsided the Great Spirit took pity on these two beings, and sent them fire by the raven whose plumage was then white; the raven, having stopped to feed on the carcass of a buffalo, let the fire die out, and returned to heaven to fetch more. Then the Great Spirit as a punishment, changed the color of its feathers from white to black and gave the fire to another bird, which carried it faithfully to its destination without stopping. Different tribes have varieties of the same traditions more or less embellished, and which it is useless to introduce here.

At every step in the study of the religion of the Indians, one perceives that if not of Hebrew origin it is, at least, strongly imbued with Biblical tradition, more or less perverted by the fantastic and vivid imagination of these simple beings with their passionate love for all that is marvelous.

Some authors equally distinguished for their erudition and their practical knowledge of the Indians, have looked upon the legend we are about to relate, as a distorted reminiscence of the redemption which was sealed upon Calvary.

Ascending the Mississippi, a little above St. Louis, between Alton and the Illinois river, there is a narrow pass confined between two high hills, at the bottom of which runs the Piusa, a rivulet which flows into the river. At this place is a smooth, perpendicular rock, upon which at two or three yards hight an immense image of a bird with outspread wings is chiseled on the stone. This image, from which the streamlet takes its name, is called by the Indians, Piusa, that is to say, the man-devouring bird, and is thus named from the circumstance that follows.

"Many thousand moons befor the arival of the white men, Nanabush, the benevolent intercessor for mankind, destroyed the great Mammouth or Mastodon, the bones of which are still to be found in many parts of America. At that time there was a bird of such prodigious strength

and size, that he could easily carry away a stag in his talons. This bird having once tasted of human flesh, from that time forward, would eat no other food. He was as cunning as he was strong; he used to make a sudden dart at an Indian, carry him away to one of his caves in the rock, and there devour him at leisure. Hundreds of warriors had been unsuccessful in their attempts to destroy him. Entire villages were thus laid to waste by him, and terror was spread among the tribes of Illinois. At length Outaga, a warrior chief, whose renown extended far beyond the great lakes, withdrew from the rest of his tribe, spent a whole month in fasting and solitude, and prayed to the Great Spirit to deliver his children from the fangs of Piusa. During the last night, the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and commanded him to select twenty warriors, and to hide them in a place which he pointed out to him, each man being armed with a bow and a poisoned arrow. One warrior alone was to show himself openly, and become a victim to the winged monster, at whom all the others were to let fly their arrows, the moment the bird fastened on its prey.

"When Outaga awoke, he gave thanks to the Great Spirit; he then went back to his tribe, related his dream, and the twenty warriors were forthwith chosen, armed, and placed in ambush, Outaga himself offering to become the victim and so perish for the rest of his tribe. From the rising ground where he stood, the brave Indian beheld the Piusa perched on his rock. He drew himself up with majestic bearing, planting his feet firmly on the soil; and laying his right hand upon his calm and unmoved heart, he lifted up his voice and began the death chant of the warrior. The monster spread out his wings, and quick as lightning fell upon the Indian chief. But every bow was ready strained, every warrior let his arrow fly, and each arrow pierced through the body of the Piusa, who sank and expired at the feet of Outaga with a savage and terrific shriek. The Great Spirit rewarded the sacrifice of the generous chief by suspending over his head an invisible shield which preserved him from being hurt by his friends' arrows, or by the talons of the bird."

In remembrance of this event the image of the Piusa was carved on the rock, and no Indian ever goes past this place in his canoe without aiming a shot at the monster's effigy. The rifles have left innumerable marks on the stone, and the whole fable seems to borrow an air of truth from the fact that all the natural caverns in the surrounding hills are filled with bones of thousands of human beings.

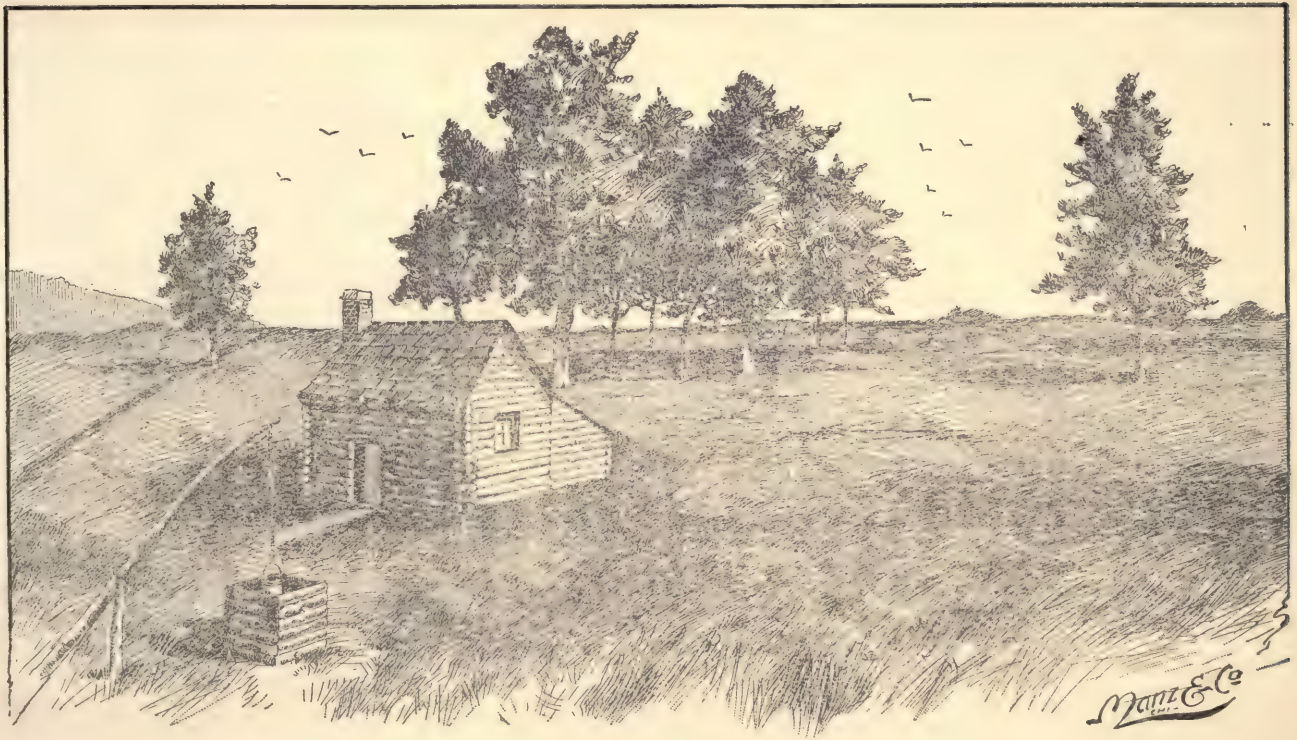
The celebrated Methodist preacher, Peter Cartright, D. D., who

labored for more than sixty years chiefly in the Mississippi Valley, leaves this in his autobiography published in 1856, in describing his first visit to Rock Island Mission, which corroborates the truth of the above.

"Here on the north side of Rock River, on the rising ground from the Mississippi bottom, stands the sight of one of the oldest Indian towns in the north or north-west. It is a beautiful site for a city. There are to be seen lying, bleached and bleaching, the bones of *unnumbered thousands* of this poor, wild and roaming race of human beings. It was the center of the vast and powerful, unbroken, warlike tribes of the north-west. This particular spot was claimed by the notorious Black-Hawk and his tribe. If they had been civilized, and had known the real arts of war, it would have been utterly impossible for the Americans to have vanquished and subdued them as they have done. When I looked at the fields in cultivation by the whites, where the ground had been for ages the country of the Indians, a spirit of sorrow came over me. Had they been an educated and civilized people there no doubt would now be standing on this pre-eminent site, as splendid a city as New York. But they are wasted away and gone to their long home. I saw a scattered few that there crowded back by the unconquerable march of the white man."

A tradition prevails among the Sacs and Foxes in which we can trace a great analogy to the Mosaic account of the creation of man and the confusion of tongues. According to those Indians the Great Spirit created, in the first place, two men; but on seeing that His work was thus insufficient for its purpose, He took from each man a rib, of which He formed two women. The Indian race are descended from these two couples. All men were at first united in one great nation; but they became wicked, and after that the Great Spirit visited them and gave them the knowledge of several tongues, thereby creating among them confusion, which compelled them to separate and to form all the different tribes which are yet in existence.

Before bidding adieu to the first inhabitants of these prairies, let us cast a kindly glance at the departed, and, as it were, leave a wreath of prairie flowers over the remains of that diminishing race whose once loved acres we now inhabit. No longer can the green mounds, their sacred tombs, receive the pathetic care of friend or descendant. The proud race of the children of Nature has drunk of the bitter cup of humiliation and desolation. Let us cherish compassion for their misfortune, and in the twilight of their setting sun linger in tender reveries before we say *farewell.*



JOHN DEXTER'S CABIN.



THOMAS J. DEXTER

John and Margaret Dexter.

THE FIRST WHITE INHABITANTS OF AMBOY.

FAR out in the Atlantic ocean, there is, or was, an enormous, submerged forest called "gulf weed," from its connection with the great "Gulf Stream" from the Gulf of Mexico. This is so dense as sometimes to impede the progress of ships, and when encountered by Columbus on his exploring voyage westward, it was thought by the superstitious sailors to be a barrier placed there by an angry Providence to prevent their passage; or at all events, to warn them against further progress. But Columbus was a man with a purpose too grand to be overawed by the ocean forest and a thousand other ills, and his fearless perseverence reaped a rich reward.

How many a Columbus we have met and have not known it. How many grand spirits have crossed our pathway and, perchance, walked and talked with us day by day, whose earthly environments have blinded us to the regal honors we were receiving in sharing their company. They may have been rough in speech, unlettered and awkward, and coarsely clad, and yet all these external appearances were but as the husks which had hidden and protected the finest, noblest souls that shall be unveiled in Paradise.

□ And through marsh and fen and bog and slough and dangers seen and unseen, in the years gone by these *Columbians*, both men and women, have pressed on, hoping and believing that somewhere in the Great West, sweet Mother Nature with smiling face and green and sunny garments, was waiting to receive them to an earthly home which, to the wanderer's vision, appeared a type of "Canaan's Happy Land," beyond the swelling flood of Jordan.

On a day in the latter part of May, 1835, when not a human habitation, save the ruins of some Indian lodge, marked the landscape, two heavily laden wagons, each drawn by two horses, and containing household goods, a tent, two men, two women and four children, moved slowly onward until they reached some rising ground, sheltered by trees near

the banks of Green river, just east of the present locality of Binghampton. Here they alighted and pitched a small tent, the two men preparing for an encampment, while the women were busy in making ready the evening meal. The elder woman tended and watched the twin babies, two little boys; the younger woman performed the more active service. The older man was smaller than the younger and wore spectacles. The younger was a great, strong, stalwart man, ruddy and grey eyed, his step fearless, the work of his hands as if a determined will reached through every fiber to finger tips. The elder woman was thin and quiet, with a look in her face as if motherhood was in her heart but perchance not in her life, while she lavished on the little ones the tenderness of a real mother. The young mother was a "perfect woman nobly planned," of full habit, finely proportioned, with large blue eyes and beautiful complexion. The little Thomas, five years old, and Mary, three, with the twins, Matthew and Mark, complete the group of the first white inhabitants of Amboy—the Dexter family.

The older man was he whom we have heard spoken of as "Old Doctor Dexter," and was an uncle of John Dexter. He married a maiden lady just before emigrating west, and they soon located in a little cabin between Lee Center and Inlet Grove.

John Dexter was born October 8th, 1803, of hardy Welsh parentage, whose ancestors emigrated to America in the early part of the 17th century and settled in Connecticut; their descendents emigrating to Maine, New York, Canada, Michigan, Illinois, and later on, to Iowa, Kansas, California, and the Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. Dexter's maiden name was Margaret McInarrie Dudgeon, of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian ancestry, that came to America the latter part of the 17th century and settled in the state of New York, their descendents moving into Canada and the western reserve; and from Canada came John and Margaret Dexter with their four children.

They first reared a cabin twelve feet square with a shed roof, and in this they lived for some time before building the addition as represented in the engraving.

The country around seemed inexpressibly beautiful to our new inhabitants, and Mr. D. named the place Palestine, because it seemed to him the Promised Land. If not "flowing with milk and honey" it yielded wild honey and fruit, and every kind of game in abundance.

Here was the grove with its singing birds and the music of the running river, far broader and more beautiful then than now, since the swamp lands from which it takes its rise have been drained. The voices of

children and all the sweet sounds of nature broke upon the sublime and majestic silence of the vast expanse around them; and on a clear morning, sometimes the whole country from Palestine Grove west, and from Dixon to Sterling on Rock River, was mirrored on the sky in the wonderful mirage.

About six miles from Mr. Dexter's cabin lived Adolphus Bliss, who had settled there the year before. This was considered a near neighbor. Mr. Dexter planted a garden and some sod corn, and with cows and chickens, which he had obtained, they made out to live and wait for the future. But a cold winter was at hand, and notwithstanding the joy of the summer days, the hardships of pioneer life were at the threshold. The hungry wolves prowled about the dooryard, and Mrs. Dexter had often to drive them away and watch to keep her children safe from them as well as from rattlesnakes; and later on, from fever and ague and the diseases of a new country. The only roads then were the Indian trails. The nearest grist mill was fifty miles away, and when out of flour they ground wheat in the coffee mill, and instead of bread, often ate hulled corn. The long winter wore away, and in the spring James Doan and wife arrived and settled near; in the autumn Mr. John Doan and family came, and three miles east the Ingals family settled. Andrew Bainter came in the spring of 1837. Asa B. Searles and Benjamin Wasson in the fall, and the Blairs and others soon followed.

From different sources we have glimpses of the home life at Mr. Dexter's. We hear of Mrs. Dexter lending books, among them the "History of the Reformation," and an ancient bible, its leaves yellow with age, yet in good preservation as if evidently cared for, is in possession of the family. On a blank page is the following in Mr. Dexter's writing:

The Bible is the best of books
  With which this world is blest.
Take that away and do but look
  What nonsense is the rest.

Therefore that Book, the Bible true,
  My heart shall ever prize,
And when despise its truths I do,
  May darkness close my eyes.

John Dexter is my name,
  Great Britain is my nation,
Vaughan is my dwelling place,
  In Christ I hope for salvation.—March 17, 1833.

Mr. Thomas Dexter, now living in Woodland, California, writes: "Of my mother, I remember her struggles to care for her little brood. There were angels, as Emerson says, hovering around;—Toil and Want and Hope and Mutual Faith;—and *other* angels—Gracious Mother Wasson

and Doan and Frost and Bainter and Badger and Bridgeman. The uncertain eye of youth made me see them as unapproachable. In 1837 an old Congregational minister from Maine, Mr. Stinson, stopped with us. He was thoroughly *orthodox*, and drilled us on the King's Highway. Don't forget that he and Mr. DeWolfe, an Episcopalian, and James Hawley, a happy Methodist, helped to lay the foundation of Amboy's Spiritual Zion. Mr. DeWolfe used to hold services about once a month in our old log house, and Father Corbett alternated."

Mrs. Dexter let no opportunity be lost for her children's benefit. As the years went by and the new settlers moved in and a school-house was built, at every meeting and on every school day they were sent, dressed with perfect neatness, their bright faces and shining hair reflecting the mother's love. A lady who used to see them at church, says: "I never saw sweeter looking children. I knew very little of their mother, but I can recall her lovely complexion and large blue eyes." Mrs James Doan, still living, says: "You cannot say too much in praise of Mrs. Dexter. She was exquisitely neat and an excellent cook, a most devoted wife and a very affectionate mother. As intimate as I was with her, I never heard her complain throughout the years of her hardships. Every one loved her." She was always busy. In her husband's absence she had the whole care of ten cows. She sold butter and eggs at Dixon, the nearest market, and paid for a cooking stove with butter at five or six cents a pound giving $66.00 for it. The stove was oblong, about three feet by eighteen inches, with an upper story about half way the length of the stove for an oven, and three griddles on top. But after all her sacrifices to obtain it, she soon discarded it and went back to the old fireplace. She made crab-apple dumplings for a treat for the children and stewed green grapes for a feast with their bread; and let the neighbor's boys come to play in the house, never frowning at the noise they made.

After the Dexter's had settled here the Indians encamped near them and raised corn on land where Mr. Badger now lives. The young Indians were playmates with the white children and there was no little spirit of emulation between them in the skillful use of the bow and arrow. Mr. Thomas J. Dexter writes: "On our old farm wandering bands of Pottowattomies, Sacs, (or Sauks), Foxes and Shawnee Indians would pitch their tents, and never offer violence to any one unless first aggravated. Shabbona was a grand Indian who loved peace, and undertook to save white families from the rage of other warriors who had determined to slaughter all in northern Illinois. Many times I have gone with him when a boy to Chicago. As to trips to Chicago, I recollect, as yesterday, taking a faithful old team that knew if they followed Lewis Clapp, or "Uncle"



MARY J. DEXTER.
(MRS. TOURTILLOTTE.)

Ben Wasson, Andy Bainter, Uriel Bridgman, Simon or Chester Badger or Asa Searles they would get to Chicago all right, and sell wheat, threshed with a flail for 30 or 40 cents a bushel. It is hardly probable your average Lee County boy of today, from 11 to 15 years of age, would care for that sort of a job. It was a good school, nevertheless. Mrs. John Doan, mother of James Doan and Mrs. Andy Bainter, was good as gold refined. She was earnest in all that makes men better. Mrs. Bridgeman, Mrs. Wasson, Mrs. Badger, Mrs. Patience Searles, and on Memory's walls I find high toward heaven 'Aunt' Mary, a good Catholic and christian, wife of Elisha Dexter, and Mrs. James Hawley, and Mrs. Farwell and Mrs. Davis. Are their names not written in the Book of Life?"

The night cometh as well as the day. and Mrs. Dexter had need of the ministry and sympathy of these good neighbors. Sickness often came to her and twice death had entered her home and left the cradle empty.

"The last sad act is drawing on.
A little while by the golden gate
Of the holy heaven to which you are gone,
Wait, my darlings, wait."

Through the long vista of years and with the aid of others' eyes, we glance again into the home of the Dexter's. The mother is pale and her light step gone and her face carries a look of sadness. So much to do and her strength waning; yet she quilts and knits and sews, and is always busy. Mr. Dexter, with Mr. Warren Badger and Mr. Palmer, has built a flouring mill. The little Thomas, five years old when we first knew him, is a lad of fourteen now; Mary, who was three, is a Miss of twelve; the twins, Matthew and Mark, are in their eleventh year, andSimon, the first white child born in Amboy, is nine years old; Martha is seven and the little Harriet is but two. Between her and Martha, two little ones, Jesse and Harriet Elizabeth have folded their wings here for a while and then gone to the skies. The cabin has been enlarged, but still in the largest room, where the family lives, there is a bed in one corner, and the old fire-place, with its chimney outside to give more room, sends out its cheerful home light on this wintry March evening.

The flickering fire throws the shadows o'er
The cabin's well swept puncheon floor;
The tea-kettle sings on the swinging crane,
And a bannock browns in the ruddy flame.

The children, weary of work and play
At home or at school all the live long day,
Sleep sweetly, nor dream of coming care,
While the gentle mother watches there.

And tirelessly ever the wintry gale
Through the burr-oak trees sings its lonely tale;
Its tale of the home of long ago,
So far away, yet remembered so!

A light is set in the window for him
Who is coming home in the starlight dim;
By the cheerful hearth stands his vacant chair,
And the fragrant supper is waiting there.

Above the rude couch where the children rest,
She bendeth low like a heavenly guest;
She stops by the youngest in loving guise,
And shades the light from the tender eyes

Then rocks the cradle with gentle swings,
And softly the notes of a lullaby sings;
Her needles flash bright in the fire-light's blaze,
As she knits and dreams of the coming days.

And she knits and rocks and dreams again,
And the lullaby sings with its sweet refrain,
While the stockings grow for the little feet,
And the weary mother fain would sleep.

Fold up the work and lay it by;
The moon is bright in the bending sky.
The one thou hast watched for is at the door,
And thy loving vigil, at length is o'er.

Rest, rest weary mother, nor care for life's pains,
As heaven grows nearer and earth life wanes;
Just as thou art watching their needs to see,
So the white winged angels are guarding thee!

Heaven's light they are shading from thy dear eyes,
Not ready yet for the glad surprise;
He who had not where for His beautiful head
Is breaking for thee thy daily bread.

"The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak,"
Thou hearest not what the angels speak;—
"As is thy day so thy strengh shall be,"
"The arms everlasting are underneath thee."

Plume, plume thy wings for the sparkling air;
They are making ready thy dwelling there!
If thou leavest thy darlings a little space,
More surely shall they behold His face!

A few weeks have passed away and April's smiles and tears have come and gone. Another little girl, but eight days old has joined the other children under the sunny espaliers of heaven. There is pain and sorrow



SIMON B. DEXTER.

and a nameless dread around the place where the dying mother lies. Over the prairies, the white faced, black horses of Dr. Adams are speeding to the stricken home, and from Dixon Dr. Nash is hurrying to meet him. Mr. Thomas Dexter writes: "I remember our faith that they could cure her, and our poor, helpless prayers. I remember the mournful cortege of friends who bore her body to that sand hill burial place; Rev. Luke Hitchcock's prayers and the presence of Father Birdsall, the Wassons and Badgers and Doans and Hawleys and Frosts and others—all are photographed on my memory.

Forty-eight years have passed away since these scenes were enacted. Mr. Dexter died May 22, 1888, in the Soldiers' Home at Quincy, Ill. His last wife, Mrs. Leapha M. Palmer, who was the widow of his partner killed in the mill, died May 15, 1863, and Mr. Dexter, although sixty years of age, enlisted in the 46th Ill. Infantry. He had been in the army while in Canada. He had a martial spirit and, like the brave Massena, he loved the terrible music that rolled and reverberated over the battle field; withal he was a stern lover of justice, and he believed he was enlisted in a holy cause. Had he lived in the time of the Crusade he would surely have followed Richard Cœur-de-Lion to Palestine.

Thomas J. Dexter married Miss Eliza Hills, a sister of Dr. Harmon Wasson's wife, and ex-Sheriff Hills, of Dixon, in 1852, and had four daughters. The eldest was named by her aunt, Mrs. Wasson, Nina Lee, for one of Columbus' ships and for Lee county. Who has a prettier passport to a place in our Lee County Columbian book? Her home is in Honolulu. Mr. D., her father, lives in Woodland California.

Mary Jane married John Tourtillott, of Sublette, Oct. 5, 1856, and died Oct., 1878. Two of her four children are living—Thomas and Ella Mary. Matthew died some years ago. Mark is living at Clear Lake, Iowa. Simon is at Rice Lake, Minn. He served through the war in the 34th Illinois Infantry with honor.

Martha Ann married Lyman B. Ruggles and removed to California. She, too, has passed away. Harriet married Mr. Fessenden and lives near Mason City, Iowa.

FAMILY RECORD.

Copied from the old family bible, as recorded by Mr. Dexter.

John Dexter, son of Elisha Dexter, was born in the state of Connecticut on the 13th day of February, 1773. Died, Oct. 30, 1815.

Jane Dexter was born Feb. 11, 1772. Died, July 14, 1839.

John Dexter and Jane Niece were married at Genesee, N. Y., 1796.

CHILDREN.

Amos Dexter was born February 3, 1797.

Elizabeth Dexter was born October 31, 1798. Died, September 1816.

Hiram Dexter was born April 24, 1801.

JOHN DEXTER was born October 8, 1803. Died, May 22, 1888.

Mary Dexter was born July 27, 1805. Died, December, 1849.

Elisha Dexter was born June 8, 1807. Died, April, 1859.

Asahel Dexter was born March 14, 1809.

Ahijah Dexter was born February 6, 1811.

John Dexter and Margaret Dudgeon were married September 24, 1829, at Youngstown, N. Y., by Mr. Hinman, both being residents of Vaughan Upper Canada. Margaret (Dudgeon) Dexter was born Sept. 5, 1812, in Masonville county, N. Y., and died at 7 o'clock a. m., May 21, 1845, at Amboy, Lee Co., Illinois; then called Palestine Grove.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND MARGARET DEXTER.

Thomas J., born October 22, 1830.

Mary Jane, born November 8, 1832. Died October, 1878.

Mathew Ralph and Harvey Mark, born July 27, 1834.

Simon, born July 22, 1836.

Martha Ann, born May 13, 1838. Died August 8, 1887.

Jesse, born March 18. 1840. Died, March 21, 1840.

Harriet Elizabeth, born May 2, 1841. Died, March 17, 1843.

Harriet Elizabeth, born April 7, 1743.

A daughter, born April 22, 1845, Died, April 30, 1845.

Thomas, Mary, Mathew and Mark were born in Vaughan, Home District, York County, Upper Canada. Simon, Martha Ann, Jesse, Harriet Elizabeth and Harriet Elizabeth 2d, and a daughter, (eight days old) born in Palestine Grove, Inlet Precinct, Ogle County, Ill., *now Amby, Lee County, Illinois.*

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The Doan Family.

ANOTHER family was soon to be added to the settlement, and in the spring of 1836 James Doan and his young wife took up their abode here. She is still living to relate her recollections.

Susan, Daughter of Frederick and Margaret Bainter, was born in Montgomery county, Ohio, May 17, 1819, where she lived until eleven years of age, when she removed with her parents to South Bend, Indiana. She remained here four years and then removed to Berrian county Mich. Here, on March 27, 1836, she was married to James Doan, and on the 24th of the next month they started for Palestine Grove, in company with Mr. D.'s father, brother, and sister, where after a fatiguing journey of twenty-one days, they arrived May 13, 1836. They found the country beautiful and felt compensated for their great struggle for a home in what then seemed the "far west." There were a great many Indians here, but this did not trouble her as she had been accustomed to seeing many of them from childhood and could speak their language quite well.

Soon after their arrival they commenced making a temporary shelter to protect them from the rain and sun, living in the wagon in which they had journeyed until it was done. The mosquitoes were a terrible annoyance, a large brush fire being the only protection from them.

They began immediately to break prairie and to plant crops for the coming summer and winter. This being done, James' father, John Doan, with son Gibson and daughter Jemima, returned to Michigan for the remainder of the family, leaving James and Susan in care of the crops, etc. The few months following are strongly impressed on her mind as being some of the most lonely and desolate of those early times. After the routine of household duties was over for the morning and noon she would go where James was at work and spend the time as best she could until he could go back to the house with her. At that time she was but seventeen years old. Tears were plentiful and cheap with her in those days, yet she felt it was best for them to remain and she would not ask to return to the old home.

At last a day of rejoicing came. On the 19th day of September they saw in the distance the returning family, John and Charlotte Doan with their sons and daughters.

Young hands in a new country cannot be idle, and James set to work to build a better house. The site he selected was on the bank of a small creek that they called Willow Branch, a lovely, picturesque place. The house must be made of logs, the one thing plentiful. He hewed them on both sides, and then made a raising to place them one above another. The men who helped him do this were Darius, Cyrrino and Cyrenus Sawyer, Mr. West, Mr. Stearns, Mr. Reynolds from Inlet Grove, John Dexter and C. F. Ingals. The dinner that Susan prepared on this occasion was pronouuced delicious by the hungry house-raisers. It consisted of mashed potatoes, wild squirrels, pumpkin pie, coffee, wild honey and bread and butter. This was the second house built and occupied in this section. The first was John Dexter's. A small shanty had been made by Mr. James Hawley, half a mile farther south, but he and his family occupied it but a few days. It was afterwards improved and used for a while by Asa Searles on his first arrival, and still later was owned and lived in by Mr. Bridgeman, but James Doan's was the second house that was occupied. The Hawley place was the regular camping ground of the Indians, and used by them for several years after the white settlers came, many Indians camping there at different times. They were peaceable and quiet and were not feared by any one. Their little tents or huts made of poles and bark in the old Indian style remained for several years. There were a number of graves made of poles and dirt, but unlike similar graves of the Pottawattomies in Indiana, there was no dead Indian seated in one corner, surrounded by gun and camping outfit asif *en route* to the "happy hunting grounds." In one place, near, the remains of a child were fastened to the top of a small tree. James bent the tree so that they could see the little bones that lay in the rude open casket of Indian manufacture.

Their chief pastime was wandering through the grove in search of berries and wild honey, there being plenty of both. They would often walk to Inlet Grove and to C. F. Ingals', one of their nearest neighbors, who lived about three miles east.

The old Central railroad was surveyed and partly built through this town, passing nearly through Rocky Ford. In 1838 Mr. Doan worked on it for a time, but sickness overtook him and his family and at one time he and the youngest were so near to death's door that the watchers knew not which would be the first to go; but, happily, both recovered.

People living here now can hardly realize the many, many hardships the earliest settlers had to contend with. In 1836 Mrs. Doan, in company with Mr. and Mrs. John Dexter, made a visit to Dixon. The way was



JAMES DOAN.



SUSAN DOAN.

desolate, not one house in those long twelve miles, and they neither met nor saw anyone on the way. On their arrival they found one double log cabin, one side being used for a store, and the other for a living room for the merchant and his family. The store contained groceries and dry goods. Of the latter one could have carried nearly all away in his arms. This store was kept by a Mr. White, and John Dixon, jr., was postmaster at this time. The mail department was in its infancy, as well as the country.

Their post office was at Inlet Grove, and every letter cost the one who received it twenty-five cents. A newspaper was a luxury seldom indulged in. Mills were few and far between, the nearest being Leeper's mill, forty miles distant, several miles below Princeton. It was a small, inferior affair. James was a jovial fellow and fond of a joke. He praised the little mill and told the miller he thought he had a very good mill, for *just* as soon as it got one kernel ground it commenced immediately to grind another. This is a sample of all the mills in those days. They sometimes would have to wait a number of days for their turn, and then wait for the grist. When they had eaten the lunch they carried with them they would work for their board and for what the oxen would eat, by cutting and hauling logs. One time Susan used up all the flour and meal and ground corn in the coffee mill to make a meal or two before their return. This was to her a small matter compared with the anxiety for the absent ones so long gone.

The first death was a little girl of John Dexter's in 1843. John Fosdick preached the funeral sermon. The second was Frederick and Delilah Bainter's little boy, Franklin, in August, 1844. Rev. Luke Hitchcock attended the funeral; and in October of the same year James' father, John Doan, died. Rev. L. Hitchcock led the services of this funeral also.

After enduring the hardships of a new country for eight years, Susan with her husband and three children, William, Sarah and Francis, returned to South Bend, Ind., near the home of her girlhood. In the spring of 1849 James left his family to try to make a fortune in California. He made his trip overland and was quite successful. When about to return he was cruelly murdered on the 13th day of August, 1853. No clue to the assassin was ever discovered.

The following year she returned to Illinois, having laid her little Francis in the grave, and her husband in an unknown grave, unknown at least to her. Here she has since resided. In September, 1866, she was married to O. J. Fish, of Franklin Grove, when she removed to his home where she lived until his death, which took place October 20, 1888, since

which time she has lived, part of the time, with her daughter, Mrs. William Gray, of Dixon, and the remainder at her home in Franklin Grove.

Since the above was written other incidents in the lives of this family have been given by one familiar with them. They are of too much interest to be omitted.

Mr. Doan was a kind hearted man, never passing a little child without a gentle word or laying his hand upon it; and he was a most useful pioneer. He invented the plow which he manufactured in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Bainter, and which was the beginning of the plow manufactory at Binghamton, conducted by others afterwards.

Many instances of his kindness are recalled by some now living. Once, when two sons of Chief Shabbona were riding on horseback in the vicinity, one of them was thrown and quite severely hurt. Mr. Doan took him home, and seconded by the assistance of his wife and the young Indian's brother, tenderly cared for him until he could be taken home to Shabbona Grove. This was indeed the act of a true neighbor, when their cabin had but one room. This son of Sahbbona was so badly injured that he never recovered, although he lived for some time.

Mrs. Doan was of the same kind spirit of her husband. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Dexter, and spent much time with her, when Mrs. D. by reason of sickness, or the care of her little ones, could not leave home She was a gentle, refined woman, skilled with her needle, and better adapted to assist in the lighter than in the heavier work of pioneer life, although sharing in both. She helped Mrs. Dexter in making her children's clothes, and fashioned and made at home the first wardrobe of Col. Simon B. Dexter.

Once, when Mr. Dexter had gone to Chicago with produce, Mr. Doan happened to be passing the creek on his way to Inlet Grove. He saw Mrs. Dexter cutting ice to water the cattle. He immediately went to her relief, and finished the work for her. His quick perception discovered to him that Mrs. Dexter was a sick woman. He took her into his "jumper," a vehicle which he had fashioned from the boughs of trees, and went to her home, got the baby and carried both to his house. Leaving her and the infant in care of his wife, he went for his mother to "help nurse her up;" and got a sister to go and stay with the Dexter children. This was in the morning. At evening, Mrs. D. felt so much better that they took her home, Mr. Doan's mother going with her and remainig several days, until she could leave her well, her daughters gladly fulfilling her duties at home, so that their mother might comfort those who needed her.



MRS. JOHN DOAN.

It is pleasant to dwell on this side of pioneer life when the infant settlement abounded in the infantile graces of Christian life, and thought more of doing good, hoping for nothing in return, than of sectarian tenets and the external things of religion. Truly, in these waste places there was a ladder where the angels of God ascended and descended, although the eyes of mortals were holden, and saw not the heavenly vision.

On the 19th day of September, 1836, John and Charlotte (Odell) Doan, with their children, Joseph, William, Jemima, Sarah, Gibson, Charlotte, Elizabeth, Anna, Jonathan and Ruth, arrived in this settlement to receive the glad welcome of their oldest son, James, and his wife Susan who came in May and who had been watching anxiously for the arrival of father, mother, brothers and sisters.

They commenced immediately to build a house and ere long had completed one, the largest log house in this section for some time.

John Doan was a man of excellent character, kind and true. He had been raised with the Quakers and partook of their quiet demeanor, sound principles and undemonstrative disposition. His wife belonged to the Methodist church, and in all her good works and usefulness in the community, she was sanctioned and encouraged by her husband. She was one of a number of women doing the most good in those early days, constantly seeking the sick and needy and rendering every possible assistance to the sufferers within her reach. She had a large family and could leave the care of the household with the older ones. She was strong and healthy and ambitious in all her undertakings. The itinerant ministers often held their services at her home; these generally occurred on week days. The first minister was by the name of Lumery, who alternated later, once in two weeks, with another by the name of Smith. Smith died at Corrydon Dewey's while on the circuit, and Lumery went on the rest of the year. Smith died in the winter of 1838. Then came Father Gorbitt, a good old man from Indian Creek; then a Mr. White; after that Rev. Luke Hitchcock, stationed at what is now Lee Centre, often held meetings and officiated at weddings and funerals.

Mrs. Doan was a devoted and reverent student of her "blessed Bible," and regretted that, having always lived on the frontier, her advantages for education had been so limited. Those who knew her spoke of her as a "Mother in Israel." Mr. Thomas J. Dexter, in writing of her and his mother and Mrs. Col. Badger, Mrs. Wasson and Mrs. Patience Searles and Mrs. Varner, says there was a "Holy of Holies in every one of their lives."

Her husband died in 1844, at the age of sixty-two years, having been born in North Carolina September 10, 1782. They had lived together

thirty-five years, their marriage occurring December 28, 1809. Rev. Luke Hitchcock preached the funeral sermon, and in one short year a beloved daughter followed her father. Mrs. Doan outlived several of her children and died at the ripe age of eighty-one years, while with a daughter in Missouri.

She was in usual health; her grandaughter entered her room in the morning to see if she was ready for breakfast and found her just reaching for her cap, almost ready to join the family. After a few minutes, as she did not appear, they went to see what detained her and saw her lying across the bed, dead. She was born September 25, 1788, and died December 28, 1869.

"No stream from its source
Flows onward, how lonely soever its course,
But that some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Jemima Doan Bainter was born in Wayne county, Indiana, March 8, 1816. She was the oldest daughter of John and Charlotte Doan who were natives of North and South Carolina. When about eighteen years of age she moved with her parents to Berrian county, Michigan. In the spring of 1836, she came with her father and two brothers, James and Gibson, and James' bride, to Lee county, Illinois, then known as Jo Davis county. They came in a large wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen, as there were no railroads in those days; and twenty-one days were spent in this journey of two hundred miles. They passed through Chicago, a dirty, muddy, little trading post, with no attraction for the home seekers, who were bound for Palestine Grove, where their ideal of a perfect farm was to be with timber and prairie adjoining it.

The greatest hardship of the journey was in crossing the first seven miles of country directly west of Chicago. The ground was mostly covered with water from six to eighteen inches deep, and the weary travelers were obliged to wade through to lighten the load for the poor tired oxen. When the sun went down they were only part way across. After turning the oxen loose to care for themselves as best they could, they ate a cold supper and slept in the wagon. There were no roads and many times all the things had to be taken out to get the empty wagon through the sloughs and across the bridgeless creeks. When the roads were good she sometimes would ride, but she walked most of the way. No wonder she

was delighted with the beautiful sight of what was to be her new home. She and Susan, her brother James' wife, had secretly planned that, no matter how the place looked, they would say they were pleased; so glad would they be to end that long tedious jonrney. James had visited the place in October, 1835 and selected his own, as well as a claim for his father, and anoter for his brothes Joseph. The day of their arrival was May 13, 1886. After making a shanty and getting the early seeding done, she with her father and Gibson, returned to Michigan to bring the remaining part of the family to the newly prepared home, leaving James and his young wife here to wecome them back in the following autumn.

The 3rd of May 1838, she was maaried to Andrew Bainter, from Michigan, a brother of James' wife. This was the first wedding in this part of the country and was attended by a great many, and was a merry time. Mr. Frank Ingals and his sister, Deborah, who afterwards married Dr. R. F. Adams, Mr. Wasson's family Mr. Sawyer's and a number from Inlet Grove were present. The young people enjoyed it so well they kept the games going until the break of day. In the following fall they commenced housekeeping in a small hewed log house which Mr. Bainter had built with no tools except axe and hammer. This was the third house built in this section. The floors, as in all the others, were hewed out of logs. They called them puncheons. It was situated near a little creek called Willow Branch, on a claim, there being no land in market at that time. Here she spun and wove for themselves and others, making beautiful flannels, bed-spreads and blankets, table linen and towels; and as her family grew, making all their winter clothing, sewing and knitting by the light of a single candle, thinking it extravagant to burn more than one at a time She delighted in fanciful paterns in weaving, and the one piece of fancy work indulged in was netting, which adorned the curtains around the bed and across the one little window. As their living was plain one might think that good health would have been assured; but this was not the case. They had fever and ague and many dsieases common to a new country; and the young physician, Dr. R. F. Adams, was kept busy, riding on horse-back many miles each day.

Chicago was the nearest market and a week or more was spent in taking a load of produce to this place. A load of dressed hogs would be sold for $1.25 a hundred, and oats for ten or fifteen cents a bushel. Every one who took a load must carry a lunch basket and live entirely on its contents, or his expenses would exceed the price of his produce sold. One man who indulged in a few luxuries had nothing to bring home but a

calico gown for his wife; but he was an exception, as most of the early settlers were economical. These trips were mostly made in the winter, the women attending to the chores, and doing the best they could. When the nine days had passed there was great uneasiness about the absent ones and great would be the joy when the creaking wheels in the cold frost would be heard in the distance Sometimes the cause of delay would be the death of a horse, and again a broken wheel, sometimes an unusual storm. When the market at Peru and La Salle was opened, they thought it only a small trip to go there with their produce. When the I. C. R. R. was built, and Amboy was located, it seemed like a new era, as indeed it was, to the pioneers of so many years. Mr. and Mrs. Bainter were members of the Methodist church for many years. Then came the war—the cruel war. They gave their oldest son to the country's cause, and many parents can tell the anguish these few words contain.

After this they removed to Indiana, their one request being to have their remains brought to Illinois for burial. Andrew was the first to go. He died March, 1884, and Jemima followed him in December of the same year. Their graves are side by side in the little cemetery at Binghamton, near the place where, when life was full of hope, they met, with loving cheerfuness the hardships of those early days.

LATER GLEANINGS.

Jemima was full of fun. Once when returnig from some gathering at the "Inlet" with her brother James, his wife and a sister, they found the creek risen so that they could not cross in the wagon; there was one way to cross; James could swim the horse and one girl at a time could *tuck up* her garments and by riding on her knees behind James and holding on to him, cross high and dry in safety. Jemima watched the droll spectacle and laughed until she cried. The ring of her jolly ha! ha! used to make the woods echo with her glee, and reach ears too far off to know the cause of it.

Another time, she with her brother James, wife and sister, strolled out in the grove on one of the long Sunday afternoons, and forgetting the distance from home, found themselves obliged to cross a branch of the creek where the water was several feet deep. So the girls had to do just as anybody would – wade in, carrying their shoes and stockings. So they had a little *drama* all to themselves on that quiet Sunday; but Jemima's laugh reached the ears of her mother who was enjoying a solemn meditative walk, somewhere on the other side of the stream; and good mother Doan knew the laugh. One can imagine a gentle chiding with some of Solomon's words as an accompaniment.

Mrs. Cynthia Varner lived in the Doan neighborhood, near the log school-house, She was a widow with three small girls, at times depending on the neighbors to keep the wolf from the door: yet ever ready to do all she could for the sick and afflicted; her neighbors taking care of her children when she could be of service to any one in trouble. Many of them appreciating her usefulness and aware of her necessities, always left a sack of flour for her when returning from mill, and contributed many other things. She was a "hardy pioneer," and a devout member of the Methodist church often leading in prayer-meeting and other services. Her greatest horror was heresy. One old settler writes: "I recollect her rising in her seat at a meeting in the old log school-house when Joe. Smith and Sidney Rigdon were present, and calling on God to smite the "blasphemers." No mention is made whether any one else was disturbed by them. Mrs. Varner died June, 1892, aged 82 years.

There is a little anecdote related by Dr. H——, of Minneapolis, with regard to the capture of Black Hawk, which may not be out of place here Dr. H—— said he had never seen it published, although he could vouch for its truthfulness, his home having been in the vicinity of the place referred to in the story.

Lying between Appleton and Oshkosh, along the southern and western side of Lake Winnebago, was a valuable tract of land included in what was known as the Black Hawk purchase of 1832. This land was given to an Indian by the name of Juno, as part of the compensation for information leading to the capture of Black Hawk. Juno was a confidential friend of Black Hawk and had married into his family—Dr H—— thought was a brother-in-law of the warrior. He with his family continued to occupy the land long after his betrayed and defeated comrades had gone in search of new homes beyond the Mississippi River.

On the first day of January, 1864, the most terrible blizzard that had ever been known swept over the northwest, and, unlike others, was so cold that mercury congealed. Juno had gone to Oshkosh; the storm abated, but he did not return. His family (he had a large one), watched in vain. The weeks lengthened into months and no tidings of Juno reached them. At last when spring came, and the warm sun and winds melted the great banks of snow which had drifted around their dwelling, his body was discovered lying prone in the path a few feet from the door

of his home, where he had fallen, and over which his own children had been walking for many weeks.

In Ford's History of Illinois, mention is made of "Three Winnebagoes," who "gave intelligence that Black Hawk was encamped at Cranberry Lake." Doubtless further knowledge of the whole transaction would reconcile the not altogether conflicting narratives.

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Asa B. Searles.

MR. ASA B. SEARLES was a native of Chenango county, New York, and was born January 27, 1810. Later in life he was for several years in South Bainbridge, New York. He there attended a school which his brother taught, and had for a schoolmate Joseph Smith, the future Mormon Prophet, whom he described as being kind-hearted and possessed of much brain, which was supported by a large, strong body.

At the age of nineteen years he was engaged in piloting on the Susquehanna River. He then became acquainted with those who were afterward some of our most noted pioneers. He continued in business on the river for six years. On the 19th of September, 1832, he was married to Miss Patience Stockwell, of Bainbridge. On the 19th of August, 1837, he left there for Palestine Grove with a two-horse team, in company with thirteen others. He arrived here October 11th, and for a while lived in the cabin which James Hawley began; but soon entered land and moved to the farm still owned by his children in Binghamton, near where the Tile Factory now is. It was he who laid out Binghampton and named it for the town by that name in New York. He erected a hotel and was the first postmaster here. His son Lemuel has favored us with the document which has the seal of the postoffice department stamped upon it, and the signature of the Postmaster General, John M. Niles. The name of Winooski was given to the Palestine Grove postoffice. It is the Indian name for Onion River. The document reads thus:

"JOHN M. NILES, POSTMASTER GENERAL
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
'TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

"WHEREAS, On the 28th day of May, 1840, Asa B. Searles was appointed postmaster at Winooski, in the county of Lee, State of Illinois; and whereas he did, on the 22nd day of June, 1840, execute a bond, and has taken the Oath of Office, as required by Law; NOW KNOW YE, That confiding in the integrity, ability, and punctuality of the said Asa B. Searles, *I do commission him a Postmaster*, authorized to execute the duties of that office at Winooski aforesaid, according to the *Laws of the United States*, and the *Regulations of the Postoffice Department*; TO HOLD the said

office of postmaster, with all the powers, privileges and emoluments, to the same belonging, during the pleasure of the *Postmaster General of the United States.*

"IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the SEAL OF THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT to be affixed, at Washington City, the 30th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, and of the Independence of the United States the Sixty-fifth." JOHN M. NILES."

The mail was carried through once a week by a man on horse-back, who had been a soldier in the Black Hawk war.

The remains of the old log building in which the mail was distributed was standing a few yeaas ago. After Mr. Searles resigned, Mr. Warren Badger succeeded him. Mr. Searles was the first assessor of Amboy. His wife died December 19, 1846, and was the first one buried in the cemetery at Binghampton. She was a sister of Mrs. Alvan Thompson and of Mrs. Leapha M. Palmer, who afterwards married John Dexter. She was an excellent woman, who enjoyed the sincere respect of all.

Six years afterwards Mr. Searles married Miss Amanda Headlee, who had five sons. The oldest, Lemuel, served his country under Gen. Custer, in the 7th U. S. Calvary. Mr. Searles was possessed of excellent qualities, and was untiring in his efforts for the prosperity and increase of the settlement in its early days. The city park was once a part of his estate.

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ELIZABETH WASSON.

Benjamin and Elizabeth Wasson.

MRS. ELIZABETH HALE, wife of Benjamin Wasson, was a daughter of Isaac and Elizabeth (Lewis) Hale, who emigrated from Vermont to Pennsylvania in 1790. A letter from her daughter Clara—Mrs. Backensto—which gives an account of the emigration of the Wasson family to Illinois, together with a few incidents of their subsequent history, seems a fitting introduction to our sketch of Mrs. Benjamin Wasson.

FROM MRS. BACKENSTO TO HER NIECE, MRS. PERKINS.

"I regret the history you speak of was not written during my mother's lifetime, as her memory was so much better than mine. Those trying times made a more vivid impression on her mind. I was too young.

"My father, Benjamin Wasson, and his family, consisting of his wife Elizabeth, three sons, Lorenzo, Harmon and Warren, two daughters, Clara and Roxy, started from Harpersville, Boone county, New York, some time in the latter part of August, 1836; his destination Knoxville, Illinois; his outfit, two teams and wagons, one a large covered wagon for goods. He expected to go through Ohio, but the second day out he heard that the Black Swamp, in Ohio, was impassable, so he crossed into Canada, at Lewistown, passing through Detroit and Chicago, down the Illinois River to Peoria, and from thence to Farmington, where he found an old neighbor from New York, Mr. Samuel Johnson, jr., who was just ready to move his family to Dixon, Illinois, having his goods packed and waiting for the teams which did not come; so father unpacked our goods from the wagons into the log-cabin vacated by Mr. Johnson, packed Mr. Johnson's goods and family into our wagons and leaving us in the log-cabin took Lorenzo and accompanied Mr. Johnson to Dixon's Ferry, as it was then called. So you see we found a home, such as it was, at the end of our long journey of six weeks. Father drove one of the teams for Mr. Johnson and the journey proved to be a longer and more tedious one than they expected, both for teams and drivers. Mr. Johnson, who was a shoemaker, had some sides of sole-leather with him, and these they were obliged to spread down as bridges for the teams to pass over the quicksand swamps. They could never have completed the journey had it not been for them.

"Your grandfather was so charmed with the country in the vicinity of what is now Amboy, that he concluded to locate claims for himself and two oldest sons, and did so on what is now the old homestead.

"He then returned to Farmington and found us settled. Harmon had dug potatoes on shares until he had enough to last us through the winter; also by husking corn, had bought some pigs; so father concluded to stay there a year, so as to raise provisions to last until he could get started in the new place, as the country was so unsettled that it was impossible to get provisions.

"In the winter, he and Harmon and Lorenzo went to what was then Palestine Grove, where they cut the logs for the "Old Log Cabin," and with the assistance of John Dexter, John Doan and his two sons, James and Joseph, rolled them up and put the roof on, after which they returned to Farmington.

"The next summer, in August, after the crops were attended to, he and the boys went back to Palestine to get out rails and fence a small piece of ground, make hay, build a stable, break prairie and sow some wheat, taking Clara (myself) along to cook and keep house for them. For six weeks I lived in that lonely cabin on the wide prairie (I was but fourteen then), and many a scare I had. The last day and night we were there, father and the boys went to the timber, cut some logs and hauled them to Rocky Ford, where there was a saw-mill, run by Meek, I think, and had them sawed into boards, from which they made our floor—the first floor made of sawed boards in that country, the others being made of puncheon, that is, logs split into strips. They did not get home until ten o'clock at night. The next morning they laid the floor, after which we started for home in the afternoon. It was about ninety miles from Amboy to Farmington. My father made several journeys between the two places and we moved to our new home in December, 1837, a cold, cheerless wind and snow in our faces most of the way.

"Father used to have to go to Peoria to get his grain ground into flour. The last journey he made was in the winter; he expected to get back before we got out of bread, but before he got home there came up a furious storm of snow and wind, drifting it into hollows and sloughs so they became impassable. Father reached Greenfield, now LaMoille, late in the day, and notwithstanding that it was dangerous to cross the prairie during the storm, he had been delayed so long he feared we were in need, so he resolved to push on. He did, but was obliged to go before the horses and beat a track for them through the hollows. He reached Thomas Fessenden's late at night completely tired out. He stayed there the

remainder of the night and reached home the next morning, just as mother was making the last corn-meal into a Johnny cake.

"Mother always kept a beacon light burning in the little north window of the old cabin, so that if any person was wandering on that wide prairie it would guide them to a shelter.

"In about three years father built a frame house, Uncle Jesse Hale, from Pennsylvania, occupying the log house. Father brought the lumber for the new house from Chicago across the country, ninety miles.

"In the spring of 1849, father went to California. He died on the way back, of congestive chills—never reached home."

So here, in the winter of 1837, the Wasson family took possession of their new home with its one small window, and that toward the north—but how much light and cheer and comfort flowed forth from that cabin as the years went by, it needs a mighty pen to tell.

Little Clara, fourteen years old, had been the first to consecrate it to home. Her light footsteps had sounded on the *puncheons* which would fly up at one end when she trod on the other. She had acted the woman's part in preparing the food and in "keeping house" for her father and brothers, she had roamed about the prairie in their absence, gathering grapes and plums, often calling on Mrs. Dexter, who loaned her books, among others, the "History of the Reformation," which she read through. She had staid alone when father and brothers were belated, from being detained at the saw-mill, and in the darkness had hidden, trembling in the covered wagon, listening to the howling wolves, and not daring to enter the cabin lest some dreadful creature might be lurking in a corner. She did not then know of the "Banditti." Was it the fore-shadowing of their dark deeds which even then filled her with terror? But, at last, she heard the welcome sound of the coming wagon with the boards for the floor, which were laid the next morning, and in the afternoon they were all on their way to Farmington. This was in September, and in December all the family returned, the trip requiring two days. The first night they stopped at a Mr. Bond's, the next at Mr. Doan's.

In Mrs. Backensto's letter we see what wise and prudent forethought had been displayed by Mr and Mrs. Wasson, in making ample provision for the winter by improving the opportunities, both here and at Farmington. Hence they were prepared to make themselves comfortable and to do good to all whom Providence might lead in their way. They seemed never to think of their own comfort or convenience, either physically or financially, when they could assist others in this new and sparsely settled country. From the time of Mrs. Wasson's coming she always endeavored

to keep a light in the only window at night, especially on dark and stormy nights, so if there were any belated travelers wandering on the prairie it would guide them to a shelter; and any who came received the warmest welcome and the best the house afforded. The light could sometimes be seen for miles, to the old Chicago road.

Mrs. Wasson was a ministering angel in sickness. During a long season of ill health she had studied medical works, and in this country, where doctors and nurses were not to be had, such knowledge proved to be invaluable. She would often leave her bed on dark, tempestuous nights and ride miles to attend upon the suffering where her ministrations were most successful. There was a strength and self-possession in her character which invited the confidence of the sick: there was a firm, sedate, yet cheerful kindness which carried a most salutary influence into the chamber of sickness. She was above medium height, straight and strong, with a commanding presence. Her complexion was fair, her eyes blue, and her hair a soft brown. No one could have doubted her straightforward, uncompromising integrity. It came to be a saying, "Mrs. Wasson can do anything for everybody," and her husband kindly lent her his aid.

Not very long after their coming, a death occurred about two miles away. A family by the name of Abbott lost a little daughter; there was no lumber to be had for a coffin, so Mr. Wasson took the remains of an Indian canoe, made of a black walnut log which one of the boys found on the prairie, partly consumed by fire, and made a pretty casket for the little one.

Whenever a wandering missionary came along, as they sometimes did, Mr. Wasson would send one of his sons on horseback to notify the settlers that there would be Divine service at his house. Mrs. Wasson would set the cabin in order and every one who could come would do so.

We have seen how ready Mr. Wasson was to assist his wife in her usefulness, and there are many like instances remembered. Twelve years after their settlement here the excitement caused by the California gold mines induced him, in company with his youngest son, to try his fortune there. They proceeded to Nauvoo, and after resting at Mrs. Smith's, Mrs. Wasson's sister, crossed the river into the then trackless west. After long and anxious waiting, the sad tidings of Mr. Wasson's death, which occurred in February, 1851, reached his family; and Mrs. Wasson was destined to walk the rest of Life's pathway in the shadows. To her might have been dedicated the following lines, so literally did she seem to realize them in her life:

"Arise my friend, and go about
Thy darkened house with cheerful feet;
Yield not one jot to fear nor doubt,
But baffled, broken, still repeat;

'Tis mine to work, and not to win;
The soul must wait to have her wings;
Even time is but a landmark in
The great eternity of things.

Arise and all thy tasks fulfill,
And as thy day thy strength shall be;
Were there no power beyond the ill,
The ill could not have come to thee.

Though cloud and storm encompass thee,
Be not afflicted nor afraid:
Thou knowest the shadow could not be
Were there no sun beyond the shade."

She continued her active life, carrying on the farm and "going about doing good." She had joined with Mrs. Col Badger, Mrs. DeWolfe and others in sustaining worship in the form she most loved, while she could, but when that failed she worshipped in the Methodist Episcopal church. With her social nature she entered into the work of that society, held socials at her house and assisted in every way. When Mr. Broaduax was here, and the Episcopal church again held service, she attended it. Her son, Harmon, had studied medicine and was practicing here. He often spoke of the great assistance his mother's experience and advice had been to him.

Mrs. Wasson had three brothers who settled in this county; Jesse, David and Alva Hale; also a sister, Mrs. Trial Morse, who was killed in a tornado in the summer of 1859. At the same time her oldest daughter, Emma, was so badly injured that she died after two weeks of intense suffering, having nearly every bone in her body broken. Mrs. Morse was killed almost instantly, being caught in the whirl and transfixed through the abdomen with a fence-stake. When Mrs. Wasson was notified of the calamity, she hastened to the dreadful scene. With stony face and tearless eyes, she looked upon the wreck of her sister and niece—she could not weep. She said it would do her good if she could, but she had passed through so much trouble she was beyond it. She consoled herself with the reflection that her sister had "gone home to her God in whom she had always trusted and was better off."

"We make the least ado o'er greatest troubles,
Our very anguish does our anguish drown:
The sea forms only just a few faint bubbles
Of stifled breathing, when a ship goes down."

Mrs. Wasson continued to live on the old place until near the end of 1863, when to the hardships of pioneer life and numerous added afflictions her health gave way and the old home was broken up. She went to live with her youngest child, Carrie, who married Rev. Erastus DeWolfe, and went home to her reward, May 18, 1874.

The older children, Lorenzo D. Wasson, Dr. Harmon Wasson and Roxy Emma, who became Mrs. Simon Badger, all died at Amboy, in the prime of life, and Mrs. DeWolfe is now numbered with the departed ones. Mrs. Clara M. Backensto is at Fort Logan, Colorado, and Mr. Warren Wasson is at Carson City, Nevada. Mr. Arthur P. Wasson, son of Lorenzo D., owns and lives on the old farm and has sons and daughters. The remaining grandchildren and great-grandchildren are scattered from New York to Colorado and Nevada.

The old "Wasson house" has gone to decay and disappeared. Until within a few years, the two-story, weather-beaten mansion which contained the first floor of sawed boards in the place, and which had held a welcome for all who sought its hospitable doors for so many years, stood dark against the sky, a landmark indeed, and for some years unoccupied. How often have been recalled to passers by some of the lines of "The Deserted House."

"Gloom is upon thy lone hearth
O silent house! once filled with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

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The Blair Family.

JAMES BLAIR came here in the spring of 1838, and located a claim just west of Rocky Ford, where his son, Edwin M. Blair, now resides. Here he built a log cabin, broke prairie and prepared for his family; boarding, a part of the time, before they came, at Mr. Dexter's. The next Spring, Mrs. Blair, with her two youngest children, sons, came the long tedious journey from Jamestown, New York, via. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, down the Alleghany River and the Ohio to St. Louis, up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois River, and up the Illinois to Peru; and from thence by wagon to this place.

In June, Mr. E. Blair, with a brother and two sisters, traveled the same route, and at length reached the new home in the "far distant west." So the whole family were here with the exception of the oldest son, James, who followed in 1846.

It is hard to conceive what must have been their feelings on reaching this wilderness, after having lived in a place like Jamestown, a village on the outlet of Chautauqua Lake, where the boats plied up and down, and where there was a fine water-power for extensive business; good society and many advantages to leave with regret. Some of the sketches of pioneer life which have preceeded this, have depicted the trials to which the family were soon to be introduced. Fever and ague and billious difficulties were prevalent, and often there were not well ones enough to care for the sick. Mrs. Blair possessed the heavenly gift of knowing just what to do to relieve the suffering and in some cases which called for the greatest skill, she was the means of their restoration to health.

At one time Mrs. Wasson was ill and weak and unable for a long time to perform her accustomed duties. Mrs. Blair visited her frequently and once recomended her to make an infusion of timothy hay and to drink it freely, having known a similar case cured by that means. Mrs. Wasson followed her advice and was very soon benefitted by doing so. Many instances of Mrs. Blair's usefulness and neighborly kindness and successful treatment of alarming maladies are related. Sickness came to her

own family and she had need herself, of the ministrations of her friends; and she was not without them. Indeed, instances of reciprocal kindness warm from the heart, of noble forgetfulness of self, unshrinking firmness, calm endurance, and sometimes reckless bravery are so often brought to light in searching out these incidents of pioneer life, that the faith in human nature which only happy childhood knows comes back, and "a light that never was on land or sea" glimmers through the mist.

Mrs. Blair was a quiet home-woman. Her oldest children were daughters who married and left home early, leaving her with a large share of household labor to perform; yet she had cast her "bread upon the waters," and in due season it returned to her.

One cold winter night when the prairie was covered with snow and ice, she was taken very sick. So alarming was her illness that it seemed impossible for her to live until morning. Her son Edwin went for Mrs. Hook; she was at home alone with her three little children, her husband having gone on one of those pioneer journeys. When she heard how Mrs. Blair needed her, she thought at first, that she could not leave her children; but she had taught them filial obedience in her cheerful, loving decided way, and she knew she could trust them. So she awakened her oldest daughter and told where she was going, and, covering the three together in the warm bed, gave directions for them to stay there until she returned, and she would come as early in the morning as she could. She started with Edwin straight across the prairie, for there were no roads or fences then. She found it so very slippery that it would take a long time for her to get there—no rubbers in those days—so she sat down and took off her shoes and went in her stockings, that no time might be lost. Fortunately her stockings were thick woolen ones, of her own knitting. She, too, was one who knew just what to do in sickness and trouble, and her prompt assistance brought relief to Mrs. Blair; and Mrs. Hook returned home in the morning to find her children safe where she had left them.

It would be gratifying to Mrs. Blair's children and descendents to hear all the kind and respectful words that are spoken of her by those who have known her all these years, and the tender and appreciative things said of her by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. E. M. Blair. Her last sickness was exceedingly distressing, the result of a fall, and after lingering many weeks and receiving the loving care of her son and family she went *Home!*

Mr. James Blair was born at Blanford, Connecticut, June 3, 1788. Mrs. Fanny (Hamilton) Blair, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, February 15, 1792. They were married about 1814, at Stockbridge, Oneida

county, New York. They had eight children. One son died in childhood. The others were James R., Winthrop H., Edwin M., William W. and Charles L., and two daughters, Elmina and Caroline.

James R. came to Illinois in 1846, and died March 18, 1857. Charles L., the youngest, was drowned September 3, 1850. Elmina Jane, died March 10, 1853, at East Grove, Bureau County, Illinois. Mr. James Blair died at Amboy, Illinois, June 12, 1851. Mrs. Blair, his widow, died at the same place, January 17, 1881.

There are at this time, 1893, three sons and one daughter living: E. M. Blair, who lives on the old homestead, two and a half miles southwest of Amboy, W. W. and W. H. Blair, of Lamoni, Decatur county, Iowa, and Mrs. Caroline Kimball, of Neilsville Clark county, Wisconsin.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. EDWIN M. BLAIR.

One Autumn Mr. Blair went to Chicago with a load of wheat, drawn by three yoke of oxen. It usually required about nine days to accomplish the trip, with mercy to the oxen. At that season of the year it was the custom to camp out on the way, and also to carry ones' own provisions as far as possible in order to have anything left from the money received for the produce. One place of encampment was at Desplaines, about twelve miles this side of Chicago. It was in a large grove, the trees not too close to render the place aught but a delightful camping ground. There were gathered there over a hundred and fifty teams, on the way, either to or from Chicago. There was one man who came from Knox county, with an ox team, who had kept up with his companions who came with horses, all the distance. The way he accomplished the feat was by breaking his encampment an hour or two earlier in the morning than his companions did, traveling later in the evening, or until he overtook them. On this morning, when Mr. Blair was present, this man yoked up his team and got under way about three o'clock in the morning. He appeared to be a happy man, for as he proceeded on his way singing, the morning air bore back the words he sang:

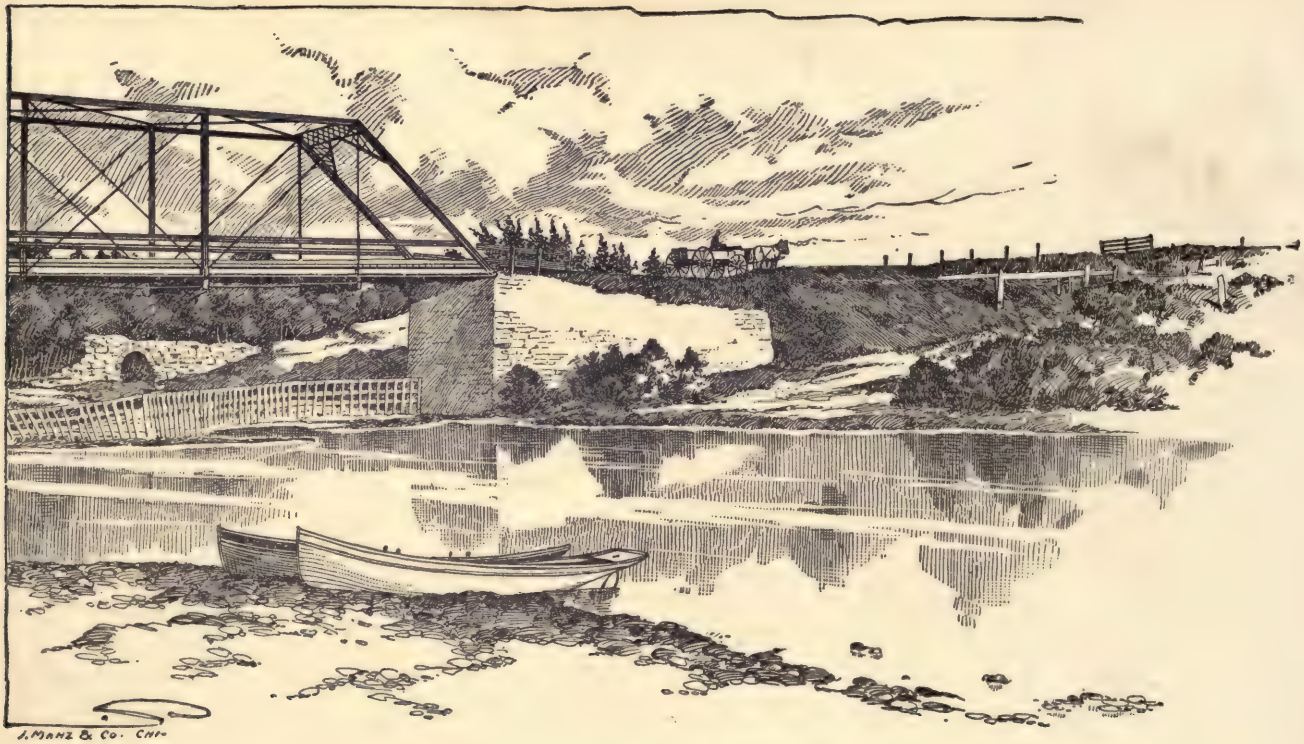
"O how happy are they
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above:
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

In the winter of 18—, Mr. Heman Mead started from his home, adjoining what is now the County Farm, in Eldena, for Pine Creek mill, near

Mt. Morris, with a load of grain, crossing Rock River at Dixon, on the ice. He reached the mill in safety, had his grist ground and was on his way home, reaching Dixon about ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. He drove onto the ice, following the track over which he had passed in the morning. When in about the middle of the river, in the current of the stream, his horses broke through the ice, and horses, wagon and grain were drawn under. Mr. Mead had the presence of mind to throw his arms out over the ice, and having on a thick coat, the ice held him, freezing onto the coat-sleeves. He shouted for help. For a long time his calls reached no ones ears. At last, some travelers who stopped at the Phœnix hotel, which was near the river, were shown by the clerk to their room, which, providentially, had a window which was not quite closed. As they were preparing for bed one of them said he was sure he heard some one calling as if in distress. On going to the window to open it to listen, he found it partly open, which fortunate fact allowed the call to be heard by him. They immediately descended to the office and a party of them started toward the river in the direction of the sound. On arriving where Mr. Mead was, they found it wonld not be safe to venture further without returning to the house and getting boards with which they could reach and rescue him. He was taken to the hotel and everything was done for his comfort. In the morning the good people of Dixon contributed money enough to buy him another wagon, a pair of horses and a load of grain, and as there was some money left it was given him, and he was sent on home rejoicing. It makes one feel like breaking forth into singing the anthem of the angels of Bethlehem when hearing of such things

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Mr. Blair relates an incident in which his father was the actor. He had been to Wilson's mill on the Elkhorn, about thirty-two miles northwest of here, and was on his return home. He crossed the river at Dixon and came out on the Peoria road. It was in the evening and he lost his way. After traveling a long time, and it appeared as if he was coming back to where he had been, his oxen were getting too tired to go farther. He had no way to judge what direction to go, for the night was dark; so he moved his flour to the other end of the wagon and prepared to wait until daybreak. It was in December and he was suffering with the cold. Fortunately his dog went with him and taking him under the blankets which he had, he waited until dawn, the warmth of the dog keeping him from freezing. With the first light he espied the grove in the distant horizon and lost no time in reaching home.



ROCKY FORD—OLD INDIAN CROSSING.

Mr. Blair describes the ruins of Indian lodges which were in the vicinity of his farm, in two or three different places; also the manner of disposing of the remains of the dead. The body of one Indian was standing tied to a tree and a fence was built around it higher than the head; the rails fastened close together as if to afford careful protection from incautious intrusion. This was quite near to the ruined lodges. Mr. Blair has seen two similar sepulchers of the Indian dead, in his journeyings in Northern Illinois.

Mr. Blair, on one occasion, took ten barrels of flour from Grand Detour to Peru, from which place it was to be shipped; crossing the river about three miles north of Dixon. It was in the latter part of May or first of June. On the way he got "sloughed" three times, each time having all the barrels to unload and reload. At one place his horse and heavily laden wagon sank so deeply in the mire that they were extracted with great difficulty. He was alone and it was evening. Usually two or more teams went in company to avoid such solitary disasters. Mr. Blair waded in and unfastened his horses from the wagon and led them out, and then started off to find help. He reached a house and found no one at home but the children; but with their knowledge he took a wagon and with that returned to the slough He wheeled it near the other wagon and alone lifted five barrels into it, attached his horses to it and drew it out, unloaded and repeated the work for the other five barrels, and so finally drew the mired wagon out, all the time the rain coming down.

At another time, he with his brother-in-law, Mr. Abbott, took a load of wheat to mill in Grand Detour. It was in December and wheat sufficient for the winter was to be ground, lest the mills should freeze up so that grinding would be impossible. They started in the morning with oxen, and reached their destination about five o'clock in the afternoon, there to find many waiting with grists which would require three days work. The river was frozen partly over, but chaining the oxen to the cart, they left them, and managed to get the grain over the ice to where a kind of wharf was built out to reach the ice, making a way to get the grain to the mill. But what could they do? There were no houses within several miles, and to wait three days seemed impossible. So appealing to the kind hearted miller and telling him how far they were from home, he told them that if they would have the grain at hand and

would wait until after all the others were asleep, he would grind theirs so that they could get away. About nine o'clock all were asleep and their grist was soon in the mill. A young man from Mt. Morris was there with a team on that side of the river, with whom Mr. Blair had formed some acquaintance that afternoon while waiting. He ventured to awake him and ask him to help them with the flour over the river, or out to the ice where they could transfer it to their wagons. He good naturedly consented and when the task was accomplished he refused to receive any compensation for his night's labor; Mr. Blair promising to return the favor if he ever had an opportunity.

It was nearly or quite midnight when they started for home. They suffered extremely with the cold, especially Mr. Abbott, Mr. Blair taking care to exercise all he could. They arrived at Mr. Hannum's "hay-house" about five o'clock the next morning, when Mrs. Hannum prepared them a nice breakfast, and thus they were able to reach home in the morning, greatly to the surprise and delight of the family.

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The summer of 1844 was one unusally wet and the stream at Rocky Ford overflowed its banks, washing away the south part of the bridge, over which the stage from Galena to Peoria (afterward from Galena to Peru) used to pass, stopping at Mr. Hook's. When the mail wagon arrived, the crossing was accomplished by swimming the horses over and taking the mail and passengers, if there were any, across in a boat, borrowing another wagon for the remainder of the route, and on the return trip crossing the same way, leaving the borrowed wagon and taking the mail wagon again on the other side of the stream. It was difficult to build a bridge at that time, the facilities for the heavy work required being unobtainable; so the bridge could not, at once, be repaired.

It is not strange that in the quietude of these prairie homes, any unusual event like the rising of the river, and the destruction of the bridge should attract the neighbors to the scene; and here, on this day to which the story refers, were gathered Mr. John Hook, wife, baby and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael and child, who lived in a cabin near the Ford, and the stage-driver; some of them quite eager to take a trip in the boat across the water. Standing on the north part of the bridge which had withstood the flood, were Mr. Edwin Blair, and his brother, who had come down to view the swollen river and the destruction caused by the flood. Mr. Blair saw, with fear, the party get into the boat and remonstrated with Mr. Hook; but Mr. Hook's perfect confidence in the ability of his mother, who could control a canoe while standing in it, made him

blind to the danger. All ventured aboard, Mr. Hook remaining on the bridge with Mr. Blair and brother to see the departure of the pleasure seekers. Mr. Hook's mother, a tall women, standing in the center of the boat, Mrs. Hook and baby and Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael and child, and the stage-driver, all in the boat. It sped from the shore, but immediately commenced careening and in another moment capsized, all sinking in the water. Mr. Hook was too much alarmed to know what to do, but Mr. Blair, whose presence of mind *is proof* in cases of danger, with his brother, rushed to their assistance; snatching a long stick as he ran to aid in helping them to shore. While Mr. Blair waded in to reach out the pole to them, he kept hold of his brother's hand, his brother holding on to the bushes in the water, for the current was so swift and strong that it would have been useless to venture in unaided. With great difficulty they were drawn out, Mr. Carmichael reaching the stick with one hand and holding to the women and children with the other. Mrs. Hook was unconscious when brought to shore, but through all had never relaxed her hold upon the little girl who was clasped tightly in her mother's arms all safe and uninjured. Mrs. Carmichael and child were brought safe to shore. Mr. Hook's mother and the stage-driver were drawn by the strong, rapid current further down the river, and it was not without courageous efforts that they were rescued, while Mr. Hook was trying to restore his wife.

The little one was Mrs. Hook's third daughter, who married William Livingstone and lived near Jacob Doan's.

Those who came in later years, to whom many of these landmarks are without associations, can hardly realize how much they suggest to the pioneer, to whom, like the "Bells of Shandon," they must tell "many a tale" of "youth and hope" and the departed days.

Mrs. Clara (Frisbee) Davis, widow of Josiah M. Davis, related some very interesting incidents relative to her early life here. She was a little girl of only seven years at that time, but she well remembered the journey and her father's horses, old Tom and Jerry, and just how they looked. Her father, Sylvester Frisbee, came from Apulia, New York, in company with Ransom Barnes, in 1838. They came in covered wagons, bringing what goods they could with them, Mr. Frisbee going back for the rest afterwards. Little Clara, for rest and amusement, would ride a part of the time with Mr. Barnes and then go back to her father's wagon. The route was the old Chicago road, and Mr. Tripp kept the tavern at "Inlet." They went to Hannum's hotel, called "The Temperance House." When

people who ask where the "bar" was, Mr. Hannum replied, "that there was no bar, but plenty of good cold water and tea and coffee." Benoni Hannum was a most excellent and useful man, always ready to do good as he had opportunity, and he found many opportunities. He was a true christian and gifted in the use of language, consequently he was called upon to lead religious services at funerals and on other occasions, in the absence of ministers. He had previously learned the cabinet maker's trade and as he was a very kind man, he would sometimes, in cases of death, make the coffin and take all the charge of the funeral.

Of Mrs. Hannum, whose likeness is in this book, Mrs. Davis said: "She was such a good woman, a lovely christian day by day, always ready to do good and lend a helping hand whenever an opportunity presented itself. She believed, as the Lord prospered one, in laying aside a tenth for Him, and she kept a purse for the Lord's money; so, when there was a worthy object she had something ready to give. She had learned the milliner's trade before coming here, and she used to make over and trim bonnets for women and girls around. I remember so well of her making one for Mrs. Dexter. Mrs. Hannum's home was a model of neatness and comfort. Once inside the sod or "hay-house" one forgot its humble exterior. Mr. Edwin M. Blair tells of the comfort and good cheer received by him and his brother-in-law, Mr. Abbott, on one occasion when on a cold return trip from Grand Detour where they had been to mill. It was very early in the morning of a December day, but so kindly were he and his companion provided for that the mention of the sod house or "hay-house," of Mr. Hannum, has ever since awakened a train of pleasant recollections, notwithstanding the trip was one of great discomfort.

Mr. Hannum died in 1851. The next year Mrs. Frisbee died, and two years after Mr. Frisbee married Mrs. Hannum. Of her step-mother, Mrs. Davis said: "I always felt that I was highly favored in having two such dear, good mothers. I was a great mother girl and my mother was a very affectionate, devoted mother, so amiable and sweet-tempered, and a sweet singer, too, and a good christian; and my father was also."

Dr. Gardner was our family physician. I have very pleasant recollections of him and his wife. They lived three miles from us, but with the exception of one family, they were our nearest neighbors for a long time. My sister and I were delighted when Mrs. Gardner was coming, for she was such a dear, sweet lady, and her babies were always so sweet and pretty, we had great pleasure in tending them. We had great confidence in Dr. Gardner, who carried us through some very dangerous illnesses; and



MRS. HANNUM-FRISBEE.



CLARA FRISBEE.
(MRS. JOSIAH DAVIS.)

he was a christian. I remember hearing my father say it was worth a great deal to "have a physician that was a christian."

Miss Clara Frisbee was married to Josiah M. Davis, son of Joel Davis, in 1849, Rev. Luke Hitchcock performing the ceremony. (Joel Davis was a brother of Cyrus Davis and of Mrs. Farwell. He came west in 1848.) Mr. Joel Davis and his son erected a frame house on a farm just west of the city limits. It was not finished during Joel Davis' life time, as he lived but a short time. Josiah went to California and was gone several years, his wife remaining with his friends here during his absence. After his return he finished the house which his father had commenced, with much taste. He planted trees, shrubs and rose-bushes. At the eastern entrance of the grounds was a broad gate, the upper part surmounted by a real *bird-castle*, of several stories height. There were trees at each side of the gate, and it looked so hospitable and delightful that it seemed to speak for the inmates of the retreat and say, as it gleamed white in the shade of the trees:

"Stop, traveler, just a moment at my gate
And I will give you news so very sweet
That you will thank me. Where the branches meet
Across your road, and droop, as with the weight
Of shadows laid upon them, pause, I pray,
And turn aside a little from your way."

Once inside the large inclosure, everything told of rest and loving peace. The veranda from which one could see the birds flying about their houses—for there were others besides the one over the great gateway—looked out over the green fields with waving grain or corn; and another gate, a "wicket-gate," opened to the road which passed the house on the west from the Rocky Ford road to Union Corners. Mr. Davis named the place "Summer Hill Farm." He is remembered for his cheerful, sunny, kind nature and social disposition; and when in early manhood he passed away, leaving his devoted young wife and two children, there were many to hold him in affectionate remembrance, and to cherish an abiding interest in his family.

Mrs. Davis remained at Summer Hill Farm until the best interests of her children seemed to favor a change, when with rare judgement and gentle firmness she parted with her "sweet home," and went to Chicago, where she educated them to nobly fill their places in life. Her son, Millard, has a family, and a beautiful home of his own, and is a prosperous merchant in Chicago. Her daughter Lizzie married Rev. Mr. Pearse, a Congregationalist minister and is settled in Turner, Illinois. Mrs. Davis made her home with Mrs. Pearse, and was deeply interested in all the

duties which devolve upon a pastor's family up to the time of her sickness and death, which occurred the last of April this present year.

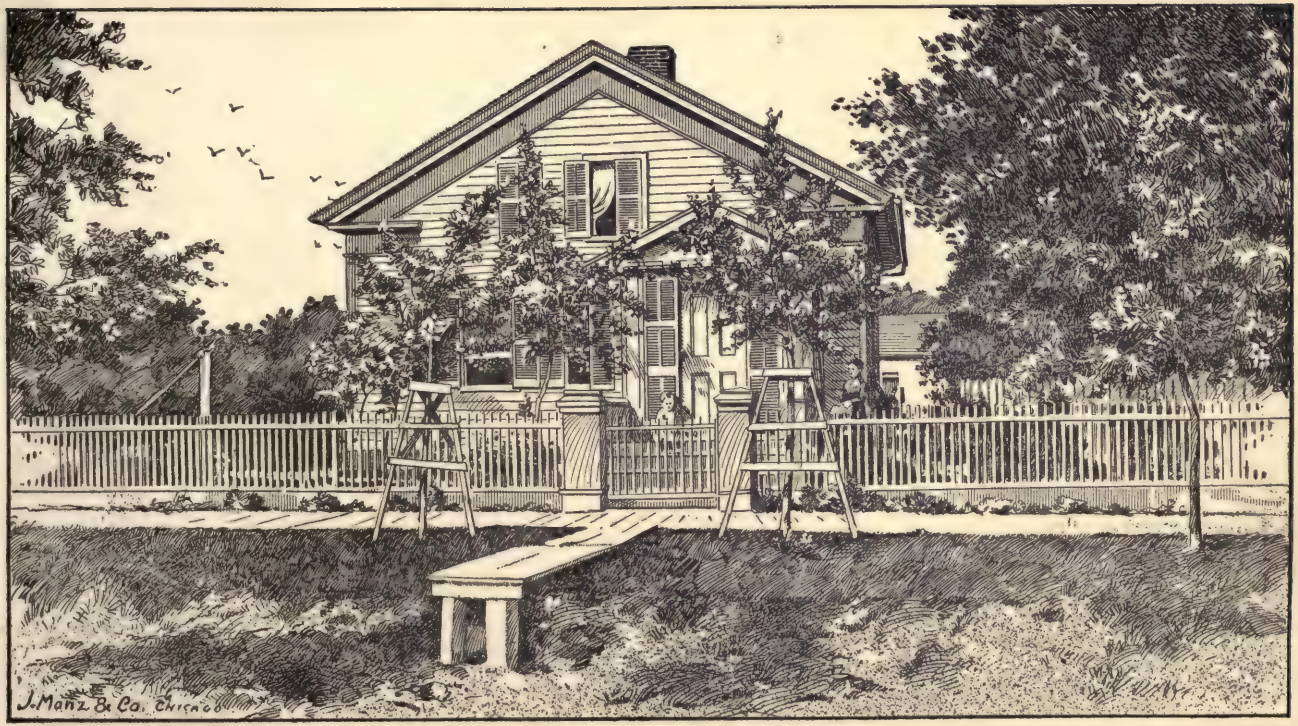
Mr. William Main now owns and occupies "Summer Hill Farm."

Curtis T. Bridgeman came here in 1838, and bought a claim of 160 acres of James Hawley, for $700. It was the finest piece of timber in Palestine Grove, mostly white and burr-oak. Mr. B. sold $300 worth for the old I. C. R. R., which was projected just after the close of the Black-Hawk war, in 1833, and was laid out and partly built in 1837, but abandoned in the financial revolution of 1840. The line is yet visible west of Rocky Ford. Mr. Bridgeman's claim is known as the Blunt farm, although now owned by William E. Ives. It was the favorite camping ground of the Indians, with its large trees and its contiguity to Green River. Here, sometimes hundreds of them encamped, led by their chief, Shabbona.

Mr. Bridgeman lived on this claim five years, when he sold it and moved to Crombie Lane, and took up 160 acres of land, now the farms of Adam Mynard and Hiram Bates. Part of the building Mr. Bridgeman lived in is standing on the Bates farm and is used as a corn-crib. It was eighteen feet long and ten feet wide. This was their sleeping room. On the side was an addition made mostly of sod.

In the fall of 1843, the weather had been mild and balmy as the "sunny south," and no precautions had been taken to bank-up the house which was only an unfinished frame building. One evening about the middle of November there was a light fall of snow. In the morning the family awoke to find the snow a foot deep in their sod kitchen, and it had to be shoveled out before they could get breakfast. From this time until spring the ground was covered with snow to a great depth and there were no signs of spring until the middle of April. The weather was bitterly cold nearly every day that winter. Mr. Bridgeman made a trip to Inlet Grove and got out timber for a new house that was made into lumber at Dewey's Mill. A building was erected which was considered quite a structure for those days, but the family never moved into it. Mr. Bridgeman sold his claim to David Searles and moved to the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. G. P. Finch. That was the suburb of the settlement then. All beyond was unbroken prairie to Rock River.

Mrs. Bridgeman was a lovely woman, and highly esteemed in the community. She was the mother of our townsman, Mr. Cyrus Bridgeman. She reared a family whose lives are an honor to her.



CYRUS DAVIS' HOUSE, AMBOY, 1845.

Frederick Bainter, with his wife and one child, came from South Bend, Indiana, to this place in the fall of 1838. In the spring of 1839 he built a log house on the place now known as the John Warinck farm, where he farmed for several years, and then turned his attention to blacksmithing and making plows, erecting a blacksmith shop on his farm. In the spring of 1846 the house burned down, and he moved to the little burg of Binghampton, where he, with James Doan, built up quite an industry at the stand now known as Kreiter's Mills. Many of the people will remember the improvements there made in the old style plow which he furnished to a great many farmers of Lee, Bureau, La Salle and other counties. It was at their home that Death made the first call in this neighborhood, taking their sweet baby boy Franklin. After a number of years they moved to Goshen, Ind., and later, to California, where Mr. Bainter died in 1875. His wife, who was always his helper and adviser. with the remainder of her family, are still spending their days in that most noted of beautiful countries.

Mr. Cyrus Davis came here in 1839 from NewIpswich, N. H. On January 30th, 1823, he married Miss Mary Appleton, of Dublin, N. H., fifth child of Isaac and Sarah (Twitchell) Appleton. Mr. Joseph Appleton, who was one of the early settlers here, was the oldest child of her brother Joseph. Mr. Davis was a brother of Mrs. Farwell. His farm was upon the site which is now a part of the city of Amboy, and was bounded on the north by the road now running past "the Hawk's house," now owned by William Armour, and past Mr. Rush Badger's; on the east, by the creek crossing Main street, by Wm. E. Ives and south by Division street. His log house was a few feet east of the Baptist Church on Mason street, in what is now the middle of the street. His barn was where the Baptist Church stands, and his orchard just north.

A little anecdote is told of Mr. Davis' attempt to mark where the regular road ought to be. He plowed a few furrows for the line of the road. The next morning as he "viewed the landscape o'er" he looked in vain for his turnpike. Some of the roguish young men had carefully turned all the sod back in place. Mr. Davis stood and looked at the *joke* a few minutes and walked silently away.

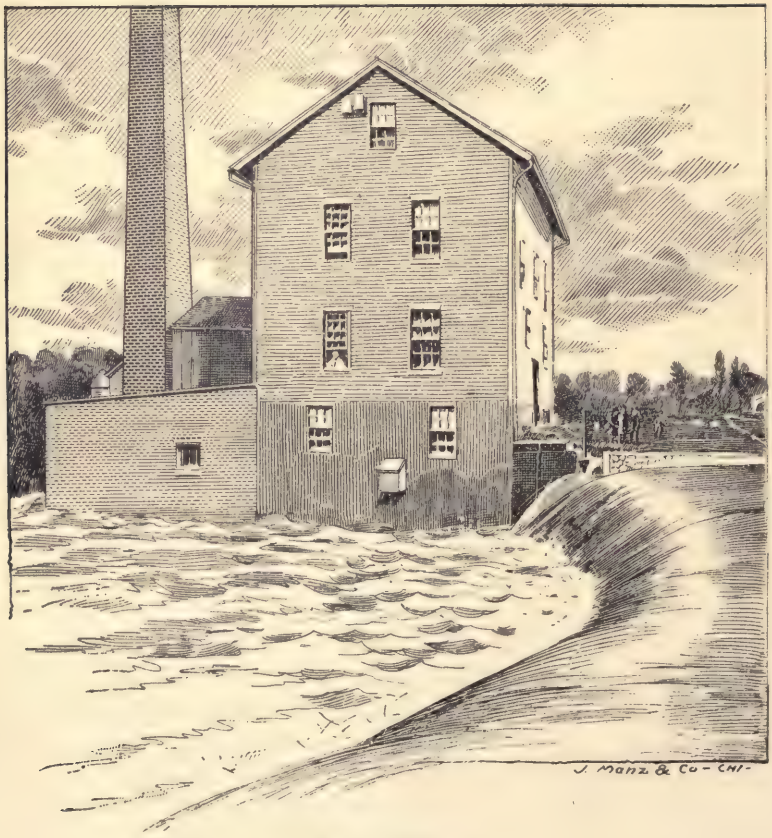
In 1845 he built a convenient frame house, the first of the kind in the place. It is one of the "old landmarks" and is among the illustrations. After the streets of Amboy were laid out, it was moved a few rods east and now stands directly opposite the Baptist Church. The little child sitting on the door step in the picture is a grandson of Col. John. B. Wyman.

The Badger Family.

CHESTER S. BADGER first came to the country from Broome County, New York, in 1837, stopping in Joliet, Illinois. In the fall of the same year he returned to Chemung County, New York, and in the spring of 1838 he came back to Illinois, accompanied by his son Simon; and in the spring of 1839 Warren came with mother and two sisters, Sarah and Rowena. They came by the Lakes through Chicago to Lee County and "landed on the site" now occupied by his grandson, Duer Badger.

In 1840, Chester, son of Chester S., then but eighteen years old, drove a team from Broome County, New York, through to this place, where he found parents, brothers and sisters. The meeting, though joyous, was not without sadness. There was such a contrast between the pleasant home and the social life which they had left, and the pioneer life with its privations and hardships to which they had come, that even after all the years which have intervened it seems painful to Mr. Badger to recall the meeting.

The house was a small, story and a half frame house, without lath or plaster. It had warped and shrunk so that although the family covered interstices the best they could, the northwest winds would drive in the snow until it not only covered the floor but the beds also. In coldest weather, to use Mr. Badger's own words, "We used to hang up three bed-blankets, or quilts around the fire and *enjoy ourselves* sitting inside and eating crab-apples, as we had no other kind of fruit." For our fencing, we drew logs a distance of three miles and split them into rails and then made fence. The Pottawattomie Indians, of whom Shabbona was their chief, roamed at will through here and encamped near Green River. Game was plentiful. I have seen forty deer going to drink in the creek. More rabbits than a strong man could carry away could be taken in a short time and but a short distance from home; and fish also, could be caught in abundance, each weighing from four pounds to some times much heavier weight."



BADGER'S MILL.

In 1837 a man from New Jersey by name of Erastus De Wolfe, an Episcopalian minister, came into the country. He lived about half way between here and Dixon, on land now known as the De Wolfe farm, and preached in the Wasson school house. Mrs. De Wolfe organized a Sunday School, commencing with six little girls, two of her own, two of Mrs. Wasson's, and two of Mrs. Badger's. This was in 1845.

Sarah Badger, the older sister, taught school in Sugar Grove at $1.50 per week and had *luxuries*—pumpkin pie and crab apple sauce. Rowena taught in the old log school house, and afterwards near Mr. De Wolfe's place, and also near Grand Detour.

The Badger family have been useful members of society. Mrs. Badger is remembered with respect and love. She was a quiet, retiring woman of much refinement, and her sons and daughters have filled many places of usefulness in Amboy. Her daughters were among the earliest teachers, and her sons, Henry, Simon, Chester and Warren, have all contributed to Amboy's prosperity. The brothers engaged in the manufacture of plows and also built a mill, afterwards rebuilding it into a steam mill. Warren died in the prime of life, Simon in 1876, leaving one son, Mr. Rush Badger, and three daughters. He filled various offices of trust in the town, having been justice of the peace sixteen years previous to his death. Chester enlisted in the Eleventh Illinois Volunteers, and served in the Mexican war under Gen. Sterling Price. He afterwards went overland to California in company with his brother Simon. He has been a prominent man here, serving the town in many ways. He can remember numberless interesting events connected with the county which would have been worthy of record. He lives in retirement on his farm, which has been his home since first coming to this country in 1840. He has three children.

Henry E. Badger was one of the early teachers here. He was, with his brothers, engaged in the manufacture of plows, and also in the mill known as the Badger Mill; has been supervisor, road commissioner, school trustee, postmaster, merchant and farmer. During the war he was most loyal, giving liberally to the Union cause. No soldier's widow or family who applied to him for aid was ever sent away unsupplied. No one has given more generously to support every good cause. His life has been embellished by a most excellent wife, who has filled her place at home, in church and in society with a devotion to be remembered gratefully by many long after she can fill it no more. Mr. Badger has two daughters and one son living, Mr. Warren Badger, a prominent merchant here.

John Hook and wife, Mrs. Matilda (Berry) Hook, came to Rocky Ford in the fall of 1839. They were natives of Howland, Maine, a town on the Penobscot River. They came in covered wagons, each drawn by two horses, Mr. Berry, a brother of Mrs. Hook, and others accompanying them.

After reaching Buffalo, New York, and learning that travellers through Ohio encountered many marshy and difficult places of crossing, they took passage to Detroit on the steamer Milwaukee, and from there pursued their journey with wagons to Peru, where they resided until they came here.

Mrs. Hook's narrative of the incidents of their trip is intensely interesting. Many were the kindnesses they received on the way, when they encamped near settlements and farm houses; many the invitations to rest and lodge under some one's roof-tree, while additions to their store of food were smilingly given. To hear her recount the story of her life in her cheerful and pleasant way, one would think that "the hardships of pioneer life" were but a series of pleasure excursions and encampments for the sake of the enjoyment of them. It would be hardly safe to have the story in her own words, even were it possible to remember them, least some young readers might be missing some day, to be found as young Daniel Boone was surprised by his father—trying pioneer life on his own *hook*—somewhere beyond the Rockies.

Her house at Rocky Ford was for years an Inn, where the weary might find rest and the hungry, food, although it bore no sign. As stated above, it was the mail carrier's stopping place on his route from Galena to Peoria, afterwards changed to Peru. Travelers would seek lodging for the night inside their hospitable doors to be safe from the wolves, and they were not turned away, though a place on the floor were the only vacancy.

Men whose names, in after years were widely known have been served here, and Knowlton and Frazier on their passing from Dixon to Peoria or returning, were frequent lodgers, and often Sheriff Campbell was their guest. Here young Backensto alighted and made his toilet when first he visited Amboy to present himself before the queen of his heart, Miss Clara Wasson, whom he had met at the house of her aunt Mrs. Joseph Smith of Nauvoo.

Our illustration of the bridge at Rocky Ford marks the place near which the Indian trail from Council Bluffs to Chicago crossed the ford; and in the time of the Black Hawk war, the command under Major Stillman forded the stream at this point on their way to Stillman's Run.



H. E. BADGER.



MRS. H. E. BADGER.

In 1842 it was the mail route, and the carrier made the trip every week on horse back without failure stopping at John Hook's Monday nights as he went north, and Friday nights going south. A few years afterwards the post office was removed to Binghampton.

The site on the ridge where Mr. Hook built his house, was on an old Indian camping ground on the trail which crossed at the ford. The Indians came frequently and in large numbers, on their way to and from Chicago to receive their annuities. When they found their old camping-ground occupied they withdrew to the wooded knoll south of the place owned by Mr. Bear, and east of Mr. Edwin Bliss. Mrs. Hook relates how the Indians rode up on horse back and surveyed their old place of encampment, and finding it occupied, rode away, and selected the site already described. They would frequently remain for a month, hunting and fishing; for deer, prairie-chickens, rabbits, etc. were abundant.

Before breaking camp to pursue their journey, they would prepare for it by roasting pieces of venison which they would put on the point of a stick, and keep it over the fire by confining the other end of the stick slantwise in the ground. After it was broiled and smoked in this way, it was packed for the journey. They appeared to enjoy a call from their white neighbors. Once when Mrs. Hook went to call on them in their tents, a pleasant young half-breed Indian, whose father was a Frenchman, of Milwaukee, where the young man and his brother who was with him had been educated, begged to take her fair haired, blue eyed baby to show to his people in the tents, promising to return it soon in safety. This was the first trip the young men had ever taken with their mother's people, and the parents were both with the company. The little one was not afraid and the young man carried it tenderly to the other tents where the women patted the baby's arms and cheeks and smiled upon it, as did the young man. He soon brought it back, pleasantly, the baby enjoying it all. His father's name was Juneau. His mother was a famous medicine squaw and used to be called to go twenty miles to cure the sick.

Mrs. Hook used sometimes to carry them presents of milk and other food, taking a pail of milk and a dipper and so treating the Indian children all around. In return the mothers would treat with berries, or a drink made of maple sugar which they had made mixed with fresh water from the creek. They were frequent callers at Mrs. Hook's house where they received such favors as she could render them. Once as she was sitting at home, a shadow darkened the room, and on looking up she saw a tall Indian standing in the door, attracted there by the odor of something which was being cooked. He entered and raised the cover of the kettle,

asking many questions about it. It was a turtle from which they were extracting the oil, and when told that it was for medicinal purposes, he was much interested. The Indians gathered many herbs, and roots which they washed and put up carefully to take away with them. Once, when two or three Indians called and asked for something to eat, Mrs. Hook sent out to them by her husband, bread, meat, etc., on separate plates for each, with knives and forks, just te see how they would use them. They good-naturedly laid them aside and taking the meat in their fingers and saying, "this is the way Indian eat" they ate it in their own way.

Mr. Hook's family had been accustomed to Indians, for on the Penobscot River in Maine there have always been many of them; some beautiful specimens of their work in baskets and moccasins finding the way around the country, and often being for sale. Mrs. Hook seems to have had an unusually happy faculty in dealing with them. If some of our Indian agents on the frontier might learn something from her, it would be a happy thing for both Uncle Sam's red and white children.

The first school-house was built in 1839. It was a log house not far from where Seneca Strickland now lives. Mrs. Strickland, daughter of Andrew Bainter, remembers the log threshold over which she climbed when she ran away to school at the age of two or three years. This school-house had three windows, with twelve panes of glass in each, six by eight inches, and they were put in sidewise. Long benches were placed on three sides, with a broad board back of them, fastened to the wall by a support from the under side, which served as desks for the children to lay their books on, as well as to write upon. Near the long, high benches were two or three smaller ones for the youngest children. Here they sat, holding their books in their hands while they spelled b-a, ba; c-a, ca; d-a, da; etc. A blackboard was unknown to these little pioneers, neither were there maps or charts; only the rough, dark logs and the small, low windows; yet they were happy and faithful, and to obey the teacher was one rule seldom broken. One of the first lessons the new teacher *always* gave to all, both large and small, was the first part of the spelling-book. To the small ones the great puzzle was to tell diphthongs and triphthongs, interrogations and exclamations; but if they could close the book and say the words, all was well. The teachers, in those days, were thorough; for example, there were two little girls not five years old, who had to stand on the floor and study their lessons because they had misspelled "chintz" and "stiltz," almost breaking their hearts.



CLARA WASSON.
(MRS. BACKENSTO.)

The first teacher was Miss Clara Wasson, greatly beloved by her pupils. Here afterwards taught Miss Lucy Ann Church, Charlotte Doan, the Misses Badger and Wasson, Ann Chadwick, and "a long line of distinguished" teachers whose names we have not been able to obtain. Miss Clara Wasson, now Mrs. Backensto, writes, "I now remember my little school with great pleasure. Although quite inexperienced myself, the dear little people thought me a perfect teacher, which shows how inexperienced the most of them were, having never attended school before. They were so quiet and obedient that the little ground squirrels would come into the school-room to eat the scattered crumbs."

Mrs. Backensto relates another incident. "Just after the Dexter children had started home from school they came running back to me saying that Thomas had been bitten by a rattlesnake. We soon found the snake and with a long switch whipped it to death, as this is the surest and easiest way to dispose of those venomous reptiles. Andrew Bainter tied his whip-lash tightly around the leg, just above the wound. I soon found some Seneca snake root, and gathering a quantity, bruised some between two stones and bound it with my handkerchief on to the wounded foot and took him, with a quantity of the snake-root, home to his mother, instructing her to steep some of it in milk and give him to drink, and to bind some fresh root on the wound, which she did; and much to my surprise and satisfaction the next morning he came to school just a little lame, and soon recovered entirely. What a blessed Providence to provide an antidote for that deadly poison within our reach; and thanks to my mother's instructions, I knew just what to do."

There must be many interesting reminiscences connected with this school-house were there time and opportunity to collect them from those who participated in them. Later, when the larger log school-house was built between Col. Badger's and Mr. Wasson's, the old log house was moved farther east, near to the Lewis farm, and the new school-house was the usual place for preaching; but for some years it remained where it was first located and was the place for religious services as well as spelling-schools, singing-school, etc. Previous to the building of this, in the winter of 1837-8, religious services were held in the cabins. We hear of a Mr. Vincent, a relative of the eminent eastern divine, Rev. Dr. Vincent, preaching at Mr. Bridgeman's cabin. Messrs. Lumery, Smith, Gorbitt, White and others at the Doan and other cabins. Mr. Stinson and other lay preackers and Rev. Erastus De Wolfe at the Dexter cabin; also at Mr. Benjamin Wasson's. The meetings were often on week days, the men leaving their labor to worship at this Shekinah in the wilderness;

coming in their carts or wagons, drawn by oxen or horses; often following the Indian trails through thickets of wild fruit trees and groves of oak, all converging toward the creek and vicinity of the old encampments.

Rev. Mr. Farney preached the first sermon in the old log school-house; afterwards, Revs. Luke Hitchcock, John Cross, Charles Gardner and others supplied. At one of Mr. Gardner's meetings he had for an auditor Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism. Mr. Gardner invited him to close the services with prayer, which he did. He and Sidney Rigdon held meetings there, afterwards, and Smith had followers here who speak of him now with a look of reverence and sorrow as "The Martyred Prophet." They have always been good and upright members of the community, cherishing no sympathy with Brigham Young, whom they consider as one who "defied the laws of God and man."

The old school-house was of use to all in the settlement. Some of the stories told of the spelling-schools held there are most amusing. Old and young attended, and one bright little girl of six years, who was a good speller, so interested Simon Badger that he managed to keep near enough behind her to whisper assistance when a particularly "hard word" came to her. Once when she was chosen on the *other side* she went with anxiety at the loss of her gallant assistant, but it was not long before he had changed seats and she found he was at hand.

Emma Hale, the sister of Elizabeth Wasson, was born in the town of Harmony, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, July 10, 1804. Her parents, Mr. Isaac and Mrs. Elizabeth (Lewis) Hale, were pioneers of a self-reliant race, brave, honest, of unshaken fidelity and unquestioned integrity. She grew to womanhood amid the rural scenes, labors and recreations incident to farm life on the banks of the Susquehanna River. She was a good horse-woman, and a canoe on the river was her plaything. She was a fair scholar for the common schools of the time, and a good singer and possessed of a fine voice. She was of excellent form, straight and above medium height, features strongly marked, hair and eyes brown, while her general intelligence and fearless integrity, united with her kindness of heart and splendid physical developments commanded both admiration and respect.

In 1825 Miss Hale became acquainted with Joseph Smith, celebrated in the history of the religions of the United States, as the founder of "Mormonism," "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," to whom she was married in the town of South Bainbridge, New York, at the residence of 'Squire Tarbell, January 18, 1827. Mrs. Smith lived in

the family of her husband's parents, at Manchester, New York, until December, when they moved to Harmony, Pennsylvania, and settled near her father's farm.

In September of this year, Mr. Smith became possessed of the plates from which he is said to have written the "Book of Mormon." These plates Mr. Smith had during their residence in their home near Isaac Hale, and of them Mrs. Smith states:

"I knew that he had them. I made a linen sack for Mr. Smith to carry them in. They lay on a stand in my room, day after day, for weeks at a time, and I often moved them in cleaning the room and dusting the table. They were of metal, and when thumbed, as one sometimes thumbs the leaves of a book, would give off a metallic sound."

A gentleman, now a resident of Amboy, who was, three or four years ago in business in Binghampton, New York, gives an interesting account of a visit which he made while there to Harmony township, Pennsylvania, where the plates were said, by Mr. Smith to have been found. The historic spot is on the summit of a high hill not far from the Susquehanna river, and is still visited as a place of interest. The stones which formed the foundations of the derrick used, still surround the deep excavation, which, although partially filled, by the caving in of the earth, is some eighty-five feet deep. A Mr. Benson, whose farm joins the land once owned by Isaac Hale, Mrs. Smith's father, and who was familiar with the early history of both the Hale and Smith families, was the guide and instructor of our informant. Smith was about a year in reaching the depth of a hundred or more feet, where he claimed the Angel Meroni had made known to him the plates were to be found. He, with some of his friends, would work at the place until the money gave out, when the work must wait until more means to carry it on were obtained. One enthusiastic follower spent his farm and beggared himself in the search for the hidden treasure. Some people thought Smith insane, but his preaching drew to him crowds of followers.

In February, 1829, Mrs. Smith became an amanuensis to her husband, and from his dictation she wrote much of the celebrated Book of Mormon; and in this year it was completed and published in Palmyra, New York, by E. B. Grandin. It was in this year that Oliver Cowdery joined his fortune and influence with the new religious movement begun by Joseph Smith.

The persecutions which followed now compelled a removal from Harmony, and in August, 1830, the family moved to Fayette, Seneca county, New York. From there, in January, 1831, they went to Kirtland, Ohio,

where Newel K. Whitney, one of the leading men in the Mormon society, befriended them. The sickness incidental to a new country prevailed, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith having lost their first child, adopted a little boy and girl, twin children of Mrs. John Murdock, who died, the father consenting. September, 1831, they moved to Hiram, Portage county, Ohio, thirty-five miles south-east of Kirtland. The converts to Mr. Smith's preaching were constantly arriving from all parts of the country, greatly to the disturbance of antagonists to the Mormon religion, and in March, 1832, the most violent persecution followed. Mr Smith was dragged from his bed, beaten into insensibility, tarred and feathered and left for dead. A strange part of this experience was, that his spirit seemed to leave his body, and that during the period of insensibility he consciously stood over his own body, feeling no pain, but seeing and hearing all that transpired.

When, after returning to consciousness, he managed to drag himself back to his home, Mrs. Smith fainted at the sight; and the little adopted boy, who took cold on that fearful night, died the next week. It was a long time before Mrs. Smith recovered from the shock of all these accumulated sorrows. The same night Sidney Rigdon was subjected to the same treatment.

He now started on a mission to Missouri, Mrs. Smith returning to Kirtland and stopping with her friends, the Whitneys. It is here that Joseph Smith, now of Lamoni, Decatur county, Iowa, was born, November 6, 1832.

In April, 1838, the family moved to Missouri, in Caldwell county. Here Mrs. Smith hoped for the quietude and peace for which she longed, but great numbers of converts flocked to their leader. The people became alarmed and violent persecutions which it is useless and painful to detail followed. Accusations of every kind were made, and the extermination of the Mormons seemed to be determined upon. The leaders, Joseph and his brother Hiram Smith and others were imprisoned, and a summary death from shooting was expected by them. Mrs. Smith was now left with her family of four children; her adopted daughter, her three sons, the oldest six years old, the youngest five months, at the beginning of winter, her husband in jail for his religion's sake, powerless to help him. What could she do? She bravely visited her husband in the jail, taking her oldest son with her, and while she was permitted but a short interview, she obtained permission to leave the child a guest of his manacled and fettered father, until the next day.

After making such arrangements for the safety of herself and child-

ren as she could, Mrs. Smith left the home from which she had been driven, and turned her steps toward Illinois. The winter shut in early, and when the fleeing pilgrims reached the Mississippi River it was frozen over and Mrs. Smith, weary, sad and heart-broken, crossed the mighty river to Quincy, Illinois, on foot, carrying her two youngest children, with the oldest boy and little girl clinging to her dress. She found a hospitable welcome at the home of a family by the name of Cleveland, where she remained during the long winter, sad, but trusting, and in faithful expectancy, waiting for her husband's relief and delivery from bonds. When, at last, he was free, she welcomed him with a wife's rapture, and was ready to begin again the life of devotion to his happiness as she had ever been.

The little town of Commerce, in Hancock county, Illinois, at the head of the Lower Rapids, had been chosen for a resting place for the refugees, and the family reached it on May tenth. A celebrated river pilot, by the name of Hugh White, owned a farm on which was a hewed log house with a clap-board annex, which Mr. Smith bought, and into which he moved his family. Yet, even here, Mrs. Smith knew not what awaited her. All her married life had been such as to call forth the strongest courage and fortitude and faith of her soul, and in none of them had she faltered. What she had and what she was, she had placed on the altar of her devotions; and if God willed, she was content.

The seasons of 1839-40, were seasons of severe trials to the new settlements. Fever incident to the new countries, the long exposure and crying want endured by many in their forced exodus from Missouri, the fogs from the river and miasma from the swamps—all combined to make the season sickly, and hundreds became victims, many of whom died. Mrs. Smith realizing the weight of the general burden and the necessity of proper nursing of the stricken people, opened her house for hospital service. Numbers of the severe cases were removed to her home and placed under her care. She, with her family of children, took shelter in a tent in the dooryard, she, and her children under her direction, doing all that they could to minister to the suffering. At one time she had ten of these unfortunate people in her care, herself and oldest son being the only nurses that were available, the boy doing little except to carry water from the spring near the river's brink to quench the thirst and lave the hands and faces of the fever tried souls.

During a great portion of this trying time, Mrs. Smith's husband was at Washington, D. C., seeking to secure the intervention of the General Government, to obtain an official and final examination of the difficulties

between the Mormons and their restless neighbors, and security from the Government in their rights. Mr. Van Buren's answer to their plea when obtained was, "Gentlemen, your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you." *Commerce* was changed to *Nauvoo*, the postoffice department recognizing the change April 21, 1840.

On June 5, 1841, Joseph was again arrested, as a fugitive from justice, by Sheriff Thomas King, and taken to Monmouth, Illinois, where the case was tried before Judge Stephen A. Douglas, on June 8th. Orville H. Browning, of Quincy, Illinois, afterward Secretary of the Interior under President Lincoln, appearing for the defence. Mr. Smith was discharged, the judge giving expressions of indignation at the manner the prisoner had been harrassed by his persecutors.

On May 6, 1842, Mr Smith was again arrested, tried at Springfield, and acquitted on proof of innocence.

From this time until about June, 1843, there was a season of rest afforded to the family, which Mrs. Smith was well prepared to enjoy. She was chosen to preside over a society called "The Female Relief Society," formed of prominent women of the large and rapidly increasing city (which had reached a population of 15,000), the object of the society being to seek out cases of necessity, sickness and distress in the city, to take cognizance of and institute measures for their relief.

Mrs. Smith was chosen to preside because of her well-known probity, clearness of perception, experience and decision of character. This position she held until after the death of her husband, and the dispersion from Nauvoo took place.

Mr. Smith's father died in the fall of 1841, and in the summer of 1842 his mother became a part of his family. Of Mrs. Smith's care of her mother-in-law, that lady herself states: "Soon after I took up my residence at her house I was taken very sick and was brought nigh unto death. For five nights in succession Emma never left me, but stood at my bedside all night long, at the end of which time she was overcome with fatigue and taken sick herself. Joseph then took her place and watched with me the five succeeding nights as faithfully as Emma had done." From this sickness Mr. Smith's mother soon recovered, but she remained an inmate of the family until her son's death, after which, for some two or three years, she was cared for by her youngest daughter, Lucy Miliken, and her husband, when she returned to the home of Mrs. Smith, where she remained until May, 1855, when, in the presence of Mrs. Smith, her grandson Joseph, and a neighbor, she passed into the great beyond. This aged mother was confined to her bed, a sufferer from rheumatism, by which

her feet, hands and arms were distorted and mishapen for many years, during the greater part of which time she was provided for and taken care of at the home of Mrs. Smith, the widow of her son, Joseph.

On June 13, 1843, Mrs. Smith, with her husband and children, started by carriage, at that time the only mode of traveling inland, to visit her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Wasson, the wife of Benjamin Wasson, living in Amboy, Lee county, Illinois. On the same day Gov. Thomas Reynolds, of Missouri, appointed Joseph H. Reynolds, sheriff of Jackson County, Missouri, to proceed to Illinois with a new writ to operate with Harmon T. Wilson, of Hancock county, Illinois, in arresting Joseph Smith, on a renewal of the same charge from which he had been discharged by a competent court. These two men followed Mr. Smith to Mr. Wasson's place, which they reached June 23rd, while the family were at dinner. They professed to be elders of the church, and desired to see "Brother Joseph Smith." When Mr. Smith appeared, in answer to the inquiry, these men presented their pistols to his breast, at the same time seizing him, but without stating their object, or showing a warrant or serving a writ. Mr. Smith asked what the meaning of the arrest was. To this Reynolds replied, with an oath at the beginning and end of the sentence, "Be still or I will shoot you." Wilson joined in this blasphemous threatening, and both struck him with their weapons, and without attempting to serve any writ or presenting any process warranting the arrest, they hurried him to a wagon near by, and would have taken their prisoner away without hat or coat but for the interference of a friend, Stephen Markham, who seized the horses by the bits and held them until Mrs. Smith ran from the house with her husband's hat, coat and vest.

Here, as in Missouri, he was taken from the presence of his wife and children without explanation and without opportunity to bid his agitated and tearful wife good-bye. His captors hurried him to Dixon, where they confined him in a room in a tavern, waiting the hitching up of fresh horses. Mr. Smith's friend, Markham, had reached Dixon and undertaken to secure legal services. Hearing of it Mr. Reynolds again threatened to kill Mr. Smith, to which Mr. Smith replied: "Why make the threat so often? If you want to shoot me, do, I am not afraid." When Messrs. Shepard G. Patrick and Col. E. D. Southwick, whose services Markham had secured, attempted to communicate with Mr. Smith, Reynolds and Wilson peremptorily refused them access to him. By this time considerable excitement had been aroused in the town, and Col. John Dixon, the founder of the town, put himself in the front of an inquiry as to the facts of the arrest; and, learning that the sheriffs had shown no

writ, or served any process, he became indignant and plainly notified Reynolds and Wilson, that it was possible such proceedings might do for Missouri, but that no man should be taken from the town of Dixon, without proper process, or without an opportunity for legal counsel and defense.

The sheriffs then allowed the attorneys to hold consultation with Mr. Smith, declaring, however, that they would only allow one half hour for the prisoner's benefit. So outrageous was the treatment of Mr. Smith, by these self-appointed custodians, that the indignation of the citizens of Dixon was roused to a high pitch; and but for the intervention of Col. Dixon and the dispassionate appeals of Mr. Smith, himself, and his attorneys, Reynolds and Wilson, would have been lynched. During the ride from Wasson's to Dixon, they had constantly thrust their pistols against his side, with threats, until he was sadly bruised. As it was, however, the demand for proper treatment, seconded by the firm attitude of Col. Dixon and others, secured time to procure legal action.

Col. Dixon sent messengers to the Master in Chancery and to Attorney Walker to come to Dixon at once, which they did. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued and served by Sheriff Campbell, of Lee county, ordering that Smith and his captors be brought before Judge Caton, then holding court at Ottawa. Reynolds and Wilson were arrested for assault upon Smith, and for false imprisonment. The party started for Ottawa, but stopped for the night at Paw Paw, twenty-five miles on the way. Here the next morning, many having learned of the arrest and the circumstances attending it, gathered at the hotel, all anxious to see the "Prophet," and to hear him preach. This would not suit Reynolds, who was fearful of what the effect of a speech from his prisoner might be, so he shouted, "I want you to understand that this man is my legal prisoner, and you must disperse."

At this juncture, David Town, an elderly man, citizen of the place, who was an influential man of affairs and carried a hickory staff, approached the irate sheriff from Missouri, and said to him with decided emphasis, "Sit down there!" pointing to a seat, "and sit still. Don't open your head till General Smith gets through talking. If you never learned manners in Missouri, we'll teach you that gentlemen are not to be imposed upon by a nigger driver. You cannot kidnap men here. There is a committee in this grove that will sit on your case; and, sir, it is the highest tribunal in the United States, as from it there is no appeal." This speech caused the sheriff to remain quiet, and Smith talked to those gathered for an hour and a half undisturbed.

It proved that Judge Caton had adjourned court, and was then on his way to New York, so the party returned to Dixon. A new writ was issued returnable to the nearest court. This was the court of Judge Douglas, of Quincy; so the party started for that place, distant some two hundred and fifty miles. At Fox River, seven of Smith's friends met the posse, when Smith said to the sheriff: "I think I will not go to Missouri this time." This was June 27th, four days after the enforced arrest, and as yet, the sheriff had neither produced nor read a warrant, writ, or process, by virtue of which they were trying to take a citizen of Illinois out of the state with a hostile threat of evil treatment, if successful.

From this the party proceeded to Nauvoo in spite of the protests of sheriffs Reynolds and Wilson, whom Sheriff Campbell had compelled to give up their arms, because of the threats they had made. They reached Nauvoo, the home of Smith, on June 30th, he having been all the time, since the 23rd, in the custody of these sheriffs without legal writ.

As soon as Mr. Smith was arrested, Mrs. Smith determined to reach her home as soon as she could. After ascertaining the course affairs were likely to take at Dixon, under the vigorous regime of Col. Dixon, and Attorneys Patrick and Southwick, Mrs. Smith started with her children for Nauvoo, a young man named Loring Walker driving the team. She reached home some three days before the cavalcade accompanying her husband, and when he and his captors, Sheriff Campbell and the posse reached the city and her home, she was ready to receive them; and notwithstanding there were many to partake at her board, all were amply provided for and treated by her with every mark of kindness, hospitality and respect. The executive ability and energy of Mrs. Smith are demonstrated by the fact that at every stage of her husband's peace, prosperity, peril and distress, she proved equal to the emergency and conducted the affairs of his household, her station in society, and her public appearances, in the calm dignity and conscious rectitude of splendid womanhood. In August, 1843, she became landlady of the Nauvoo Mansion, a hotel quite noted during the last year of Mr. Smith's lifetime and for many years after.

On June 12, 1844, Mr. Smith was again arrested and again dismissed. June 24th Joseph Smith and his brother, Hiram, were again arrested on the charge of treason. After consultation with Gov. Ford and others who advised that they should put themselves into the hands of the civil authorities to answer whatever charges might be made against them, and upon express promise of the governor that they should have a fair and impartial trial, Joseph and Hiram Smith did, on the 24th of June,

1844, proceed to Carthage and presented themselves before him to be taken into custody. At this interview with the governor he pledged his own faith and that of the State of Illinois, that they should be protected from violence, and have a fair and impartial trial. At dark that night the constable appeared with a mittimus commanding him to commit Joseph and Hiram Smith to jail on a charge of treason against the state, issued by Justice Robert F. Smith. Appeal was made to the governor, but he permitted them to be lodged in jail.

On the morning of the 26th, the governor, at 9:30 o'clock, visited the prison and had a lengthy interview with Joseph and Hiram Smith, in which he was fully informed of what had been done at Nauvoo, and upon which action the charge of treason had been made, and that it was done at the direction of the Governor himself. Governor Ford again gave his pledge that these men should be protected from illegal harm. At 2:30 of the same day, on June 26th, the Smith brothers were taken by Constable Bettisworth before Justice R. F. Smith to answer for treason, and, on proper showing the trial was adjourned until noon of the 27th, to allow of getting witnesses from Nauvoo, eighteen miles distant. Afterwards, without notice to defendants, the trial was postponed until the 29th, and the prisoners were remanded to jail.

On the morning of the 27th, Governor Ford and his escort went to Nauvoo. He had disbanded a portion of the state militia, but left the Carthage Grays in charge of the place (Carthage) during his absence, a detail from which body of troops had been stationed as guards at the jail.

Threats had been made openly that the Smiths would not be permitted to leave the town alive. These threats had been made in the hearing of Governor Ford; one Alfred Randall stating that he heard one of the soldiers say to Governor Ford: "The soldiers are determined to see Joe Smith dead before they leave town." The Governor replied, "If you know of any such thing keep it to yourself."

About five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, June 27, 1844, while Governor Thomas Ford was addressing the citizens of Nauvoo, a mob of armed men, some two hundred strong, disguised by faces blackened, coats turned, and in other ways, approached the jail, a stone and wood building in the south western edge of town, and overpowered the guard, who fired over their heads, killed Joseph and Hiram Smith, and wounded John Taylor nigh to death. There were in the room, Joseph and Hiram Smith, John Taylor and Willard Richards, the last two named being the only friends of the two men killed whom the officers

would allow to stay with them. Each of the men killed and Mr. Taylor were struck by four balls. Hiram Smith fell in the room; Joseph ran to the window and in making an effort to get out was struck by a ball and fell some feet to the ground. The mob, by order of the leader, set his body against a well-curb near the house, and would have fired a volley at it, but he was already dead.

Mr. Richards remained unhurt in the debtor's room where the prisoners had been confined. Their work accomplished the mob retired.

The tragedy was over; the long, long struggle was ended; the loving wife who had been faithful through all things for "better or worse," had only to wait in tearless woe the last home coming of him with whom she had plighted her faith for seventeen years.

In the afternoon of the 28th the bodies of the two men were brought home to their grief stricken families and friends. The long pending stroke had fallen, and Mrs. Smith was a widow with a family of four children, the eldest thirteen. She shed few tears, but in stony eyed, silent grief bore her trial, and waited until thousands had passed the bier on which her dead was lying, when, with her children by her, she sat down by the silent form. "My husband, O, my husband! Have they taken you from me at last?" That night she parted from her only steadfast, earthly friend, and began the singular life of patient endurance and self-denial to which his death subjected her.

An administrator was appointed to take charge of Mr. Smith's estate. That it was not large may be known by the fact, that with the usual widow's exemption the sum of $124.00 per year was allowed her for the care of herself and family. A number of creditors appeared, and what property there was left became the prey of the creditors and the legal costs, so that, by the time the estate was settled, it gave Mrs. Smith a few lots with their buildings in the town of Nauvoo, and some acres of land lying in the country. With this, and patient industry, she set herself to the task of rearing her family, which on the 17th of the next November after her husband's death, was increased by the birth of a son, whom she called David Hiram, for her brother David and her husband's brother.

The troubles between the people of the adjoining counties and the Mormon people culminated in the expulsion of the latter from the state. Mrs. Smith had, by her opposition to the measures and policy of President Brigham Young, become obnoxious to him, and to those who accepted him, so that when in the fall and early winter of 1846 the Latter Day Saints left the state, she, ostensibly one of them, and yet opposed

to their policy, was included in this extradition. Determined not to be compromised with evil and its consequences, Mrs. Smith, to avoid possible insult, if not injury from the anti-mormon forces when they should enter the city according to the terms of capitulation, left Nauvoo with her family on board the steamer "Uncle Toby," Captain Grimes, commander, on the 12th day of September, 1846, for Fulton City, Whiteside county, Illinois, whither one of her friends, William Marks, had preceded her. She was accompanied by parts of four other families, whom she took under her guidance and care. Wesley Knight and family, Loring Walker (who had married a daughter of Hiram Smith) and his family, two orphan girls, (Angeline and Nancy Carter), and a young man by the name of William Clapp. Mrs. Smith remained at Fulton City until February, when, learning that the man whom she had left in possession of her hotel was going to dismantle the house and embark for Texas with the spoils, she made the trip by carriage to Nauvoo, which she reached in the afternoon of February 19, 1847, and so determinedly pushed her claims, that in three days she was again installed in her house as its mistress.

Mrs. Smith nobly and faithfully fulfilled a mother's duties for her children until by marriage and death they left her. She continued to live in Nauvoo until her death, April 30, 1879. Her last words were, as looking upward, with feeble arms outstretched toward some one whom she seemed to see, "Yes, yes, I am coming."

She became a member of the church over which her husband presided in June, 1830, and remained always in the faith she then embraced, so that when at Amboy, Illinois, in 1860, her son joined the Reorganized or Anti-polygamous branch of the so-called Mormon church, she was with him, and also united with that church In that faith she lived; in it she died, undeviatingly devoted and faithful.

The life of this rare woman was passed in a remarkable period of our Nation's history. The same firmness and independence, love of right and hatred of wrong, which characterized her sister, Mrs. Wasson, and others of her family, also characterized her. From her own statement, if her husband was a polygamist she did not know it. She was not taught plural marriage, either before or after she united with the church in 1830. She knew of no such tenet in connection with the published faith of the body she was religiously associated with. If Joseph Smith ever had or claimed to have had a revelation from God authorizing the practice, she was not informed of it; and she stated positively and frequently during her lifetime that she neither saw nor heard such a document read during

her husband's lifetime. After Smith's death and the succession of Brigham Young to the leadership of the church, Mrs. Smith steadily and positively opposed, not only the dogma and practice of polygamy, but Mr. Young's rule as well. She was never a convert to plural marriage or spiritual wifery, but always, from her inate womanly qualities, vigorously opposed to it. She was trusted by Mr. Smith in every station to which his work or station called him, and she always proved herself equal to the situation.

She was patient and just with her children, reared her four sons to manhood, to honor and revere her name, and to bear the cross she bore so long, and to represent her in her opposition to the evil wrought to her husband's life by the introduction of false doctrines, productive of the evil with which the Nation has wrestled in Utah. She had the courage of her convictions, she hated tyranny and oppression, and her sons inherited from her the same spirit. Patiently she bore what she could not avoid or correct, fully believing in the law of compensation, and waiting until He who can, will make the evil give place to the good, the wrong to that which is right.

Her advice to her son Joseph, on his leaving home to study law with Hon. Judge William Kellogg, at Canton, Illinois, is the key to her character and the steadfast policy of her life. Handing him a Bible, she said to him: "My son, I have no charge to you as to what your religion shall be. I give you this book with this admonition; make it the man of your counsel; live every day as if it were to be the last, and you will have no need to fear what your future shall be."

In 1840 Reuben Bridgeman and wife, Cynthia (Dort) Bridgeman, and children arrived here from Bainbridge, Alleghany County, New York, and located a claim about one mile north of this city. After land came into market Mr. Bridgeman bought several eighties and when his four sons, Curtis, Lewis, Edgar and Otis, became of age he presented each of them with a farm. Their daughters were Sally and Emily. Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeman were honorable people and always willing to lend the helping hand to their neighbors. They have long since passed to their reward, Mr. Bridgeman dying in 1866, Mrs. Bridgeman in 1871. Their son Otis was one of the first from here to enlist in the Union army. He was a member of Co. C., 12th Illinois Infantry, and was a brave soldier; but was taken sick while in the service and came home to die. The only member of the family living here now is Curtis T. Bridgeman, who resides on his farm south of the city.

Jacob Doan, with wife and six children, came here in 1840 or 1841 from Ohio. They came by way of the Ohio, Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, taking a steamboat at Cincinnati. The boat was named "Old Detroit." They had a very pleasant journey which lasted about two weeks, the weather being warm and comfortable; but when they landed at Peru, Illinois, it was so cold that they nearly froze making the trip across the country to Palestine Grove. Mr. Doan soon bought the house which John and William Church had already built on the place now owned and occupied by Ira Smith. Here they lived for a number of years; then they moved to Rocky Ford and kept a store and hotel, but at last moved back on a part of the old farm, where they lived with their son David until after Mr. Doan's death. Mrs. Doan and her son David and family now live in Louisiana.

Mr. James Daley, one of Amboy's oldest citizens, was born in Ireland in 1818. When nineteen years of age he emigrated to America. In the spring of 1841 he married Miss Ellen Prindle of Ottawa. Soon afterwards he came to Amboy and worked for several months on the old Illinois Central R. R. He received not a cent for his labor and the five hundred dollars which he loaned one of the contractors is due him to this day. Mr. Daley was left without anything. He next worked for Thomas Fessenden two months at fifty cents a day. In the spring of 1842 he moved to the Wasson farm, where he remained nearly three years. In 1845 Mr. Daley settled on the farm where he now resides; and through a life of economy and fair dealing he has amassed a competency. Mr. and Mrs. Daley are quiet, kind, excellent people who command the respect of all who know them. (Since this was written Mrs. Daley has died.)

Rev. John Cross, a Presbyterian minister, lived at Temperance Hill and named the place Theoka, but for some reason it has outlived that name. Mr. Cross was a warm advocate for human freedom, a friend and fellow worker with Owen Lovejoy, and was imprisoned at Ottawa for his services as conductor on "the under-ground railroad." He made no secret of his work. He posted bills in Mr. Bliss's bar room side by side with Frink and Walker's stage route advertisement:—"Free ride on the Underground Railroad, and signed his name "John Cross, Proprietor." He had a pair of horses, one cream colored and the other bay, with which

he took his passengers, who were flying from slavery to freedom, often going through from here to Chicago in a day, sometimes having as many as four passengers. Palestine Grove being but about forty miles from the Mississippi River, it was easily reached by those who were sheltered and directed by other friends of the slave, who often helped them on their way to this point. These under-ground *depots* were stationed all along the way from "Dixie's Land" and the *station-agents* were in communication with each other. There was another *station* at Aurora. There were young lads who used to hear and take note of all these proceedings, who, when they grew to manhood, buckled on their armor and fought valiantly for the Union, and for that Freedom of which our starry flag is the ensign.

In 1841 Martin Eastwood left his home in Alleghany County, New York, when a young man with his wife and one child, nine months old, to seek his fortune in the west. They came all the way in wagons. A man named Munger, with his wife, agreed to drive one team through, but stopping in Michigan with relatives they were persuaded to remain, and Mrs. Eastwood was thus obliged to drive in his stead, the rest of the journey. The two wagons were covered and contained their household goods. Three chests were made to fit inside the wagons. They crossed the Illinois River below La Salle, and came north to Inlet Grove, stopping a few days with David Tripp. At that small place there was one store kept by Mr. Haskell. From there they went to Temperance Hill and stopped with Mr. Hannum's family, who were living in a sod house at that time. After remaining there a few weeks, Mr. Eastwood commenced western life by breaking the sod for a living. He built a house which could be moved from place to place by the ox team, and he, with Mrs. Eastwood and child, lived in it; changing their locality when the work of breaking prairies was done for the last employer; his oxen, with which he had done the work moving them, his wife and child living in the house at the same time. This was the way he supported his family for a while. After a few years he was able to buy a tract of land, paying $1.25 an acre for it. He built a house 14x28 feet, with two rooms. The posts were set in the ground and boards nailed on them. At this time there was but one house between them and Dixon. That was occupied by Levi Lewis. Mr. Farwell's farm comprised the track of land where Amboy now is. They did their trading at Grand Detour.

Mr. Eastwood succeeded in raising a crop, but his only way of realiz-

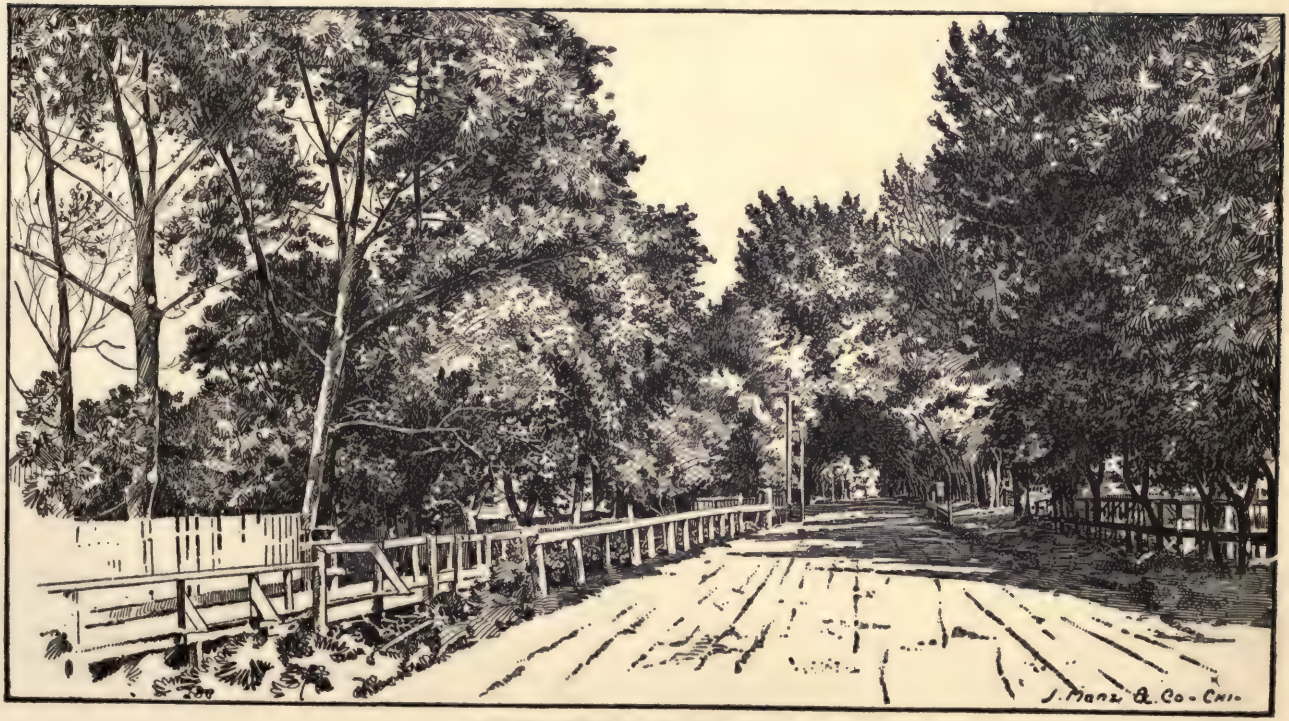
ing any money from it, was to take it to Chicago, and that was easier said than done. The roads were not in as good condition then as now, and a great many times they mired down in the slough. One man could not venture to go alone, as it was often necessary to unload the wagon, and take two teams to draw it from the slough. After all this hard labor and privation, which required so much time, they would sometimes return with nothing, their expenses having exceeded the amount received for their produce, although having taken provision with them from home, which they hoped would be sufficient for the trip; as places where it was possible to secure a lunch were few and far between.

One day when Mrs. Eastwood was alone with the children, she discovered that a drove of cattle that was herding on the prairie, had broken down the fence and was in the corn. At first she knew not what to do. She could not take both the children with her; but, equal to the emergency, she soon found a way. Tying the little boy firmly to the bed post so that she would know where he was, she took the youngest in her arms and went a mile to the boundary of the farm and drove the cattle out of the corn and then repaired the fence as best she could to save the crops which her husband had toiled so hard to raise. At another time she left her little boy alone playing on the floor for a short time while she was engaged with her work. She returned just in time to see a snake crawling on the floor, and the little one reaching out his hand to take it, thinking it a pretty plaything. Mr. Eastwood lived on this farm twenty-one years, after which he moved to Whiteside County, and from there to Kansas. He and his wife were both living when last heard from.

Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Cyrus (Davis) Farwell moved to this place in May, 1841, and bought a claim of 160 acres of Mr. Sawyer for $100. His farm embraced all south of Division street as far as the river, and as far east as the brook which crosses Main street, east and west to the bridge on West Main street, extending over all the ground on which the railroad buildings are now located.

This farm house was a log cabin situated where Mr. Zeek's house now stands, on the corner of Main street and Adams avenue. It was the one owned by Mr. Sawyer, removed from the head of Dutcher's pond to that place.

Mr. Farwell planted the cotton wood trees which now shade Main street on each side, past the Congregationalist church, in 1847. In 1852 Mr. Farwell sold his farm to H. B. Judkins, who bought it for the Illinois Central R. R. Co. He then purchased the farm now owned by Mrs. A. H. Wooster, where he lived till the weight of advancing years caused



SCENE ON MAIN STREET, AMBOY.

him to sell his farm and move to town. He owned and occupied the property now improved by Dr. Travers.

Mr. Farwell built Farwell Hall, which was used for religious services, schools, place for polling, public hall, etc., etc. He was a public spirited and useful citizen, foremost in every good work. He was an anti-slavery man when it was unpopular to be so; was for temperance and the reforms of the day, and occupied many places of honor and usefulness in the town.

Mrs. Farwell was very active and capable. "She looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness." In 1875 her husband died, and after spending some time in her daughter's family she went to a son's in Colorado, where she died. She expressed a great desire to be buried by the side of "*that dear friend*," referring to her husband.

The following is taken from a local paper. "Died. In Amboy, Illinois, March 5, 1875, Mr. Joseph Farwell, aged 85 years.

"The deceased was born in Fitchburg, Mass., May 14, 1790, of the original Puritan stock, which settled throughout the New England States. While a child, his parents moved to Harvard, and at the age of 25 years, he united with the Congregational Church of that place. The aged couple, who have lived so long and happily together, were married in 1819, and they moved to Lowell, Mass., in 1826, where Mr. Farwell united with others in forming the first Congregational Church of that place. In a few years he helped establish the second Congregational Church in Lowell, and again the third church of that order, in all of which he was held in high esteem, and officiated as deacon.

In 1836 the family moved to Amboy, Michigan, where Mr. Farwell aided again in founding the first Congregational Church of that place. In May, 1841, he moved to this place, then Palestine Grove, where he and Mrs. Farwell united with the Lee Center Congregational Church, but in due time they united with Mr. and Mrs. John C. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Blocher, and Dr. Abbott, wife and daughter, in organizing the present Congregational Church of Amboy. Mr. Farwell remained a consistent and influential member of the church until his death. He built the old Farwell Hall, on the west side, near the old U. B. church, and for a long time his church, and nearly all the public meetings were held in that building. At the time Amboy was laid out, he was the owner of the land in the original plot. The Monday before he died was the first election at which he ever failed to vote. Mrs. Farwell was ten years his junior. Their children are Joseph, Cyrena (wife of Deacon Church), Cyrus and

Brainard, and this is the first death in the family. His last expressions gave evidence of the faith and hope with which he lived. His last sickness was brief, having suffered but a day or two, and retaining his consciousness to the close. His last utterances were about "going home," and 'Glory to God in the Highest.' His funeral last Sabbath was largely attended."

Among those who came at an early day, to what is now, the pleasant town of Amboy, was Mrs. Cyrene Church. In the year 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Farwell, with their three sons and one daughter, then Miss Cyrene Farwell, left their home among the hills of Massachusetts to journey to the far west; settling for a few years in the wilds of Michigan. These few years gave them a severe experience of frontier life, and in 1841 they left a region filled with malaria and ague and finally settled at Palestine Grove, as it was then called. For a time they shared the log house of Cyrus Davis, a brother of Mrs. Farwell.

Those log houses by the way, were a little like the traditional omnibus we hear so much about, for they not only could always hold one more, but could take whole families into their elastic embrace. In those days it was comparatively a simple matter to enter a claim, and build a little house, so a short time only, passed, before our friends found themselves in their own home.

In 1842, Miss Farwell was married to John C. Church, familiarly and affectionately known to many, in his later years, as Deacon Church. For years they enjoyed the simple pleasures, and shared the more sober incidents, which always attend life on the frontier. One experience our friend enjoyed, which seldom falls to the lot of people in these days; and that was, assembling with her husband, and four others, at her father's house, on the 27th day of June, 1854, for the purpose of organizing a church. It was was the first religious society, and was the first church formed in the town. It must have been a great pleasure, to see from this small beginning, a church grow and prosper so wonderfully, and become such a power for good.

The most conspicuous trait in our friend's character, was her intense love of home. She was in all respects a most devoted mother.

The society of the gay world had little attraction for her; and when sorrow came to her, as it does to all, and she saw, one after another, her little children go away to the better land, she did not murmer or complain. To her friends, she was ever loyal, and those in sickness or sorrow

knew the kindness of her heart, and the largess of her hand. What higher honor can we pay her memory, than to quote a few words from the great Solomon, in his beautiful tribute to woman. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," and, "Her children shall arise up and call her blessed."

The following interesting letter from Mrs. Lucy (Church) Ramsey, written to her niece, Miss Ella Church of this city, has just been handed in.

MY DEAR ELLA:—You ask me to contribute something to the early history of Amboy, and I will try now.

This is the third time I have been solicited for items for the Lee County History and I have just begun to realize that I am a pioneer woman myself.

We came from central New York to Lee County in the Fall of 1841, and my first Illinois winter was spent near where Amboy now is, teaching their first school — and boarding 'round — so had unlimited opportunities for observation.

Where Amboy and adjoining towns now are was called at that time Palestine Grove, and different places referred to as "North Side," "South Side," or "East End of the Grove."

A majority of my patrons were from Ohio, Indiana, or states farther south; but their dwellings and manner of life were quite similar, whether they were emigrants from Carolina or Connecticut.

The houses were built of logs, and most of them had floor of puncheon and roof of shakes.

One side of the room was a huge fireplace, and there all the food was prepared in skillet, kettle or bake oven.

On the opposite side was a bed or two—the other sleeping places were in the loft overhead.

One night after we had all retired and were asleep, we were awakened by that hoarse, distressed breathing of a child with croup. The father ascended the ladder, brought down the little lad, held him a little while before the fire, there placed him in bed and all was quiet again till morning.

When I enquired what cured him so quickly the answer was: "I took my pocket knife and started the blood a little between the shoulders." I never heard of the remedy before or since, but it was effective that time.

I think in looking backward to fifty years ago, we discover more hardships than we actually realized when we were actors upon that stage.

But soldiers like to "fight their battles o'er again" and a story loses nothing in the telling.

These people interested me. They were kind, hospitable, and genuine. The men were good husbands and affectionate fathers; the women real home makers. They spun, colored, wove, and fashioned the garments for their families. They toiled, of course, but it was for those they loved, and it could not be called hardship.

Every one likes to do as well as his neighbors, and they never come nearer to it than they do on the frontier.

No time or place is entirely exempt from sickness, and almost every one had to suffer with ague and fever; but cancer, diphtheria, and nervous prostration were unheard of.

Perhaps I ought to tell of that little first school house. It was of the same style of architecture as the homesteads—its furniture a desk across one side, a few rough benches, and a chair. But the children were just as precious as those of the present day; and for docility and brightness would compare favorably with those of 1893.

I do not suppose the legend of "Academus' Sacred Shade" had any thing to do with the choice of site for this temple of learning, but it was built among the oaks south of the Inlet, and when summer came with its birds, greenery and wild flowers it was very pleasant.

Religious privileges were not wanting. Besides the circuit-rider of the frontier, there was an Episcopal clergyman, a Congregationalist minister, and a Baptist elder settled on farms in the vicinity, who occasionally gave out an appointment to preach; and settlers for miles around came to hear and meet their neighbors. All were neighbors *then* who lived no more than ten miles away.

Well, those days are remembered with those of logs ago. May I never lose the memory of them!

Joseph B. Appleton was the oldest child of Joseph and Hannah (Knowlton) Appleton, of Dublin, New Hampshire, and was born March 9, 1819. He was a nephew of Samuel Appleton, of Boston, Massachusetts, one of that city's "merchant princes." Of this noted uncle there is an interesting sketch from which the following is taken for the encouragement of Amboy boys: "A few weeks previous to his death he was heard to say that, before he began the business of a merchant, he worked chopping down trees on one of the lots of land which his father had purchased in Dublin, New Hampshire, and that he then thought of settling upon it. But as it was in the month of June and the weather very hot he was not

satisfied with that kind of labor, and concluded to procure a living in some other way. Accordingly he left the woods and engaged in trade. The result is well known." From a letter written in his 87th year to the committee of arrangements in response to a letter requesting his personal attendance at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Dublin, New Hampshire, the following is extracted. After expressing regret that age and bodily infirmities compel his absence, he says: "I have always taken an interest in the town of Dublin. In or about the year 1786, I resided there four months, and was engaged, during that time in teaching two different schools, say of two months each, at eight dollars per month. * * * In one district it was arranged for the schoolmaster to live with the family that would board and lodge him the cheapest. Having been informed where I was to board, I set out for my new home on foot, carrying the greater part of my wardrobe on my back, and the remainder tied up in a bandanna handkerchief. On arriving at the place of my destination, I found my host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks ready and apparently glad to see me. They were to receive for my board, lodging and washing sixty-seven cents per week. Their house was made of logs with only one room in it, which served for parlor, kitchen and bedroom. I slept on a trundle-bed, which during the day was wheeled under the large bed, where the master and mistress of the house reposed during the night. Every morning and evening there were family prayers and readings from the Bible, in which I sometimes took an active part. After spending two weeks at Mr. Fairbank's, I removed to Mr. Perry's. He was a good farmer, his wife an excellent house-keeper; and I finished my school term very pleasantly to myself and, I believe, very satisfactorily to my employers. Since that time great improvements have been made in the public schools of Dublin. I am informed that it contains as good schools, and turns out as competent teachers as any town in New Hampshire. In consideration of the "good and healthful condition" of its public schools, and of the "spirit of improvement" which appears to animate those who are engaged in them, I am induced to send to the town of Dublin my check for the sum of one thousand dollars, to be appropriated to educational purposes in such manner as the superintending school committee shall deem expedient." Mr. Appleton sent the following toast: "The Common Schools of Dublin.—Uncommon in Excellence." This letter was written in 1852 and the school which he taught was in 1786, more than a hundred years ago. When Amboy shall celebrate her centennial, which of our children's children will remember her in this way?

So Joseph Appleton was not the first one by the name to try pioneer life. He came to Illinois in 1842, stopping at Batavia, New York, and teaching school awhile. He bought land in this place from the Sawyers, remaining little over a year before returning east, and tarrying with his aunt, Mrs. Cyrus Davis, while here. He came to own several hundred acres, a part of his land being the homestead known as the Appleton Place, on Main street, West. He married Miss Abbie H. Hunt, of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, on September 17, 1844, and they started for Illinois the next month. On arriving in Chicago they met Asa B. Searles, with a lumber wagon, who brought them to Palestine Grove. The same fall Mr. Appleton built a log cabin on his farm, and afterwards a good frame house which was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

Samuel E., Isaac J., Abby R. (Mrs. Charles Thayer) who lives at Waverly, Iowa, and Maria N. (Mrs. George Woods), of Canton, Illinois, are their children living. Julia, an infant daughter, died August 17, 1855, and on the 28th of the next month Mr. Appleton died He was one of the most capable, active and prominent citizens of the town.

Mr. Appleton's widow married Dr. T. P. Sleeper, of St. Albans, Maine, and they have two daughters, Anna A. and Emma A.

Our fellow townsman, Samuel E. Appleton, was born September 7th, 1845, served in Co. I, 134th Regiment Illinois Volunteers in the war, doing garrison duty in Missouri and Kentucky. He has, at this writing, just been elected town collector by his friends, of which he has and deserves many.

William Rolf reached Amboy in 1842, and a few years afterwards married Mary S. Pyle, a daughter of Samuel Pyle. Mr. and Mrs. Rolf lived in Rocky Ford and for a time the postoffice was in their house. When the mail carrier arrived all the contents of the mail bag would be dumped upon the floor, and the letters and papers which belonged to this office selected from the rest, which were put back into the sack to be assorted in life manner at the next postoffice. Soon after the city of Amboy was laid out Mr. Rolf bought a lot here and built a house, where he lived several years. They now reside in Albany, Illinois.

Rev. John Ingersoll, the father of Robert G., followed Rev. Joseph Gardner, and preached for two years in the Wasson school-house, dividing the time between Amboy, Inlet Grove and Bradford. He, with a daughter and two sons, Clark and Robert, boarded for a time in the family of Asa Searles. He afterwards lived just north of the Chicago

road and snpplemented his meager professional income with the proceeds of farming. He used to speak with reverence and tenderness of the mother of his children who had died previous to his coming to Illinois.

Mr. Ingersoll was a stern Presbyterian of the old school. He is said to have borne a striking resemblance to Gen. Jackson's pictures; and he was a warrior, too, ready to fight Apolyon whenever his Majesty appeared with young or old.

"The Elder" transmitted not his form and features to his jovial son, who was even at that age irresistably charming to some of his playfellows, so that some boys forgot their work when he was near.

One day, on his way to school with other scholars, there was a place to cross where the water had overflowed the rustic bridge, and there was no way to pass except to wade through the cold and ice-laden water. Little Clara Frisbee was one of the number, and the kind hearted boy took the little girl up and carried her carefully over. Mr. Wheat, the teacher, already at the school-house, was looking from the window and witnessed the gallant service, and when the children arrived he looked at Robert with a roguish smile which would have annoyed some boys, especially as the other scholars joined in the mirth. But Robert, as he dried his wet clothes and warmed himself at the fire, looked as if nobody enjoyed the fun better than he did; and the little maiden, all unconscious of anything droll in the picture from the window, wondered what pleased them so. Robert was, at that time, about fifteen years of age, very "self sustained" and sociable. Years afterwards, when the notoriety of Robert G. Ingersoll first reached Amboy, his old schoolmates here were surprised to learn that it was the veritable Bob. of the old log school-house.

One who knew his father well, and had often entertained him, remarked that it was not surprising that Robert swung to the other extreme in matters of a religious nature, for although he was not the boy of whom it was said that his father kept him tied up all day Sunday and made him sing "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love," yet Bob's experience was not altogether unlike *that* boy's.

Mr. Ingersoll owned a horse named Selim which he traded for cattle, the result proving that either the minister or the owner of the cattle was not a judge of horse flesh.

He was a strong advocate for temperance and on one occasion when he was in company with Mr. Slyvester Frisbee, he was invited by an acquaintance to a barn raising. The Elder asked if they were to have whiskey there. On being answered in the affirmative, he replied that he could not attend. Mr. Frisbee followed the example.

It is related by one who used to attend his meetings, that if any of his hearers arrived late, he would stop, and then begin the sermon again; and that his discourses were rather prolix.

Among those who moved here in 1844, was Orres Adams, of Milford, Otsego county, New York. Mr. Adams was then fifty-two years old, and his wife, Mrs. Mehitable. two years younger.

Himself and wife and their two youngest children, aged eleven and nine years, Henry and Ellen, constituted the family. They lived, for several years, near the Wasson School House, at that time, the center of the settlement. The school house was newly builded, and people came from all directions to attend church. Mr. and Mrs. Adams soon became acquainted with all their neighbors. Rev. Luke Hitchcock, Rev. Mr. Harris, Rev. Charles Cross and other pioneer preachers were callers at their home and were always given a cheerful welcome. Mrs. Adams was one of the early members of the Methodist church and was ever ready to speak a good word for the cause of Christianity. Those who knew Mr. and Mrs. Adams, speak of them as kind neighbors, enjoying the confidence and respect of all. Their married life was nearly three score years and ten. Sixty-seven years they walked together and died at a ripe old age at the home of their son, Henry Adams at Binghamton. Their daughter Ellen who married Jay Andruss. died when about thirty-seven years of age. No kinder woman ever lived.

Mr. J. W. Beresford has kindly consented to furnish some of his recollections of early times. Although a resident of Ambov but 36 years, he came to Illinois with his parents in 1822, at the age of seven years; and it is probable that very few people are living in Northern Illinois who came here at that early date. Mr. Beresford attended the Old Settler's Picnic at Ottawa last fall, and among them all, none except himself could go back farther than 1829; Mr. Beresford being seven years in advance of them. His brother James was one of the number murdered in the historic Indian Creek Massacre.

Mr. Beresford says: Perhaps for a better understanding of what follows, it would be well to describe the part of Illinois referred to, and its inhabitants, as found in the spring of 1822. The vast and beautiful agricultural region of country from Peoria to Chicago, a distance of 160 miles; and from near the Wabash river on the south, to near the Mississippi on the west, there were no permanent white settlements at that time. The land (or most of it) belonged to the Government and was not organized into counties, but was attached to Tazwell county, Peoria being the coun-



MRS. ORRES ADAMS.

ty seat. Over this large scope of country were various tribes of Indians. Among them was the Pottawattomie tribe, peacable, friendly and well disposed toward the white people. To this tribe it was resolved by the Methodist Episcopal Conference, at one of their annual meetings of the St. Clair Conference, to send a missionary for the purpose of educating and christianizing them. Rev. Jesse Walker, a member of that conference was appointed Missionary, and large contributions and supplies were entrusted to him for this mission.

Two ox teams and wagons, eight or ten cows and calves, a few young cattle and pigs, flour, bacon, corn, buckwheat, potatoes, groceries, clothing, farming tools, carpenter and blacksmith tools, etc., etc., were turned over to Mr. Walker with instructions to establish a mission at or near the mouth of Fox river, or where the Fox river unites with the Illinois, about eighty miles above Peoria, midway between Peoria and Chicago.

To carry out these instructions, a large keel boat was chartered, the supplies put on board, together with the household goods of two families etc. The teams were loaded and driven overland together with the loose stock. The party at this time consisted of Rev. Jesse Walker, Aaron Hawley, wife and two small girls, Pierce Hawley, (brother of Aaron) wife, and daughter Caroline about 16 years old, and two small boys, John and George.

At Peoria they were joined by Robert Beresford and family, consisting of his wife and two small boys named James and John, also a school teacher Allen. Being thus re-enforced, together with four or five hired men, the party proceeded to their place of destination, where they arrived, after many hardships and privations, in the month of June 1822. They were here met by about two hundred Indians, also a white man named Countryman, who had lived with the Indians a long time and who spoke their language fluently, acting as their interpreter. Here we also met *Shabbona* the head chief of the tribe, who afterwards, in 1832, rendered such valuable service to the settlers by warning them that Black Hawk, with his band of savages, was coming to kill all the settlers in the country. Here the Indians remained and held a Pow-Wow lasting two or three days, and received presents from their white friends.

Every thing was arranged satisfactorily. Some of the men were set to work erecting shanties for shelter for the families, and storage for the contents of the boat. Other men "started breaking team," planted sod corn and potatoes, and sowed buckwheat and turnips, in all about fifteen acres. Others of the party were preparing timber and erecting log cabins on the South side of the Illinois River near the new noted Sulphur

Spring. When completed they were occupied by one of the Hawley families and the Beresford family.

About this time it was discovered that the place was not on the Reservation, and it was thought best to erect permanent buildings on the East side of Fox River, about fifteen miles up that stream. Here were erected large and comfortable log houses. To this place most of the Mission party moved, and spent the following winter preparing to fence a large farm in the spring; the Hawley and Beresford families remaining in the first houses built.

Here we record the first birth and death of a white child in the country. There was born to Robert and Mary Beresford a daughter, who lived only two or three months, and was buried not far from the cabin.

About this time a few settlers came;—a Mr. Brown and son settled on the South side of the Illinois River, about one mile above the mouth of the Fox River. Mr. Bailey settled at Bailey's Point, John Ramsey and family, near the cabin first built; also the Pembroke family and a few others settled near these two Mission Stations.

In the fall of 1825 the families of Hawley and Beresford moved to what is now called Holderman's Grove, three miles from Mission Grove. About this time was solemnized the first wedding in the country. A young man, named Williard Scott, frequently going and returning between Chicago and Peoria, and stopping at the Mission, formed the acquaintance of our Mission girl, Caroline Hawley. In due course of time arrangements for a wedding were made; and Williard Scott and his brother Willis, accompanied by a young lady from Chicago, came to the Mission, where Willis and his intended remained while his brother went to Peoria and returned with marriage licences for all four of the high contracting parties. They were married at the Mission Chapel by our worthy Missionary, Rev. Jesse Walker.

A short time before this marriage, a young chief offered Mr. Hawley ten ponies and a large amount of furs for his daughter Caroline. To this proposal the young lady demurred, her father informing the savage that it was not the custom, and it was contrary to the religion of the whites to sell their daughters for wives.

Late in the autumn of 1829 three families from Ohio, viz., John Green, R. Debolt and Henry Baumbach settled at and near where the town of Dayton is now located. During the following two years, other families from the same place in Ohio, came and settled near the first comers in Dayton. Some of their names we will enumerate. Wm. Strat-



MARIA ADAMS.
(MRS. YOCUM,)

ton, Mathias Trumbo, Mrs. Pitzer and sons, the Govens, the Donovans, the Armstrongs and Doctor David Walker and family, two sons and three daughters—all grown persons.

From these points settlements spread in all directions; some on Rock River, Desplaines, DuPage and Fox River and their tributaries.

Shortly after this the country was organized into counties; elections were held, county officers elected and courts of record established. This brings us up to the spring of 1832, when the Black Hawk War broke out. Settlers scattered all over the country, heeding the warning given by our friend Shabbona and his sons at the risk of their own lives. The settlers had barely time to gather at a central location, build fortifications and organize for mutual protection before Black Hawk was on the war-path in full force. The first outrage was the massacre of the Davises, Halls and the Pettegrew families on Indian Creek, on the 20th day of May, when thirteen men, women and children were butchered. Two of the Hall girls, young ladies, were taken captive. A month later, near this place, James Beresford was killed and two men named Schermerhorn and Hasseltine on Fox River were killed. The history of the Black Hawk War is so familiar to many that the outrages committed need not be repeated here.

David Searles and wife moved from Otsego County, New York, to Lee County in 1844 and located in Crombie Lane on the farm now owned by Hiram Bates. His family consisted of his wife, Eliza Ann, daughter of Mr. Orres Adams, and daughter Eugenia. Mr. Searles was a prominent citizen and considered quite wealthy for those days. When land first came into market, many settlers were not able to pay for their claims, and they came to him for assistance. He held the office of Constable and afterwards Justice of the Peace. When township organization was adopted, he represented Amboy as its first Supervisor. About 1850 he bought out the dry goods and grocery store of Wasson & Crocker at Binghampton. Soon afterwards he was appointed postmaster; the office was kept in the store. Mr. Searles died in May 29th, 1857, and his wife followed him the next year, January 12, 1858. Mrs. Searles was blessed with an amiable disposition and she had the spirit of a true christian. She spoke ill of no one. Eugenia Searles, the daughter, now Mrs. Booth, resides in Chicago.

Addison Brewer was married to Miss Maria Adams, daughter of Mr. Orres and Mrs. Mehitable Adams, in Milford, Otsego County, New York, in 1844, and arrived here in the spring of 1845. He bought the 160 acres

in Section 12, which is now owned by Mr. Josiah Little. Henry Adams, who drove breaking plow for Mr. Brewer, bare-footed, says that the killing of a rattlesnake was almost a daily occurence. Mr. Brewer was the first town collector of Amboy. His widow is now the wife of T. D. Yocum and resides in Amboy. Of her hospitable home and generous traits, her friends are not weary of telling. Her only son, Harlan L. Brewer, enlisted, when only sixteen years of age, in the 12th Illinois Infantry and served through the war. He now resides in Rock Falls.

Mrs. Yocum can tell of many of the hardships of pioneer life and of the kindly ministrations of the pioneers to each other which brightened the dark days, when both herself and husband were sick, yet obliged to work, he fainting away over the wood he was sawing.

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J. Henry Adams, son of Mr. Orres and Mrs. Mehitable Adams, came here with his parents in 1844, at the age of eleven years. He worked on the farm and attended school, improving such educational advantages as he had at that time. He lived near the Wasson school house, which was a central location then. Mr. Adams relates, from his great memory, pleasing incidents of "Uncle Ben Wasson" and others. Robert G. Ingersoll, then a neighbor, was a playmate, who, with his father, then a preacher here, is elsewhere mentioned in these sketches. Mr. Adams has always remained in Amboy, taking care of his parents, who lived to a good old age. He married Miss Catherine M. Crafts of New York, formerly a teacher, and who is a relative of the present Speaker of the House by that name at Springfield, Illinois.

Although living on his farm a short distance from this city, Mr. Adams finds time to "follow the bent of his genius," and engage, more or less, in work for the press of Lee County, with which he has been connected in different ways for many years. He was correspondent for the *Dixon Telegraph* six years, and was three years local editor with Wm. H Haskell. He, with Wm. M. Geddes, established *The Amboy News*, and they continued together in its publication five years. He was associated one year with Capt. Wm. Parker, of the *Rock Falls News*. Mr. Adams sold out his interest to W. M. Geddes; was afterwards local editor for Dr. Loomis. Perhaps no man in town has a more extensive acquaintance, both from his long residence here and from his public duties, which have brought him in contact with many. His kind and genial disposition, making him ever ready to confer a favor, has won him many friends. In the collection of reminiscences for these days, he has been of the greatest service, and has placed the descendants of the pioneers, and all who may



MR. J. HENRY ADAMS.



MRS. J. HENRY ADAMS.

treasure these records of the past in after years, under perpetual obligation, much being preserved which, but for his untiring assistance, must have been lost beyond recall.

A fellow laborer and friend, Mr. William Keho, of the *Journal* office, pays him this tribute:

"As a general man upon a country weekly and as a newsgatherer, Mr. Adams had but few equals and no superiors. With an experience of eighteen years, a wide acquaintance, and possessing that peculiar faculty of separating the wheat from the chaff, he is able, at all times, to present the news to his readers in a bright, crisp manner. He has been associated with different papers as correspondent, served for years as local editor upon the *Amboy Journal* and *Amboy News*, at one time owning a half interest in the latter; at no time posing as a bright star in the literary field, still, his quiet, unassuming ways have won for him hosts of friends who are grateful for the words of consolation and solace to the bereaved, encouragement to the disheartened, and the well wishes to those starting afresh with brightened prospects. He is gifted with a wonderful memory, and having lived during a period when matters of local historical importance transpired, he possesses a wealth of information which should be recorded and placed to his credit, that generations to come may know the true worth of the man whose presence we now enjoy."

It was a matter of general regret when Mr. Adams closed his regular work with the *News* and *Journal*, and readers and subscribers for those papers felt that they had met with a personal loss. His gentle companion seems always imbued with the same unassuming desire for being useful to every one, and is ever interested in Mr. Adam's pursuits. The refining influence of her presence is evident in her home and family. She has set her life to his "Like perfect music unto noble words." Their children are Lulu, Leo M., Jessie, Kate and Harry.

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The Lewis Family.

HAS BEEN a marked family in this county since Nathaniel Lewis, wife and children, emigrated to this place, and took up their abode on Temperance Hill in 1843. They were the same who, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hale, emigrated from Vermont to Pennsylvania in 1790. There, for more than fifty years they lived, and when again they took up pioneer life, they were the parents of twelve children, all living—six sons and six daughters. Mrs. Lewis was a sister of Isaac Hale, and sister-in-law of Charles Pickering, M. D., a grandson of Hon. Timothy Pickering, of revolutionary fame, whose names are recorded with honor in Johnson's cyclopædia. Of their children, the younger ones came with them, the older following with their families a year or two later. Their names were Levi, Nathaniel, Timothy P., Joseph, Hiel, Miles, Esther, Elizabeth, Sarah, Ann, Lurena and Olive. The four youngest brothers settled in this vicinity and assisted in the organization of this township.

Levi, the oldest son, left four children; Joseph, a minister of the U. B church, and Reuben, and two daughters, Phila A. (Mrs. Peter Maine) and Mrs. M. L. Virgil. All settled in Amboy and are still living.

Nathaniel's children were Mary, Julia Ann, Addison, Zebulon, Louisa, Ira, Anthony, Milinda and Sarah. This family left Amboy.

Timothy P. had one son, Charles, and two daughters, Lurena and Eliza.

Joseph married Miss Rachel Cargill, of Cheshire county, New Hampshire, and came here from Pennsylvania in 1845 with five children, all of whom are now dead. Their names were Gaylord J., James C., John, Andrew J. and Electa Jane. Joseph Ellis was born in Amboy.

Hiel had Ira W. (now Circuit Clerk), Orin, Percy Irwin and Dayton, and one daughter who married Wm. Dresser.

Miles had two sons and three daughters: Everett and Robert, Alice, Alpha and Elizabeth.

Sarah married Sabin Trowbridge and lived in Lee Center. She had two daughters and one son. He starved in Andersonville prison.

Ann married Austin B. Trowbridge and had five children.

Lurena married Augustus Trowbridge.

Olive married A. G. Skinner and had children.

It would require far more space than we have here to record the bravery and patriotism of the descendants of Nathaniel Lewis. There were twelve of them in the Union army at one time. Three died in Andersonville prison, none of them knowing the presence of the others. Three sons of Joseph, brothers of our post master, J. E. Lewis, gave up their young lives to their country. Their mother, Mrs. Rachel Lewis, now living here with her son, J. E., still mentally gifted though eighty-seven years of age, has related some of the events of her pioneer life which are treasured in this article. Could the reader have heard the stately, noble looking old lady relate her pioneer history with the beautiful, kindly smile, as if it was but a dream which she was telling for the pleasure of her hearers, the contrast between that and these written pages would make them dim indeed; for the wondrous smile told of the dissolving toils of earth and the sweet peace beyond.

They with their five children, Timothy P. and family, Miles and family and their sister Elizabeth –Mrs. Hezekiah McKune—and family, and two young men, came together from Pennsylvania to Illinois. They had constructed a flat-boat and on this they all took passage up the Delaware River to Binghampton, New York, where they sold the boat and came by canal to Buffalo, and from there by steamboat to Chicago. They reached Chicago Saturday night, and Sunday morning employes from the different public houses flocked to the boat to secure the passengers. "The Great Western" hotel had just been completed and to this our company came. Here from the window of her room Mrs. Lewis looked out upon a vast and seemingly unlimited prairie, with scarcely an object in view. With her little daughter, Electa, brought all the long way in her arms, she remained at the hotel, taking care of her own and the other children, while other members of the party were preparing for the toilsome journey in the ox-carts and wagons across the country to Palestine Grove. After the usual fashion of camping out by night and alternately riding and walking by day, they at last reached the Inlet where they met John Dexter, who, having recently lost his wife, offered them the use of his cabin until they could be otherwise provided for; himself and children still remaining there. They were soon stricken with fever and ague, which no one seemed to think at all alarming, though they suffered greatly from it. Everyone had it, and seemed to take it as a matter of course.

In the fall they moved to a house which stood vacant, on the Chicago

road, just beyond the house built some years ago by Captain Pratt, and on the opposite side of the road. Some of the family were carried on beds, some could hardly sit up through the long, hard ride, so it was a cheerless and difficult "moving." But they found very kind neighbors, and Mrs. Lewis says she doesn't know how they could have lived through the winter, had it not been for them—Mrs. Davis, a daughter of the man who owned the place, the family of Solomon Parker, who lived on the Peru road, and Mr. Campbell, then sheriff, who lived on what is still called the "Campbell Place," just beyond the North-Western railroad crossing on the Chicago road. His wife and daughter came almost every day to see them, prepare food and try to make them comfortable. Sometimes only one of the family would be able to be out of bed, and not infrequently, they could only creep out of bed, fix the fire, or make a kettle of hasty-pudding, and get back again, weak and shivering.

Dr. Gardner lived near, and his visits gave them hope, and he was welcomed with joy. Sometimes Mrs. Gardner visited them, carrying broth or gruel, or helping to make the beds and sweep. One time Gaylord cried because he "couldn't eat any more" of her gruel "it was so good." Any one who ever had the ague, would know the fierce hunger that follows the chill and the burning fever, and appreciate the child's tears.

There was no water within a half a mile, and the little boys had to go between chills to get it. This was no light task in that long, cold winter, and they finally rigged up a sled, or broad, boat-like arrangement on which they could draw a barrel. To this they hitched a young steer, borrowed of a neighbor. The frisky team made then a good deal of trouble, and cost them some tears and trials, with runaways and upsets, but they persevered, and succeeded at last in getting a good supply of water with comparatively small labor.

While the family were all sick, and in the coldest of that long-to-be-remembered "hard winter," the baby died; the only little daughter, Electa (for whom her little niece, the daughter of James Lewis and his wife, Lucy Burnham Lewis, was named, many years after). The father was very dangerously sick, the mother hardly able to sit up. The daughter of a neighbor, Miss Hankerson, came in, just as the dear little girl lay dying, took her in her arms and held her till all was over. Then she gently robed the little body for its last rest and laid it in the upper drawer of the old fashioned bureau. A Mr. Ferguson made the little coffin of plain wood, without paint or stain or covering of cloth, and Mrs. Lewis says: "I shall never forget how I felt to see my baby laid in that cold, hard box." Only one boy, Gaylord, was able to sit up during the simple

funeral services. The father lay unconscious, and it was six months before any one of them could visit the spot where the baby was buried.

Then, the spring had come. They had spent nine months at South Dixon, had passed through experiences which forever after leave a different light on all the world, and with sadness and in gladness they returned to Amboy and located on the farm which had been vacated by James Doan. Here they still found many of the "hardships of pioneer life" yet they were prospered and beloved. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were members of the Methodist Episcopal church, he being steward, trustee and class leader, sometimes holding all the offices at one time.

The oldest son, Gaylord, whose youthful ambition was aroused with the cry of "*Ho for California!*" followed the example of Josiah Davis, James Doan, Benjamin Wasson and son, and others from this vicinity, and went from here in company with two others with ox teams. He passed through "hair-breadth 'scapes," but reached there in safety and did well. He was not a miner, but captain of a supply train, riding his white mule at the head of a line of pack-mules, the six days' rough journey from San Francisco to the mines. Those were hard, rough times, but he wrote cheerfully, and hoped to help his parents a great deal. In August he had seven hundred dollars ready to send them, when he went to San Francisco the next time, but he spoke of Indian trouble with some apprehension. That was the last they ever heard from him; though after a long time they learned that a large company were killed by the Indians in a canyon, and they feared that he might have been one of the number. Hope was abandoned by all but his mother, who says: "He was nineteen years old then, he would have been fifty-nine now, and all these years I have lived in suspense, hoping against hope, that I might, at least, learn his fate."

Then came the cruel war, and when President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men reached Amboy, and the Lewis boys heard the summons, and enlisted, their parents gave them up like the Spartans of old; and there is something now in the stately mien of that widowed and aged mother, that makes one doubt not that she would not hesitate, yet, to sacrifice those dearer then her own life, in a sacred cause. James C. volunteered in Company I, 89th Illinois Volunteers, was wounded May 9, 1864, and died at Chattanooga, July 23d. John enlisted in Company G, 39th Illinois Volunteers, (Yates Phalanx) August 20, 1861, served under McClellan, and Shields, and in January, 1863, came home to die within the year, November 29, 1864, from disease contracted by exposure in the army. Andrew J. enlisted in Company G, (Yates' Phalanx), August 2, 1861, and

died at Foley Island, Charleston harbor, July 4, 1863. The only son, or child, left was too young to go.

On January 15, 1882, the aged couple celebrated their golden wedding, and that day was the last that Mr. Lewis was able to walk out. He died a few months later, in the early spring.

Only for lack of time and space many interesting reminiscenses for this work might be gathered from this pioneer mother whose memory is remarkable. Her little granddaughter, who resembles her, said to-day: "The bureau that grandma's little girl was laid out in, is up in her room now."

With tender reverence we leave her, surrounded by her loved ones, and the mementoes of those gone before.

May a rich "Harvest Gathering of the Heart" await her in the Beautiful Land.

A. D. Smith was born in Ithica, New York, September 11, 1821. In 1843 he came to Lee Center intending to practice medicine, but as the people of those early days were more ready to invest their all in land in lieu of pills and powders, he joined the mass and purchased a great amount of land. In 1854, despairing of a railroad, he sold out for a pittance and returned east. The next year the railroad was laid out, and land rose beyond all precedent. In March, 1855, he was married at the residence of his brother, Dr. N. W. Smith, of Wilmington, Vermont, to Harriet W. White, of Erving, Massachusetts. After traveling through Vermont, Massachusetts and New York, he came to New Boston, Illinois, the following October, where he remained for three and a half years. He then came to Lee county, where he resided until his decease, which occurred in Amboy, January 9, 1886, having been crippled, and in poor health for twenty-five years. In his last, lingering illness, his mind often reverted to the old pioneer friends and the trials they had shared together. When hauling grain to Chicago they would camp out, sleeping under their wagons, as hotel fare would have cost the price of their loads. He and Deacon Jonathan Peterson and Joseph Eddy were the only Republicans in Lee Center and vicinity, to call a caucus, when a gang of roughs attempted to break up the meeting; but he and Mr. Eddy went out and soon restored order among the belligerants. So from small beginnings mighty revolutions are wrought.

Mr. Smith left a wife, five sons and one daughter, his oldest married daughter having preceded him eleven months to the spirit land. His oldest son, Oren E. settled in Wendell, Kansas, Newman W. on the

home farm, Fannie Jane married in Chicago, Abram L. in Lee county, George A. resides with his mother in Amboy, John E. E. is a resident of Amboy.

It is not undue commendation to say of Mrs. Smith, who was an educated teacher in New England, that she is one who would justly remind one of the words—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And yet her excellences are not wasted or lost but garnered up in the hearts of loving friends, a most devoted son, and in the archives of eternity.

John H. Gardner came west in 1844, with his wife and three children, from Steuben county, New York, and bought of Ransom Barnes the farm in this township now owned by Sylvester Chamberlin. Mr. Gardner sold it to Isaac Gage and bought where his son John M. now lives in Lee Center. While still a young man he buried his wife, and was left with five children, one an infant, five days old. Mrs. Gardner died November 19, 1849, aged 32 years. He struggled on and in due time secured a reward for his labors and privations in a fine competency, after giving his children many advantages.

The oldest child, Robert M. Gardner, was born August 7, 1839, and died June 26, 1860. John M., the second son, lives on the old homestead in Lee Center. He is a useful and reliable man, well read on all subjects, trusted and depended upon by all who know him; has been supervisor in his town for years—married Miss Alice L. Clapp. Lucy E. Gardner is a valued resident of Amboy. Nancy E. married Thomas Houghton. They have one daughter, Lucy Emma, educated at Rockford Seminary. Mr. Houghton is freight agent at the Illinois Central railway station, and never fails to look after the interests of the company as if they were his own; is faithful in all his duties, in small as well as in large things. He was a soldier in the late war, and was wounded for life. Emma L. married Henry C. Bond and lives in South Bend, Indiana. Malvina married Henry Maynard and lives in Harvey, Illinois.

Mr. Gardner died September 11, 1871, aged 62 years. He was a singularly straightforward man, owed no man anything and "his word was as good as his bond." His children are proud of his memory. He would be proud of his children were he living.

It is impossible to make as extended mention as the subject deserves of Martin Wright, one of the early settlers of what is now Amboy township but so near Lee Center that his interests have always been more closely connected with the latter place. Mr. Wright was a typical New Englander, firm in principle, upright in life, and unflinching in adherence to duty. We have not been able to learn at what time he came west, but know that he was one of those who aided in establishing the Congregational church, and the Academy in Lee Center, being one of the first, if not the very first of its Trustees. His first wife was a daughter of Deacon Ransom Barnes, and died in the summer of 1860, leaving a daughter, Helen, now the wife of Curtis C. Hale and residing in Iowa. His second wife was Miss Eliza Clapp and she survives him. His pleasant home was swept away by the terrible tornado of 1860, but he rebuilt on the same spot, and lived there until his death about ten years since. It is now the home of Mr. Sylvester Clapp.

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The Hale Family.

IN or near the year 1845 David and Jesse Hale, brothers of Mrs. Wasson, came to Temperance Hill; a younger brother, Alva, following in the fall of 1845. Jesse and Alva had adjoining farms, now owned by Russell Leak. David married Rhoda Skinner. Their children were Aurilla, Ira, Chester, Priscilla, Betsy and Rhoda Jane. Mr. Hale was noted for his integrity. He and his brother Jesse were soldiers in the war of 1812. He died April 16, 1878; Mrs. Hale Oct. 15, 1874.

Jesse Hale married Mary McKune. Their children were Silas, Julius, Charles, Franklin, Tyler, Robert, Tamar, Anna, Elizabeth and Hester. Mrs. Hale was the beloved "Aunt Polly Hale" of all the neighbors far and near; the friend in sickness and sorrow as well as in joy, and a devoted wife and mother. She brought the seeds of flowers and herbs from her old home and shared them with her friends, and made the herbs useful to the suffering pioneers. Three of her sons gave their lives to their country. Frank, lieutenant in the 12th Illinois, was killed at Corinth. Tyler, a captain in the same regiment, was killed at Fort Donelson. Capt. Robert, of the 75th Illinois, was killed in July, 1865, while on duty for a sick officer whose place he volunteered to fill. Elizabeth, the only surviving daughter, who lives in Missouri, is remembered still by her old neighbors with gratitude and affection.

Alva married Clara Rouse and lived in Sublette. Children: Oliver, Jesse, William, Stalira, Lydia, Betsy and Eunice. Two sons were in the army—viz., William, sergeant in Co. C., 13th Illinois Volunteers, and Jesse in 89th Illinois. William served several years and was wounded. He is well known in Amboy, is a prominent member of the Episcopal Church, a kind neighbor, and has been, for many years, a faithful and efficient conductor on the I. C. R. R.

Mr. Alva Hale died April 18th, 1882—his wife the 11th of January, 1880. He was a genial man and never sick until the sickness preceding his death. He possessed remarkable energy in his old age. Sept. 30th, 1871, he, with his brother David, started for Missouri to visit a brother.

On returning, David proceeded to Nauvoo to visit his sister Emma, while Alva came directly home. Arriving at Mendota and the train for Sublette not being due, he started home with satchel and gun, walking all the distance without apparent fatigue.

There were three brothers and three sisters of the Hale family living in this vicinity, all greatly respected. Alva, Jesse and David Hale, and Mrs. Benjamin Wasson, Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Joseph Smith; the latter not a resident of Lee county. The following extract from an article written by Mr. David Hale, and published in one of the Amboy papers, May, 1876, is worthy of presivation.

I, David Hale, was born March 6, 1794, in what is now Oakland, on the Great Bend of the Susquehanna River, near where the Susquehanna depot is now built, on the New York railroad, Susquehanna county, Pa. First settler, my father, Isaac Hale, with my Uncle Nathaniel Lewis and their wives emigrated from Vermont to Pennsylvania in 1790.

I joined the Methodist Episcopal church at the age of seventeen years. I was enrolled in the Pennsylvania malitia at the age of eighteen. In 1812 I was a drafted malitia man; in 1814 joined Col. Daniel Montgomery's regiment that was ordered to march and defend Baltimore; but we met an express with orders for Col. Montgomery to discharge his men, which he did; peace soon followed.

In 1823, I married Rhoda Skinner; my age twenty-nine years and hers nineteen. We had two sons and three daughters. We moved to Lee county, Illinois, in 1847. During the summer of 1847 we lived with brother Jesse Hale, in the Temperance Hill settlement, where we found Uncle Nathaniel Lewis and wife (who emigrated with my father and mother from Vermont to Pennsylvania in 1790), with all his family except Nathaniel C., who came after awhile, viz: Six sons and six daughters; while my father's family numbered six sons and four daughters. Brother Alva Hale was here with his family of three sons and four daughters, My wife's brother, Alpheus G. Skinner, was there with his family of three sons and three daughters. Between Temperance Hill and Rocky Ford lived Francis Northway and family and Elder Joseph Gardner and family; next Reuben Bridgman and family; next Curtis Bridgman and family; next John C. Church and family; next Cyrus Davis and family; next Joseph Farwell and family; next Joel Davis and family; next Joseph Appleton and family; next Shelburn; Frederick R. Dutcher and family, with Widow Hook and her sons, John and Aaron and their families. On the Crombie Lane lived Lyman Bixby, Wilder Crombie, Samuel Bixby, David

Searles, Moses Crombie; west of the lane lived Orres Adams; Lorenzo Wasson's farm, a quarter of a section; west of this Benjamin Wasson, father of Lorenzo, owned a quarter section with good house and barn and the land well improved. At Binghampton I found two old acquaintances, Col. Badger and Asa B. Searles, for over fifty years ago we were pilots on the Susquehanna River. At Inlet lived Esquire Haskell, who kept a store and the postoffice. East of Palestine Grove lived Dr. R. F. Adams and C. F. Ingals, well known in the time of the Grove Association for the protection of claims. But after awhile this passed away and the township organizations came up, of which some abler pen than mine may or can write.

Had Mr. Hale passed on one road further west he would have mentioned Mr. Seth Holmes, Mr. Elijah Hill and Mr. Warren Hill, all excellent citizens who, with their families, were a benefit to the town.

Mr. Holmes had seven children, Mary Jane, wife of Cyrus Bridgman, Demmis H., wife of Henry Cushing, Isaac A., James W., Warren H., Almira and Jacob C.

James W. was one of the first volunteers in Co. I, 46th Illinois Regiment. He fought at Donelson and Shiloh, was in the siege of Corinth and the battle of Hatchie and the siege of Vicksburg, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. He was discharged Dec. 1863 on account of his wound, leaving a noble record as a gallant defender of the flag of our Union. All the children but Isaac, James, Jacob and Mrs. Cushing have joined their parents on the other shore. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hill, and Mr. Elijah Hill have also passed away.

Mr. Moses Crombie was born in Cheshire County, New Hampshire, in 1804, was married to Miss Louisa Morse, a native of the same state, in 1828, and moved to Lee County in 1837. While living here he was one of those engaged in work on the first plows manufactured in Lee County. His home was where Mr. William Acker now lives, his brother, Wilder Crombie, living on the same road, which ever since has borne the name of Crombie Lane. Mr. and Mrs. Crombie were useful citizens, and their memory will live as the generations pass away. Mrs. Crombie opened a school in her house before any school house was built, and "was like a mother" to her pupils, who remember her with affection. Among her scholars were Roxy Wasson (afterwards Mrs. Simon Badger), Warren Wasson, Lewis Bridgman, Sally Bridgman, Emily Bridgman, Sarah and Rowena Badger, Mary and Clara Frisbee, her own sons, Thaddeus and John, and two little girls, Delilah and Rhoda (last name forgotten.)

The little Frisbee girls were carried to school every Monday morning and sent for Friday night. Mrs. Frisbee sent with them a basket of roast chicken, doughnuts, pies, etc., and they sat at the table with the family through the week, exchanging the good things of life and partaking of Mrs. Crombie's warm food with her children. Mrs. Clara (Frisbee) Davis speaks now with enthusiasm of Mrs. Crombie's motherly care; of the kindness, friendship, and hospitality among the people; of the good they were ever doing each other without money, if not always without price.

Mrs. Crombie taught every useful thing to her little flock, not neglecting knitting and sewing. Among the books used were Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, Olney's Geography, History of the United States, Common Arithmetic and Grammar. But few as charming reminiscences have been related as those of Mrs. Crombie's home school for her own and her neighbor's children, before "the first log school house" was built in 1839.

At this same home, on July 5th, 1843, the first religious society here was organized, called "The Congregational Church of Palestine Grove." Mr. Crombie was chosen one of the deacons. The first minister was Rev. John Morrell, the second Rev. John Ingersoll, father of Robert G., the third Rev. Joseph Gardner.

Samuel L. Pyle came to Amboy from New Jersey in 1845, and bought of the government 160 acres of land in the western part of the township. A son-in-law, P. Battles, now owns the place. "The Wood Hotel" painted on a sign in front of Mr. Pyle's house, brought to his door many farmers who stopped with him on their way to and from LaSalle, where they went to market their produce.

Through Mrs. Pyle's efforts a Sunday School was opened at her home, where, during the summer months, children received religious instruction. Mrs. Pyle was a most estimable woman. There was a large family of boys and girls, all highly respected, who married, one after another, and moved away. The old couple spent their latter days in the city of Amboy.

Samuel Bixby came here in 1844 from Hornby, New York, and was 44 years old. His bell-crowned white hat and dialect proclaimed the genuine Yankee. He was born and reared in Vermont. He purchased a claim of Rev. Joseph Gardner and is still living on it, his house being on Crombie Lane, while Mr. Gardner's was on another part of this farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Bixby were excellent people. They had four children. When they first came they united with the Baptist Church and he is now the only living representative of that early association. His house was the stopping place for pioneer ministers and they were always given good cheer. His first wife, who was familiarly known to the neighbors as "Aunt Lucretia," died many years ago, but her good influence still lives. Mr. Bixby is enjoying his ripe old age in the society of his second wife, who was formerly Mrs. Elijah Hill.

Lyman Bixby came the same year.

Mrs. McKune gives us the following story of her pioneer experiences, which, written by one nearly eighty-two years old, is a veritable "old settler's story." She says:

"My husband, Hezekiah McKune, with myself and four children, left our native home in Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, June 10th, 1845. We came to Binghampton, New York; from there we took passage on a canal boat for Utica, thence to Buffalo, from there by steamer to Chicago, where we were met by a man by the name of Peterson from Palestine Grove, our place of destination, in this country.

"Mr. Peterson had two yoke of oxen and a wagon. We had four wagons, and purchased a pair of oxen, and after four days travel we reached our home, which we had traded for. It was a log house with lean-to and attic, which we reached by climbing on pegs driven into the wall. We could count stars through the roof; sometimes as many as twenty at a time.

"On our trip I sometimes got tired of riding. and would walk until a rattlesnake would buzz across my path, then I would take my place in the wagon again. I saw one rattlesnake crawl through the floor of our house, it was a small one and I killed the intruder.

"We had the usual amount of sickness and privation incident to a new country. Three times we took families in to live with us, of from three to six in number, who stayed as many months apiece. We entertained ministers, travelers and tramps, and as we were on the road from Dixon to Peru it was a convenient stopping place. I recollect several of those early settlers who used to call at our house; among the most noteworthy were Dr. Gardner and Rev. DeWolf, as they were hauling onions and other produce to Peru.

"We had no great trouble with wolves, although when Mr. McKune was returning one evening from helping a neighbor butcher, they came

so close to him he could hear them breathe and snap, but he hung on to the liver he was carrying, and reached home safely with no further trouble.

"I am now in my eighty-second year and have survived my entire family except one, my only daughter, Mrs. Thayer."

REMINISCENCE FROM DR. WM. WALLACE WELCH.

"The sun was tipping the western horizon and I was starting for *further west* from the Davis house. Somewhere between there and J. B. Appleton's, not far from where the Passenger house stood afterwards, and where the present Illinois Central railroad depot now stands, there was a bad slough, a rather broad, treacherous place to cross that looked dangerous. But in those days we had to take a good many risks, and I started in—very unwisely as it proved. The horse went in, out of sight, all but his head and neck. Though summer, the water was very cold, being a spring, and I had to be active to contrive to get him out before he should become weakened, or perish. It was beyond call of anybody and soon would be dark. I was alone and "something had to be done pretty quick." I got out horse and buggy too; no need of detailing how it was contrived, but I had no help. Most of us in those times, were often forced to be "a law unto ourselves." I knew good men, pioneers then, who became wonderfully self-reliant, forced to it by overmastering circumstances.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE.

Mrs. Wasson was full of energy, determination and fertility of resource in trying situations—the very woman for pioneering. In the early days fresh meat was furnished to a neighborhood by "changing around." One, when about to "kill a critter," would notify in advance, and when butchered, the meat would be distributed in proper proportions to different families, according to size. One winter morning, Mr. Wasson (Uncle Ben) and the boys, Lorenzo, Harmon and Warren were about to start "down into Palestine" with the ox-sled "to get up wood." Mrs. Wasson, somewhat emphatically told them she was "out of meat and she *had got* to have a hog killed before they started into the woods." (Nothing about dressing.) They caught the hog, "stuck" and bled it to death, flung it into the kitchen and started for the woods. When they got in from their work there was waiting for them a good meal of fresh pork, cooked in acceptable manner, served with vegetable accompaniments. Mrs. Wasson was famous for keeping up a good garden. She was, as I can

testify, a most estimable, judicious woman; indeed of all the typical pioneer women of the early settlement 'round about Amboy township there was no more compendious, representative woman, whose own personal history was almost the history of the region itself, than Mrs. Benjamin Wasson; and I personally know she was *good*. She was a joyful presence at the bridal, an angel of mercy at the bedside of the dying. There was no trouble within her range, she was not ready as far as possible to alleviate."

Frank Northway and family came here in 1844 from Steuben county, New York, and took up a claim two miles north of Amboy. His house stood in the track of the cyclone of 1861 and was torn to pieces, his family almost miraculously escaping death. Some years ago the family moved to Chicago, where Mr. Northway died at a good old age. His wife and daughters still reside there.

FIRST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

Patriotism, the memory of the way the Glorious Fourth was observed at the old home in the eastern states, and the love of a good time generally, constrained our pioneer friends to celebrate the day in this place. If we are overstepping the boundary of 1845 by two or three years, we trust our friends of *The Club* will forgive us, since it was the *first*—and all the *first* there ever will be—which was observed within this township, and most of those who took part in it have passed away or are pressing hard upon the unseen boundary line.

Some of the good people of "Inlet" joined in the celebration with ready heart and willing hands, rendering such aid as to insure success. Dr. Welch, then a young man of enthusiasm and great executive ability, did much to make it what it was—a most satisfactory and delightful occasion. The people met in the Wasson School House, where, after religious exercises and music, Rev. James Brewer delivered the oration.

The choir was made up of Dr. Welch, Rev. James and Deacon Ira Brewer, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Welch, Miss Pratt and Misses Sarah and Rowena Badger—Deacon Farwell adding the music of his violin.

Mr. Brewer, in his address, dwelt upon the advantages and beneficient working of our government as established by ourselves to satisfy the demands of our circumstances and needs as a people. He compared the heavy burdens of taxation and labor resting on the populations of *other* and what were considered the most favored people of *other* lands; of the shameless extravagance of wealthy and titled classes, as witnessed by the

suffering poor of those lands, etc., with the freedom and the comparitively happy condition of the people of *this* land. Deacon Farwell, as one of a committee, asked it for publication, but Mr. Brewer modestly declined the honor.

The choir sang "with spirit and with the understanding" "The breaking waves dashed high," "My country, 'tis of thee," and the following hymn to the tune of *Dort:*

"God bless our Native Land,
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait.
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry
God save the state!"

A bountiful and delicious dinner had been prepared, to be served in a charming spot under the shade of large trees on the banks of Green River, near the Binghampton bridge and Plow factory. All the ladies in the vicinity had been notified, "and many, like the Badgers and Wassons, were paragon caterers and cooks." Mrs. Welch and her sister, Mrs. Haskell, roasted a pig, too large to go in an ordinary stove oven, so each roasted a half, fitting each half skillfully together when served. Dr. Welch contributed a large quantity of delicious peas. Mrs. Jonathan Peterson, the champion biscuit maker, furnished biscuits, butter, and honey, and others furnished chickens and various other dainties. The tables were spread with the cleanest and whitest of table cloths brought from the family stores of New England, New York and Pennsylvania.

Grace was asked by a Free Will Baptist minister, Mr. Chamberlain, of Inlet. Mr. Warren Badger was toast-master. Squire Haskell's toast is the only one remembered—"The spirit of '76! It has kept well for seventy-two years; and is good proof yet, thank God! and please Him it will preserve its strength and purity untold ages yet to come!"

Dr. Welch pronounced the speeches, toasts and rsponses equal to any he had ever heard in Buffalo, New York, his eastern home, and the dinner a sumptuous banquet.

Rev. Jas. Brewer writes: "We were Independent of Oranges Groves or Oyster beds. Our ice cream was in its liquid state, as it always had been. We were in Palestine, yet near to Paradise, and feeling almost as independent as certain ones we read of when they were there. We were a family gathered from the north, south and east, and were at the extreme west. Not one of us but might boast of the fact that he had by labor earned what he had, and was using, and that he coveted no advantage over others which was not justly his own. Each of us saw in every other a brother and a friend. I would go farther to attend another like it than any I have attended for many a year.

"It has done me good to turn my thoughts for this little while to the 'long ago' of my own life and the lives of so many others in your vicinity who were blessed and a blessing while living there, some of whom—dear friends, may God bless them ever!—still remain, while others have passed into the skies."

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Conclusion.

NO SKETCH of the pioneer women would be just, without linking their names with the first religious services held. Every one will realize how joyfully they would welcome the messenger who brought the glad tidings, and the healing balm from the Great Physician to their lonely lives and weary hearts; how the choicest viands which their cabins could yield, and the best of the flocks from barnyard or field would be prepared for the itinerant laborer in the divine work. The blessed souls who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to whom the promise of relief is given, are not found among those who are most ready to wrangle about the form of the cup from which the life-giving draught is partaken. Turn back to the lives of the first women here, in proof of this.

It is with deep regret that we bring this imperfect sketch of the pioneer women of Amboy to a close, having left so many of the most beautiful lives unmentioned. We leave them with the unfaltering belief that an angels' hand has recorded every gentle deed of every earnest, loving women, whose life may often to herself and to others, appear to have been too much obscured; whose lot in life may have seemed to be cast in a place for which Heaven had not designed it, but who will find as the shadows of earth flee away, that she had never been forsaken even "for a small moment, and that through the furnace, one had walked beside her "whose form was like the Son of God."

How many of those sweet women who found it impossible to "realize their ideal" have idealized their "real," and like gentle, stately Deborah Ingals, who prepared and served, in the rude cabin, from a puncheon table with puncheon stools for seats, a repast which was a foretaste of Heaven's banqueting to her loving brothers, and like the aroma of Paradise in their memories for more than fifty years afterwards, have dispensed hospitality with refinement, and cultivated the most beautiful graces of womanhood, as truly and effectually as can be given now amid the rich supplies and the formalities and fashions of later years. The

self-respect, and the giving of reverence due to others, the gentle courtesies and kindly acts between fellow-mortals are not dependant for their loveliness upon the latest fashion and the silver plate. The more simple the more heavenly. That "Heaven lies about us in our infancy" is not more true of individuals than of settlements and townships and nations. The ox-cart for a chariot, the dry goods box or the crockery crate for a sleigh, holds more smiling and happy, loving faces than the thousand dollar coupe or the escutcheoned brougham. "We are but children of a larger growth" and like the boy astride a stick for a prancing steed, and the little girl with a row of corn cobs for her Sunday school class, imagination has greater room for play, and contentment is more sure than when the ideal is realized in the things that man or woman can form. It is from such facts that we learn to know indeed that "The beings of the mind are not of clay," that nothing of earth can satisfy the soul.

One of the first settlers in this vicinity, of whom it may almost be said his "eye is not dim nor his natural force abated," although more than seventy-six years have rolled over his head, says: "The women of those early day were usually sensible, plain, industrious, economical and uncomplaining. Their family cares and daily duties appeared to be their continual recreation. Domestic happiness was the rule. Conjugal divorce was unthought of. 'Is marriage a failure' none but a lunatic would inquire about. In those days the aid of every member was essential to family success. The people were too poor to afford war with their friends. If happiness, as many claim, is the only human good, how does the case now stand? The human family have more wisdom, but some ask, "Is it not folly to be wise." In those days labor and capital had no controversy. Acquisitiveness is the lion faculty of our age. Why will sensible people be so foolish?

Assemblies of the people enacted local civil laws, '*Vox populi, Vox Dei*' (The voice of the people is the voice of God), being the controlling spirit. It was enacted that all the controversies might be submitted to a board of three men regularly elected annually, from whose verdict there was but one appeal, viz: To the *People* assembled in *Grove meetings.* Thus the time, expense and annoyance of the 'law's delays' so much in vogue today were all avoided. The salary of this unpretentious court was voted to be $1.00 each per day. Justice and equity were, in those days, more highly esteemed than technicalities of statutes or even common law. In cases of assault where both men appeared to be in fault, it has been known that both plaintiff and defendant were fined alike, with popular approval."

For eighteen years the settlement made small progress, and good wild land was still to be obtained at $1.25 per acre. Then came, in 1854, the Illinois Central railroad which gave business and emigration an impetus which has continued with more or less activity until the present time.

As late as 1857 there was scarcely a farm south and west of the city fenced in, and one could drive miles west from Amboy with not a house in view, save two or three against the distant horizon, like ships far out at sea. A pocket compass is treasured now, the size of a watch, which was used in those days by a physician to find the most direct bearing toward some settlers' houses to be visited. No tree or fence or stone was to be seen, only wagon tracks in every direction; and the howling of wolves was no unusual sound on winter nights out on the prairie.

In summer the vast expanse of "living green," the lonliness and silence, as the traveler rode over the plain, all combined to awaken a sense of sublimity kindred to that aroused by the grandeur of the ocean. Then, after the long, still ride in the sunshine and wind, the grazing cattle, and the tinkling bells of flocks and herds would herald the human habitation. Will any one who has heard them in the first great despair of homesickness, ever forget the sound of those tinkling bells as their strange music fell upon the listening ear; when the bright sunshine and peaceful herds were so discordant with the sad harpings within the soul? But homesickness is not incurable.

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The City of Amboy.

LEE COUNTY is divided into twenty-two townships, each town having an average of 23,040 acres.

Amboy is the central town, the exact geographical center being in a grove of locust trees on the farm of William Acker, once the home of Deacon Moses Crombie, three-fourths of a mile northeast of the C. B. & Q. railroad station.

The Illinois Central railroad passes through the town from southeast to northwest, and it is known that freight trains can be brought into Amboy from each direction with less steam power than is required to carry out the same. This has given the impression that Amboy is a "low countrie." The civil engineer of the northern division of the Illinois Central railroad company located here, F. R. Doty, has furnished the the following statistics of the survey along the line of the railroad through Lee county, the Ohio river at Cairo, at low water mark being the base of measurement. Sublette is 178 feet higher than Amboy, Eldena is 60 feet higher, while beautiful Dixon is 54 feet lower. Resting between these two elevations, with a declivity so gentle as to be unobservable and unknown to many of her inhabitants, lie her prairies and groves and homes. Sublette and Eldena stretch their protecting arms southeast and northwest, and how much Amboy is indebted to them for deliverence from tornadoes and the destruction thence, we can never know. Physicians pronounce this a healthy locality.

Amboy township was incorporated in the winter of 1854-5, and the charter for a city in 1857 was laid before the legislature by John B. Wyman, Wm. E. Ives and J. V. Judd, a committee chosen for that purpose. It was enacted and approved February 16, 1857, and adopted at an election on the 2nd of March.

John B. Wyman was the first mayor. The city has just held an election, and this Columbian year of 1893 which dawned with Capt. Geo. E. Young as mayor, witnesses the incoming of Dr. C. E. Wilcox, with the following aldermen:

First Ward—C. H. Long, Lewis Entorf, W. T. Smith.

Second Ward—W. V. Beresford, Isaac Edwards, Herman Pennebacker.

Third Ward—I. R. Patterson, Frank Egan, Chas. Keifer.

Marshal—John H. Harvey.

Night Police—Thomas Monahan.

City Attorney—Charles H. Wooster.

Treasurer—M. Carroll.

Police Magistrate—Thomas Hines.

City Clerk—M. J. Monahan.

The township supervisor is A. J. Tompkins.

Amboy has two weekly newspapers published here, viz: The Amboy *Journal*, editor, Geo. A. Lyman, and the *News*, editor, James H. Preston.

The first editor of the first newspaper published in Amboy was Augustus Noel Dickens. youngest brother of the author, Charles Dickens. It was called the Lee County *Times*.

There are seven houses of worship and nine church organizations. The Congregational church, pastor, Rev. Mr. Dickerman; Baptist, Rev. Mr. Mason; Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. Mr. Morley; Catholic, Rev. Father Lonergan; Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Sweetland; Lutheran,—United Bretheran —Advent,—Latter Day Saints.

There are four school houses, ten teachers, three assistants and (445) four hundred and forty-five pupils.

Mr. I. F. Edwards, superintendent.

Miss Anna Warnick, principal.

Miss B. Woods, grammar department.

Miss L. Merrow, assistant.

Mr. P. C. Deming, grammar department.

Miss C. Poland, assistant.

Misses M. Campbell, J. Carroll and J. Curtin, intermediate departments.

Misses A. Carson, L. Morris, M. Sparks and Mrs. F. Jewett, primary departments.

The Illinois Central railroad company's shops, and the offices of the Northern Division, located here, bring to the town monthly payments of ($25,000) twenty-five thousand dollars. There is a co-operative creamery, tile factory, etc., etc. A beautiful park of twenty-five acres, shaded by stately trees, with a half mile driving course adjoins the city on the eastern limits. Amboy rejoices in a band which discourses music, always

welcome to old and young, to the sad as well as the gay. We append the names of the "boys."

Fred J. Blocher, leader; William Keho, Jean Wamsley, Conrad Aschenbrenner, Frank Blocher, Edward Thomas, Fred Wohnke, Percy Deming, Henry Maus, Ed. Staup, C. Gilbert Emery, Hugh Carroll, Frank Fehr, Cornelius W. Maine, Henry Wilson.

The location of the town is excellent for those desiring to engage in the manufacturing business, as a direct outlet by rail in four different directions, intersecting all other main lines in the state are available within a few rods of vacant city property; the Illinois Central railroad and Chicago Burlington & Quincy railroad crossing here. The engraving of the Illinois Central railroad depot and the company's offices is a correct representation of the building which occupies the site of the old Passenger House, the three story brick building with dome which was once the central building and pride of the city. Efforts have been made to obtain a picture of it but none was found. It was destroyed by fire November 15, 1875.

Amboy has been devasted by fire once and again, but it was restored and improved by the destructive visitation. One heavy cloud has hung over it, and it is not yet entirely dispelled. When in its youthful luxuriance and greatest prosperity, a railroad tax was voted upon it which has curtailed its resources and prevented its development. It is now being steadily diminished. Let us hope that, like some of our city trees which have been trimmed on every bough and branch and limb until people cried "it is ruined," but which now stand firm and symmetrical, resisting every gale, Amboy will emerge from the trial, stronger and wiser and better for the struggle.

An artesian well has been added to the city, and though its water may not flow from

"Where Alph, the sacred river ran,
In caverns measureless to man,"

Yet it is considered excellent water by those who use it, and it comes from a depth of over 2000 feet. Amboy has excellent bridges and sidewalks, good streets, macadamized in part, and well cared for; and adjacent stone quarries. Her streets are beautifully shaded, in some places embowered; all lighted with electric lights suspended aloft at every corner, and like the Star of Bethlehem "go before" the traveller all the way.

So may that Star indeed pioneer us all the way, until it shall stand over the open Gates of that "strong city" where "the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."



STATION AND OFFICES OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY AT AMBOY.

The Township of Alto.

From Mrs. Cary.

WE received the following pleasant account of the early settlers of Alto township through the efforts of Mrs. George Cary, who is, in turn, indebted to Mrs. Charles R. Hall for it. She writes:

"My deceased husband and myself came to what is now known as Alto township, then a part of Willow Creek, to make it our home, in May, 1855. Mr. Hall was through the township for the first time at Christmas of 1851, and at that time there were but two families in the township now called Alto. They were John Grimes, who settled at 'Plum Thicket,' and Jedediah Loveridge, one mile west, just south of the present town of Steward. In 1855 families had multiplied to at least half a dozen, whose names as I now remember them were Esquire Holcomb, wife, son and daughter; Mr. Williams, wife and fourteen children; Josiah Carpenter with his mother and sisters; Mr. and Mrs. Mills, the only member of the family now living in the township.

"A school house was built on a site across from the cemetery in Steward in the summer of '56 and the following winter the first school was taught by Miss Carrie Whitcomb. The year following Miss Addie Reynolds was the teacher. During the summer of '57 we held our first meetings in the new school house, and during the next year a society of the M. E. Church was formed, consisting of seven or eight members.

"Our eldest son, Irving E. Hall, died in April, 1857, in his fourth year, and his was the first death and burial in Alto township, though several others soon followed.

"My husband and myself, with our family, lived in Alto until May, 1866, when we moved to the adjoining county of Ogle, where we have since resided. Our pioneering was very different from that of the settlers in the older townships, but it may be of interest to know who were first in Alto.

MRS. ARIAN C. HALL.

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BETSY (BLANCHARD) GRIMES.

Betsy (Blanchard) Grimes.

BETSY BLANCHARD was born at Attleborough, Mass., June 21st, 1794, and was united in marriage to John Grimes on June 17, 1818.

Born and raised in the primitive log cabin, she was of the sturdy stock of the pioneer, and well fitted by nature and by disposition for the vicissitudes and trials of those early days. She removed to Illinois in 1842, her husband locating for a brief period at Oregon, Ogle county, removing to Plum Thicket, in Alto township, Lee County, in 1847, where she resided until the day of her death, March 1st, 1872.

She was a very energetic woman, and aside from performing the pressing household duties, incident to pioneer days, she reared a family of ten children, seven boys and three girls.

Widely known and universally respected she died regretted by a wide circle of neighbors, who will always remember her friendly offices.

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The Township of Ashton.

Settlement at Ashton.

IN the year 1835 the first settlers came to this section of Illinois, C. Royce, J. Clark and I. Rosecrans settling north of what is now called Ashton.

In '38 Andrew Drummond and John Weatherington, with their families, came and settled on the west side of Lafayette Grove—came in big wagons or "prairie schooners," being about twice the size of a wagon of the present time. These were covered with sheeting and drawn generally by oxen.

They brought cattle and sheep with them and with cards and spinning wheels came prepared to manufacture their own clothing. Taking their yarn eight miles to a weaver, when some member of the family would work for the weaver to pay for weaving. These pioneer women carded, spun, wove and made into garments for all members of the family. They also made woolen caps for the men in winter and straw hats for summer use from the straw gathered from the wheat fields, which they braided, sewed and shaped with their own hands. An expert could braid and sew one of those hats in a day, which was worth at that time fifty cents. Men's home knit socks sold readily, too, at fifty cents per pair. They raised flax, too, from which they made all their summer clothing.

The first school was taught in a log house covered with basswood bark. Miss Benedict, now Mrs. Barton Cartwright of Oregon, Ills., was the teacher. The same house was used as a Methodist Church. The first Christian Church was organized by Elder Walworth in 1841 and services were held in the "big barn" of John Weatherington, which is one of the old landmarks of today. The farm is now owned by Ira Coakly, of Dixon.

The site of the village of Ashton was known as the "big hill" and is the highest point in Lee County. When the farmers' cattle strayed away they could take a field glass and go to the big hill and view the prairie for miles around. Mr. Erastus Anderson, now living in Ashton, was the first settler in the township, he having settled on a farm in 1849. He was almost out of the settlements at that time, and there were not many more until about '54, when the railroad was built from Chicago to Dixon; when the company made a station here and called it Ogle Station; when Ashton township soon settled up.

MRS. THOMAS WALKER.

The Township of Bradford.

Recollections of Bradford.

A SEPARATE history of Bradford before 1845 would be a very limited affair, as the people, with very few exceptions, settled first in and about Inlet. The territory, which is now divided into the townships of Lee, Bradford, Amboy, and China, was known as Ogle County.

We are told that the first settler in Bradford township was Oman Hillison, a Norwegian, and a man of remarkable courage and ambition. He came to this country alone, walked from New York to Chicago, and when he decided to settle in Bradford, built a sod-house, in which he lived until the '40's. His wife, now Mrs. Elizabeth Aschenbrenner, still resides upon her farm in Bradford.

A Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Sherman Shaw are said to have been the first to build houses in this township. Mr. John Hotzel was the first German settler in Bradford, and at his house was organized the German church society, which now worships in the church in Bradford.

The name of Shaw is found frequently in the list of old settlers, and we are informed that the first house built in Lee Center, proper, was for the first widow in the town, Mrs. William Shaw, whose husband, we are told, met with a tragic death. He, with family, started for Mendota in a sleigh; when nearing Sand Grove, just beyond the Inlet, a wolf was seen running over the snow. In drawing up his gun from the sleigh bottom the trigger snapped and the contents of the gun were discharged into his body, causing death in a few hours.

Many of the name still go in and out among us; many are gone on to the silent land; some of whom won a "good degree" in the trying days of the Rebellion.

Among those of the descendants who have removed to other states, we had a pleasant word not long since from William Gardner, son of Joseph Gardner and Hannah Shaw, who assures us that he has not forgotten his Lee County home and friends. His uncle, John H. Shaw, was

an officer of the Volunteers. Fortunes have been gathered by some, and younger generations are moving on in the steps of their fathers.

Mr. Edwin Pomeroy, of Bradford, with John H. Gardner introduced the first reaper in this vicinity. It created great interest all through the farming community and people flocked from all directions to see the first trial of the new machine in a wheat field, owned by Mr. Pomeroy. John H. Gardner, his partner in the enterprise, was not a citizen of Bradford, but of Lee Center, and his son, John M. Gardner, still lives; on the homestead near the village; though property is still owned by the family in Bradford.

In one of the hill towns of Massachusetts, just fifty years ago, Mr. Ira Brewer wooed and wedded a maiden, and her name was Mary—Mary Phillips. Then came the wedding journey to the far west, and the selection of a home and the settling therein. The experiences of true pioneer life followed. We are glad to be able to give our readers a few reminiscences from Mr. Brewer, and to introduce to the public the face of her who has been the guiding star in the lives of her husband and family, Mrs. Mary P. Brewer. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer engaged in and often originated the moral and religious enterprises of that early day. Attending church and Sunday-school, when they owned one horse, Mrs. Brewer would ride the horse while her husband walked by her side, often singing the old songs, "There is a Happy Land, or,

"I'll awake at dawn,
On the Sabbath morn,
For 'tis wrong to doze
Holy time away."

The knowledge that Mr. Brewer understood music, soon brought to him the opportunity of conducting the first singing-school in Inlet. He was formally appointed to the position in this wise: Dr. Welch hands a subscription to Mr. Brewer, saying, "You are to teach singing-school," Mr. Brewer cogitates: "Well, I guess I know as much about music as any one here, and it will help along as far as it goes—in sociability and in dimes—so I'll try." Then a subscription list was raised in Lee Center for a singing-school, then over in the Wasson school house, until finally Mr. Brewer found himself the singing master in six schools. There was no organ or organist to depend on, which to our modern singers in Israel, would seem an appalling fact, but with the ingenuity born of necessity, Mr. Brewer went into a blacksmith shop, selected his material and hammered out a tuning-fork, with which he pitched the key for those old melodies which have never died out in the hearts of the singers. Hang, yes,

hang up the old tuning-fork where the sight of it will bring to mind pictures of the time when our parents and grandparents gathered reverently to worship God, in the old log school houses and cabins on the prairies, when the whole family came, moved by the principles which actuated the pilgrim fathers. Pictures of when those whose heads have whitened in the march of time, stood erect in their young man and maidenhood, and sang the songs of Zion, with fervent gratitude for the past and with kindling hopes for the future, when these prairies should rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Mr. Brewer says: "In giving a history of the early settlement of this county, it seems necessary, in order to do justice, to look at the situation of the county at the time of settlement. We have to remember that the first settlers came here and located on Government lands, and of course all the property that was subject to taxation was what little personal property was owned by the settlers. The laws were inadequate to the circumstances of the people, so that the people had to become a law unto themselves. Hence we see the need of the 'Grove Association,' and the 'Society for the Furtherance of the Cause of Justice,' to see that things were done honestly. I could name many of the stern old pioneers who were instrumental in keeping early settlers and the affairs of our county in good condition. The people saw the necessity of good schools, and that good order should prevail, and in their poverty they determined not to be without. And poverty it was. But few of the settlers had any money—no capital but pluck. Well, the neighborhood west of the present Lee Center, decided to have a school in the summer of '43. So they met and hauled logs on the land then owned by Sumuel Ullrich, and had a log rolling bee. This building stood for years as school house, church and town hall.

"In the fall of '43, I remember Mr. G. R. Linn and Daniel Frost coming to me with the good news that they had raised $40.00 to support a school for three months. They desired me to act as teacher and I could have this magnificent salary, with the privilege of boarding with them or boarding myself. I accepted the offer and boarded myself, except when I had night schools. Then I took tea with the above mentioned gentlemen.

"The older settlers had the larger part of the grove. When it was good sleighing there was liable to be some claim jumping by settlers, in the way of hauling timber from other claims. Then it was the duty of the president of the Grove Association to order a meeting, and the clerk to mount a pony and give the settlers notice. But the worst cases were

when some persons would jump a home claim. I remember several such cases, one of which I will relate. A settler on Temperance Hill had a claim jumped. 'The Grove' was called together and it was decided that the claim belonged to the original claimant, and that the jumper must give it up, which he declined doing. Uncle Russel Linn rose, with as much dignity as if he was in class meeting, and said: 'Gentlemen we have come here to make homes for ourselves and our families. The government has held out inducements for us to come, and we have made our homes, and we intend to defend them if we die on the defence. Then, we hope we have boys that will arise and avenge our death.' The man saw Uncle Russel with his seven boys and made up his mind if he had to kill the father and all the boys before he could obtain peacable possession, he would give it up.

It took longer to go to Chicago in those days than now. Sometimes we thought it a little hazardous, both for those who went and those who remained. Indians encamped in the grove a part of the time; and then there was a large band all over the state that used to steal horses and other property, and make bogus coin. When I started for an eight or ten days' trip, leaving the girl wife at home, you can imagine the trial it was to me, and I well knew it was to her, as she stood on the door step to see me off. When I went to mill in Aurora it was a similar experience. The first church service we attended was in June, '43. It was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mosses Crombie, on what is now called Crombie's Lane. An uncle of J. M. Gardner's preached. Mr. Bender moved to Bradford in 1845, building a house a little north of where he now resides. He was the first town clerk in Bradford township.

Of the old settlers from whom we have no farther data than the time of their settlement we give names which are familiar, but around which we have no "experiences" with which to adorn our pages. Frank DeWolf whose sister, Malinda, married Sherman Shaw, a good "mother in Israel," who left us not long since for a better home, and Nelson DeWolf, came in 1837. Edwin Pomeroy, who with Lewis Clapp, was long accounted the possessor of the richest proportion of worldly goods in our part of the county, came in 1844. Jesse Woodruff, C. Bowen, L. Shumway, Samuel Cobel, William, Warren and Stephen Clink, in the years from 1841 to 1843. Mr. Ralph Evitts, a familiar figure in county affairs, 1842; Charles Starks in 1839; Sherman Shaw, the grandfather of the present owner of the title, in 1839; Elias Hulburt and Ebenezer Whipple, in 1842.

It will readily be seen how closely interwoven are the stories of the older townships, and how difficult a task it is to disentangle a straight

thread of narrative from such a web of changing residence, intermarriage and removal. Could the old settlers have better understood our purpose and set their daughters to the pleasant task of our assistance we might have made much more satisfactory and gratifying work. As it is, remember the warning of the introduction, it is *yours* as well as *ours* with its failings or its success.

ANNA E. WOODBRIDGE.

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MRS. IRA BREWER.

The Township of Brooklyn.

Zachariah Melugin.

ZACHARIAH MELUGIN was the first person who settled at the Grove that still bears his name, in 1834. He took part in the Indian war. At the close of the war the garrison was situated at Dixon and Mr. Melugin returned from the war and came to the Grove on the first stage that came from Galena to Chicago. He brought with him his camp equipments and lived alone nearly two years, when he was joined by his sister, Mrs. Robinson, who remained with him until his marriage. At that time there was no house between Inlet and Paw Paw, nor between Rochelle and Troy Grove. A. O. Christiance and John Gilmore came to the Grove in June, 1835.

MRS. EZRA BERRY.

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Melugin's Grove.

When there was a call for troops for the Black Hawk war, Zachariah Melugin, then living near Springfield, Sangamon County. Illinois, enlisted at Rock Island. At the close of the war he returned to Sangamon County. In the fall of 1833 he went to Dixon.

Father Dixon and others persuaded him to go to the Grove, now known as Melugin Grove, to establish a stage station on the stage and mail route between Chicago and Galena via Dixon's Ferry. The stages commenced running January 1st, 1834.

He was the first settler and kept the house alone the first winter. There were many Indians about. They were always friendly and thought highly of him, and used to go in and spend the evenings with him when he was alone.

The spring following his sister Mary (my mother) came from Sangamon County and stayed with him until he and Mary Ross were married at Ottawa, Ills., October 12th, 1834. That summer of 1834 mother was the only white woman at the Grove, and none between there and Dixon, twenty-miles distant. A great many bands of Indians belonging to the Sac, Fox, Winnebago and Pottawattomie tribes, passed through the Grove, sometimes stopping for a few days, often complimenting mother by calling her a "brave squaw." During that summer she carried water from a spring eighty rods from the stage station, going by a mere path. They had a cow, but no churn; she would put the cream in a coffee-pot, set the water pail on her head, take the coffee-pot in her hands and shake it as fast as she could all the way to the spring, carrying a pail of water in one hand and coffee-pot in the other going back; in that way she could soon finish the churning. Once during that summer she visited Mrs. Dixon, at Dixon's Ferry, and there, on the first evening of her visit, she first met my father, John K. Robinson. He had served in the Black Hawk war, enlisting at Rock Island from Hancock County, Ills. At the close of the war he remained at Dixon's Ferry.

Father and mother were married at the home of her brother, Zacha-

riah Melugin, by the Rev. Harris, September 10th, 1835.

They had decided to be married when the circuit rider (the pioneer Methodist preacher) should next visit the Grove. When he came he found within less than a mile of the stage station a small company of men building a log house, the expectant bridegroom one of the number. At his invitation the men left the work and went to the station, where their wives were, and there the marriage took place, that being the *first* wedding at Melugin's Grove.

About one-half mile from Zachariah Melugin's my father built his house (of one room) of unhewed logs, as did all the settlers, the spaces between the logs were filled with small pieces of wood, then plastered over with mortar made of clay, the roof and floor boards were obtained by splitting trees. Shelves for dishes, etc., were made by boring holes in the logs, driving in long pins, and laying a board across the pins.

The fireplace warmed the room, and there the cooking was done; cooking utensils were very scarce, the bread was baked in iron kettles having iron covers, the kettle being placed in one side of the fireplace and completely covered with live coals and hot ashes, potatoes were also roasted in the ashes.

Gourds were used for baskets, basins, cups, dippers, soap dishes, etc. Hollow trees cut in suitable lengths were used for well curbs, bee hives, and for storing the vegetables and grain. Large trees were hollowed out into troughs and placed under the eaves to catch the rain water, in sugar making to hold the sap; small troughs were used to knead the bread in, and some of the babies slept in cradles made of troughs. Father made butter bowl, ladle, rolling pin, brooms and other articles of wood, for use in the house. All this was done by hand, and with rude implements; he also mended his harness, and was cobbler for his own family, keeping their shoes in repair. Some families had no timepiece, they told the time during the day by the sun—had a noon mark in a door or window—at night by the position of the stars in the Great Dipper in the north. For want of looking glasses, when they wished to see how their hair was dressed, they looked in the well or watertrough. Some of the early settlers were very destitute—the children having but one dress apiece, made of unbleached muslin, colored with butternut bark—the mother washed and ironed their clothing while they were in bed.

Father's first house was one story and had but the one room, with fireplace in one end, door in the other, windows in opposite sides of the room. The windows were small, having but one sash each, containing six panes of glass. The fireplace was made of such rocks as they could pick up,

filled in with mortar made of clay; the chimney was built from the ground up, on the outside of the house, and with sticks filled in and plastered over with mortar. The door was made of such boards as they could split from the trees, and was hung on wooden hinges, and had wooden latches—the hinges and latches were made with the pocket knife. The latch had at one end a string (I presume of buckskin) attached to it, the other end passed through a hole in the door over the latch—when they wished to secure their house at night they pulled in the latchstring.

Father had a compass and when he built his house he placed it with the points of the compass, then at noon the sun shone straight in the door or window. In that way they obtained the "noon mark." Mother had several marks in the first house, to mark the different hours.

They made their own brooms by taking straight young hickory trees, perhaps three inches through, peeling off the bark, then with their pocket knives they commenced on the end of the stick they intended for the brush part and peeled the stick in narrow strips or splints about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and fifteen to eighteen inches long. The heart of the stick would not peel and that was cut off, leaving a stick about three inches long in the center of these splints. The splints being dropped back over this stick, then they commenced on the handle end and stripped splints toward those already made, and long enough to cover them, when the stick was stripped small enough for the handle, the splints were all tied together around the stick left in the center of the splints first stripped, the remainder of the handle was then stripped to complete the handle.

They guarded their fire carefully, for they had no matches, and if their fire went out they had to kindle with flint and steel, or go to a neighbor and borrow fire.

Mother was better fitted for pioneer life than some of the settlers. She knew all about spinning, weaving, knitting, coloring, making sugar, butter, candles and soap, and the use of a fireplace for cooking, all of which were new to some of them. She spun, colored, wove, cut and made our woolen clothing and blankets, also her own linen for house use and garments for the family, and spun her linen thread for sewing. She often spoke of the hardships of others, but very seldom of her own.

The early settlers were self-sacrificing and helpful. In sickness and sorrow they would do all in their power for each other. They were also hospitable, often inconveniencing themselves greatly to accommodate travelers and new neighbors; when they had only one room, they would take in an entire family to stay until they could cut logs and build a

house for themselves.

Their nearest market was Chicago, eighty miles distant, taking from five to seven days to make the journey. Often when the father was away the Indians would look through the windows at the family, but they never harmed any of the settlers at the Grove.

They had no fruit except the wild fruit in the Grove. Father carried the first currant bushes to the Grove on horseback from Nauvoo.

The nearest flour mill was Green's mill near Ottawa, Ills. Also woolen mill, where the wool was made into rolls, ready for spinning.

Father and mother used to go to meeting on the same horse, father in the saddle, mother sitting behind him.

Zachariah Melugin and Abraham Lincoln were warm friends during the Black Hawk war. After the war Lincoln visited him, spending a day and night with him at grandfather's home in Sangamon county.

Father was the first justice of the peace, and also the first school teacher; teaching in his own house until the first school house was built in 1837.

Religious services were held in private houses until the first school house was built. The first church organized was the Methodist Episcopal (do not know the date). The first Sunday school was organized by Rev. Haney, of the Methodist Episcopal church, in 1847 or 1848 Cornelius Christiance was the first white child born at the Grove, John Melugin the second, W. W. Gilmore the third, all born 1835.

A. V. Christiance was the first post master. Charles Morgan and son were the first merchants, and kept millinery. Dr. Bissel was the first doctor to locate there. Henry Vroman was the first tailor.

AMELIA G. MCFARLAND.

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A. V. Christiance.

A. V. Christiance was born in Schenectady county, New York, in 1808. He lived in the east until he was twenty-seven years old. His health was poor, and his physician advised him to go west; he took his advice and, accordingly, himself and his young wife, started for the west, to find a home and regain failing health. They had been married but a short time and their earthly possessions were not very extensive - an ox team and a covered wagon containing their few housekeeping utensils, consisting of a bed, and bedclothes, a few dishes and kettles and such like. They journeyed for many a day and finally reached the south side of Melugin's Grove one summer evening just as the sun had set behind the trees, and the landscape was one of beauty and seemed to inspire the heart of Mrs. Christiance with admiration and to promise rest and a home for the future. So she said to her husband, who was preparing to camp for the night, "let's stay her and take up a claim, this is the best place we have found yet. I don't want to travel another day."

So they rested till the morning and then began their preparations for a home. They had to sleep in the wagon till the house was ready and the cooking was done by a fire made of wood piled up on the ground. In speaking of it she said:

"How happy I felt when our little log house was done. It was not very big, as there was only one other man in the Grove—or near there. That was Zachariah Melugin. We had our pick of the land and built on the south side of the Grove, by the side of the old Chicago and Galena road. We kept a sort of tavern for the accommodation of travelers—there in the little log house with a mud chimney and a fire place to cook over and keep warm by."

They lived until they could afford to put an addition made of logs on one side, then on the other till they finally got money and means to build a comfortable, commodious frame farm house. There the first white child was born in the township, and they named him Cornelius. The old Indian, Shabbona, used to stop there quite frequently and talk, and tell

stories of the Black Hawk war and how he helped warn the settlers and they escaped the cruel scalping knife. Roving bands of Indians used to pass by the house and Mrs. Dr. Carnahan, who lives at Compton, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christiance, said: "I have seen the Indians lying on the barroom of our house so thick you could not walk across without stepping on them. One day my mother went to the door and called to one of the Indian's dogs, as she supposed, to feed it, but my father happened to come to the door just then and told her it was a wolf. She was about to let it in and feed it. She shut the door pretty quick you may be sure."

Mr. and Mrs. Christiance continued to live on the same farm and in the same place till her death twenty-two years ago, and there sixteen children were born to them. Mr. Christiance is still living there but his mind is a wreck. Cornelius, the oldest child is there looking after his welfare, having been appointed conservator.

Five of the children of Mr. Christiance are living, two daughters, and three sons.

While keeping tavern in those early days Mrs. Christiance used to have many curious guests. She was a lively little woman and I have heard her tell about getting meals for Joseph Smith, and for many that she felt afraid of, and whom she afterwards learned were notorious horse-thieves, and members of the banditti of the prairie. And she used to stay alone for days at a time while her husband went to Chicago for groceries or to sell a load of grain to get a supply of things they must have in order to live.

Life was hard in those early days—but gay in a certain sort of way. The woods had plenty of wild game, and wild fruit, such as plums, raspberries, blackberries and strawberries.

Neighbors were far apart, but after going ten or fifteen miles, borrow some flour and visit awhile, or to exchange newspapers, how glad the folks were to see each other. And then if you happened to call after dark when maybe you could not very well get there any earlier, the neighbor did not excuse herself, instead of asking her neighbor to stay over night. Yes, there was more genuine hospitality in those old pioneer days than there is now.

MRS. EZRA BERRY.

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Samuel Argrave.

Samuel Argrave came to Lee county in 1845, and hired out to work on a farm by the month. He worked in this way one year; at the expiration of that time he entered a claim in the south-west quarter, section 25, in Viola township. He erected a dwelling on it, and he and his wife had to live as best they could while trying to get a start in life, and own a home of their own. Their first furniture was mostly what he made with his own hands; but then it was the fashion to be poor, and but for the fact of being without many of the necessaries of life, they were happy in their new made home with its scant furniture and many inconveniences, it was their home and for four years they lived there and together tried to beautify it and cultivate the land.

In 1850 Mr. Argrave started for California with a wagon, and traveled in the usual way, and reached the golden state in safety. He worked there at the mining business, and was very successful. After remaining two years he returned to Melugin to his family. He had many thrilling experiences to relate on his return home, but the wife who remained at home in the new country—what of her life during those early days? She said, in speaking of it, "I have known what it is to want for the many little things that go to make up the comforts of home, and had it not been for the kindness and generosity of John Gilmore and William Guthrie I don't know what I should have done; but thanks to their kind-hearted generous help, I was kept from becoming destitute. After Mr. Argrave returned they were paid for their kind deeds. But California is a long way off, and in those days it was a long, tedious and often-times a perilous journey. So this help was given me without any guarantee of reward, because who could say what might happen to him. Even if he made money and started for home he might never get home with it.

His safety was her great concern, and all through the long months that made the years her anxious heart, pondered the question over and over again; will he ever return? And one glad day he came home to his loved ones with means enough to supply all their wants, and prosper-

ity continued to smile upon his effort from that time till now. In 1865 he enlisted in Company I, 15th Illinois Infantry, and was in the service eight months. They have four children. They reside at Compton, and are well supplied with the comforts and luxuries of life. The winter (1892-3) they spent in Florida. He is now nearly blind, but his faithful wife cares for him so tenderly. His comfort is her first thought, and her eyes are gladly used to promote his happiness and wellfare.

They have one son living at Compton, Samuel Argrave, and a daughter living there also. she is the wife of Minor M. Avery, and a son and daughter living in Viola township, Winfield Argrave and Mrs. Mary Hutchinson.

MRS. E. S. BRAFFET.

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Reminiscences of Lee County.

In the month of April, 1848, S. W. Carnahan and wife, with eight children, started by team from Columbia County, Pennsylvania, to make the then long and to be dreaded journey by team to our new home at Melugin's Grove, Lee County, Illinois. This place we reached after an uneventful journey lasting six weeks. Upon reaching our destination we found a temporary abiding place in the shape of an old log house standing on the east side of the Grove, belonging to John Gilmore, which had but recently been vacated. In this we lived until fall, where father purchased forty acres of land and on this decided to build a home of our own.

With no lumber yard within forty miles, and the nearest saw mill at a distance of ten miles, it was of course necessary to construct the house of logs. This we did, building a fire place of sticks and mortar in one end. In the spring he placed a land warrant on an adjoining 160 acres of land, to which in due course of time he received a patent from the government. The following fall we sent, by a neighbor who was hauling a load of grain to Chicago, for a cook-stove, for which we paid less than $20, including all the necessary furniture—a price that compares favorably with a like article at the present time. This, with our new house, combined to make the following severe winter more easily endured than the first we spent in that country.

Father being a carpenter was called upon several times during this winter to make coffins for neighbors who had died. I remember one in particular that he made for a woman who died at Twin Grove, eight miles from where we lived. I accompanied father when we went to deliver it, driving two horses hitched to a sled; by the time we reached the house a violent snow storm had set in, and against the advice of our host, we started on our eight mile drive across the prairie, facing the blinding storm and without a single track to guide us. When about half-way home one of the horses floundered into an open well, but was prevented by the harness from going to the bottom. By the united efforts of father and myself we finally succeeded in getting it out, and starting again on

our journey, reached home after dark, greatly to the relief of the anxious ones awaiting us there.

During the summer season the grass covered the prairies from three to four feet in height, and during my first term of school taught at Knox's Grove, it was no uncommon thing to have from ten to twelve rattlesnakes cross my path while going from my boarding place to the school house. As this was during the days when teachers "boarded around" the distance of course cannot be definitely stated.

Our family not being among the very first to move into the country, did not experience so many of the hardships incident to the life of the first pioneer. A store only one-half mile distant furnished us with all necessary groceries, while pork could be had, brought to the door for one and one-half cents per pound. Good milch cows could be purchased reasonably, the first one father bought costing but thirteen dollars. When I taught school and "boarded around," the wages could hardly be called "first class" at the present day, as two dollars was the remuneration granted for each week's service, and that to be collected from the patrons of the school, each family paying according to the number of pupils sent.

HARRIET CARNAHAN MCELYSA.

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The following verses were written in 1836 or '37 by Mr. Melugin, after whom Melugin's Grove was named. They were printed in the *Rock River Register*, which was the first paper printed on Rock River.

Come leave the fields of childhood
Worn out by long employ,
And travel west and settle
In the state of Illinois;
Your family is growing up,
Your boy's you must employ,
Come till the rich prairies
In the state of Illinois.

It's on Chicago river,
Near to the border line,
A fine commercial city
CHICAGO you may find,
It's like old Adams' castle,
Sprung up the other day,
And stripped the rag from off the bush
Of Michigan, I aye!

A little further westward,
Near to the Land of Mines,

Upon the Mississippi,
GALENA you may find;
A ride upon the railroad
Full soon you may enjoy,
And cross at Dixon's Ferry,
In the state of Illinois.

Down on Rock River,
Such land was never known—
If Adam should cross over it,
The soil he'd surely own;
He'd say it was the garden
He lived in when a boy,
And straight pronounce it Eden,
In the state of Illinois,

Then move your family westward,
Good health you'll there enjoy,
And rise to wealth and honor
In the state of Illinois.

Chorus:

Then come along, come along I say;
Come from every nation, come from every way.
Then come along, don't you be alarmed
Then come along, don't you be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

Preserved and contributed by Dr. U. Roe, Franklin Grove.

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The Township of China.

"Mother" Whitney.

IT is customary to speak in glowing terms of the men who brave the dangers and endure the hardships of a new country, passing over the ones who silently endure the hardships and privations making rough places smooth for them whenever it is in their power to do so. What would our great country be now, if the wife had not toiled silently by the side of the sturdy pioneer and cheered him by her loving presence, guarded and directed him by her wise counsels, or helped with her ever ready hand at tasks that were too hard for frail woman? If their history could only be written, what a story of self-sacrifice, silent endurance and display of courage it would present: for way down in their hearts they suffered daily tortures that not even their husbands dreamed of— homesickness, loss of friends, privations found only in new countries—and went down to their graves unmentioned. The unwritten history of this country is full of these silent martyrs.

The subject of my sketch, Sarah Gray Whitney, was one of these women. Born in 1791 near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in her early childhood she moved with her father's family to the western part of New York, then a wilderness. Here she lived and grew up to womanhood, when she married Nathan Whitney, The first two years of her married life she spent with her husband at the father's, for he was not of age and the stern old gentleman required him to work his time out. Then she moved with him upon a new place that had to be cleared, for it was forest land. They had not been there long before the War of 1812 broke out, and when her husband was drafted into the army she was left alone with her infant as were most of the neighbor women; for only the old men who were too infirm to handle a musket, or boys who were too young, were left at home.

Before her husband left for the war he had succeeded in getting a woman with her child, whose husband had also been drafted, to stay with her; but one day an Indian was seen in the cornfield near the house gathering roasting ears, which so frightened the women, that each

seized her little child and ran to a neighbor's for protection, where there were two boys about twelve and fourteen years of age. Each boy seized a musket and went in search of the Indian, who had disappeared, which was fortunate for him for had he been found he would certainly have been fired upon by the boys. After that her companion could not be persuaded to enter the house again, even when she knew the Indian had no evil intent.

The rest of the time until the close of the war she spent alone, enduring the hardships of securing the crops, constantly on the lookout for an Indian attack and suffering great anxiety for her husbands safety.

After the war, when her husband had returned, by her industry and frugality, she helped amass a comfortable fortune; for while her husband labored hard in the fields she was always busy with her household cares, spinning or weaving, making cloth for dresses for her ever increasing family; for she was the mother of ten children, seven of whom (six daughters and one son) grew up to manhood and womanhood. Then, too, the linen had to all be provided by the wife's hands after preparing the flax and spinning it. She would weave it into sheets, and table linen of "bird's eye" and "diamond" paterns, with heavy fringes, some of them a quarter of a yard deep, knotted and tied by her own hands. This had to be combed out, which was usually done after the children and men of the house were sleeping soundly in their beds. When her daughters were old enough to go to school there were white aprons and white sunbonnets, all ruffled, that had to be starched and ironed, for six little girls, the ruffles crimped and fluted, after the children were in their beds or while she was "resting." Think of the yards of hemming and making that was done in those days, one stitch at a time, and compare it to our own swift-running sewing machines that can do more work in an hour's time than could then be accomplished in a day. Then, too, the amount of butter and cheese made by her without ever a thought of the amount of work she was doing would fairly appall a woman of later days, for even with our creameries and cheese factories we are apt to groan over the amount of work to be done with the help of all our modern improvements.

Of course the little girls had to be taught to work, for she was a strict disciplinarian, believing firmly that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do," and she could always find employment for her children, keeping even the youngest busy if necessary and at the same time never stopping her own busy hands. Then after all these years of hard work she had the mortification of seeing her home sold to pay the debts of another

that her husband had signed for. Leaving a large brick house (which was a constant regret to her all her life) moving from Albion to Elba, where another new house was erected and a comfortable home established when after a few years her husband sold out, this time settling in Unionville, Ohio, then the boundary of civilization.

Here after a residence of a few years she had to again endure nearly the same experience of the first home, for her husband met with nearly the same misfortunes in mercantile business, in which he had at this time engaged. By trusting others too far he lost nearly all of his property again. But before they again started westward it was decided that in the new home they would engage in the nursery business. With that prudent forethought that was her characteristic, she with the aid of her little son (A. R. Whitney of Franklin Grove nursery) washed out apple seeds, saving a half bushel for the first start, not forgetting cherries, plums and peaches. The apple seeds, only, grew well.

Then the journey from Unionville, Ohio, began in January, 1838, ending in Illinois February 8, 1838. It was one of many hardships, as the swamps were almost impassable, mud prevailing most of the way until near the end, when it froze up, and the distance from Inlet to Franklin Grove was made in sleighs, where the Colonel met the family, he having started west several months before to look up a claim and prepare a habitation for them.

The first house the family moved into was a log cabin situated down in the grove, where a family of ten occupied a house about sixteen feet square, which had two beds in it. These were occupied by the Colonel and his wife and their daughter and her husband, Dr. and Mrs. Gregory. There was a low room up stairs that was used as a sleeping room by the other members of the family, and it was no unusual occurrence for the occupants to have to shake the snow from the bed clothes in the morning before they could arise, or to amuse themselves by counting the stars through the cracks in the roof as they lay awake listening to the roar of the winds.

It was here her great executive ability was again displayed, making partitions of blankets and such articles as came handy, cooking for a large family over a fire place, making bread and biscuit that were the envy and admiration of more than one good housewife, using the old fashioned tin oven or reflector for baking or an oven built outside of the house, made of clay (as no brick could be procured at that time), providing lights by making the old fashioned "witches," until she could get tallow to make candles, which she did by dipping them or running the

tallow into earthen molds, of which two out of a dozen are still in existence. For lamps those in which lard could be used for oil were substituted for candles, when farmers were well enough off to raise their pork. On one occasion some member of the family killed some large owls, and when Mrs. Whitney tried out the fat, which yielded a small quantity of oil which she used in the lamp it also occasioned considerable sport for some of the mischievous members of the family; for one of the daughters had an ardent admirer who would prolong his evening call to such an extent that the "owls grease" was recommended to her to "rub on his eyes so he could see his way home earlier."

The new house on the prairie was raised, and by May it was completed enough so the family could move into it. All the timbers in it were cut from trees in the grove at Franklin, and hewn into proper shape by Colonel Nathan Whitney; even the shingles and siding and the first floor of loose boards were split out by him, but the permanent floor of matched boards was sawed by a mill down in the grove. It was when completed, (which took a year's hard labor) one of the most comfortable farm houses in this section, although it was not plastered for several years after they moved into it, for of course lime and other material for plastering could not easily be obtained. The family were better fixed than many who first came here, for Mrs. Whitney had six chairs taken apart and packed in the wagons when they moved from Ohio, and the colonel put them together again after they arrived here. So they enjoyed the comfort of three rocking chairs and three other chairs which of course was preferable to the three legged stools and benches which were also used.

Comparative comfort began again after moving into the new house. It was here she used her first cook stove.

When spring came, and it was very early that year, for many spring flowers appeared in March, the young ladies of the family found special enjoyment in the great flower garden that nature provided with such a lavish hand upon these vast prairies. It seemed as if no spot was too poor or mean to produce some tiny blossom. One young lady excelled in snake hunting, sometimes appearing before her frightened sisters with fourteen snakes hung over a long stick. These snakes she had killed during a short walk along the creek—remarking that she "did not kill the half she saw for the ground was literally alive with them," as they had crawled out to sun themselves on the warm bank of the stream.

"Yes, these were the happiest days of my life," remarked one who is old and gray haired now, when she recalls the old pioneer days.

One great curiosity to the new settlers was the "drumming" of the

prairie chickens. It was a long time before they could determine where the peculiar noise came from. Occasionally a herd of deer would appear near the house and a little fawn was once a household pet. Wolves, too, at that time were very common, their howling making the chills run over one, although they were not a very formidable foe. A little east of the old house is a large bank of the purest sand, varying in color from pure white to pink, green, yellow, etc.; and here it was that material for scouring the floor was found. Nature, too, provided fruits very bountifully then, although the variety was not very great, but blackberries, wild plums and even the wild crabapple were used for sauce, when sugar could be obtained; excursions for gathering these fruits were always enjoyable affairs, especially if some new acquaintance was made, for the people then were more open-hearted and social than now. Each one was about as rich as his neighbor.

One of the first things that was done in the spring was to break up a place to plant the apple seeds which had been frozen and sprouted by Col. Whitney.

As the years passed new furniture was added and the new home enlarged but of course it was not done with the ease that such things are done now adays; for Chicago was the nearest market for many years and wheat only fifty cents a bushel, and everything purchased there was high priced.

As new friends were made and her motherly love and sympathy displayed, she became "Mother" to all who knew her. There is many a young man who, being without friends to care for him, can thank her for nursing him during illness, for it was no uncommon occurrence for Dr. Nash to drive out from Dixon and say to her, "Mother there is a young man sick down in the Grove (or elsewhere) and if you don't take him in and care for him he will die;" and "mother," ever ready to respond to the suffering of others, would inconvenience herself, take him home and nurse him back to life and health again. Yes, many a poor starving heart, that had left home and mother in the east, found motherly love and sympathy in her presence.

After the daughters were married, Harriet to James McKenney, Eliza Ann to Daniel McKenney, and Cornelia to Abram Brown, and grand children began to arrive what a place of pleasure the old house was for "mother"—no grandchild ever called her grandmother—was ever indulgent to their whims. Only occasionally some of the oldest grandchildren can remember their pleasure being marred by the appearance of a hunting party of Indians, whose red blankets they thought were covered with

the blood of their victims, and they fled for safety under "mother's" bed, seeking protection behind the old fashioned valance that hung down to the floor. Another childish horror was an ancient Hibernian who lived not far away, who would put in an appearance now and then, and who seeing the little children clinging to mother's skirts in childish fear would add to it by taking off his cap and repeating some gibberish into it and end by saying that he "had a cellar with two rooms in it where he cut off naughty girls heads and put their head in one room and their bodies in another for the cats to eat." Truly he was a veritable "Bruin" or "Bluebeard" to their childish imaginations; although in reality he was a kind-hearted man, but "mother" saved them, so they thought.

It is one of their childish remembrances, too, that brings up the little bag that hung on the post at the head of her bed for preserving apple seeds when the apple trees began to bear, and which seed was used for enlarging the nursery. So it will be seen that the great nursery that now stands on the old place is a living monument to her industry and forethought. And oh! the cakes and turnovers she made for them, was there ever anything half so delicious since? These and many other childish impressions can now be recalled that are pleasant to dwell upon.

Always living on the outskirts of civilization, never realizing what her fondest expectations had hoped for, seeing the accumulations of years swept away from her, she lived an example of heroic fortitude worthy to be followed by the best. Ah, yes, she was of such stuff as generals are made of. She died at the age of seventy-two, beloved and honored by all who knew her.

If I have not written in full of Colonel Whitney it is not through disrespect or disloyalty, for everyone knows he helped make history, and our county bears evidence of his ability. Everyone knows he lived over a century, a grand old man whose life was one long effort to do good. Yes a hundred years of well-doing that was not marred by unjust or evil acts, and nothing that I can say will add anything to its lustre. Men build, but women lay the foundations.

ONE OF "MOTHER" WHITNEY'S GRANDCHILDREN.

—o—

Amos Hussey.

Amos Hussey was one of the early settlers of Lee County and was for more than half a century a valued citizen of Franklin Grove. The tract of land which he purchased from the government, the deed for which was signed by James K. Polk, became one of the finest farms in the township. Mr. Hussey was born in Little York, York County, Pa., in 1806; he was married in 1834 to Jane Fredonia Holly, who was the first while child born in Fredonia, New York.

In making honorable mention of Amos Hussey it is but just that we should equally honor the memory of his noble wife.

Through all the hardships of a pioneer life her cheerful courage never faltered, while her zeal and energy seemed inexhaustible.

Money was scarce in those early days, as well as helpful machinery for the cultivation of their land, and the early settlers used to take their grain to Peru and later to Chicago with their own teams. What stories of those early experiences we have heard them relate illustrating so vividly the constant struggle against adverse circumstances! but their energy, industry and patient endurance were rewarded. In time Mr. Hussey became the owner of two hundred and forty acres of land, on which he made substantial improvements and enjoyed a pleasant home. He was a man whose strict adherence to principle made him universally trusted and respected. In early life he was politically a Whig and later a staunch supporter of the Republican policy. Religiously he was a Quaker, while his wife was a Presbyterian—one of the organizers of that society in Franklin Grove.

ELLA E. HUSSEY.

—o—

Glimpses of Frontier Life.

On the twenty-sixth day of December, 1834, Dr. John Roe and family, consisting of a wife and five boys, crossed the Illinois river enroute for the Rock river valley. The first stopping place was Knox's Grove, which they reached at ten o'clock at night. The Vermilion river was frozen, and altogether the journey was one of extreme difficulty. Little Uriah, ten years of age, drove five pigs. He walked, having the only pair of shoes among the children. These were rough and clumsy, made by a shoemaker who came to their house, and the soles cut from the skirts of a saddle. The other four boys, Frank, John, Bolivar and Matthew, had their feet wrapped in rags, and huddled close in the bedding to keep warm.

The next stopping place was Bliss' Grove, and starting from thence next morning, facing a northwestern storm, the boy cried that he could drive the pigs no further. He was freezing and they were obliged to return and lay over at the cabin in Bliss' Grove two or three days. They came up to the present site of Washington Grove, making their unguided way as best they could. There was no other way except the Kelloge's trail and Bole's trail, which ran too far to the west.

There were three families living thereabouts, those of Smith, Fay and Blackmore. This was the early winter of 1835 and the family stopped at Blackmoor's, as they had pre-arranged. The cabin was sixteen feet square, with a blanket for a door, no floor, and not a nail in it. The Roe family numbered seven and the Blackmore nine—there were sixteen persons in the sixteen feet square cabin. Mrs. Blackmore, the grandmother, died in 1835 at an advanced age.

Their neighbor Fay had a cabin near the spring on the Paddock farm, and had dug a winding passage from his cabin for a hundred feet to a covert, from which he hoped to escape in case of an Indian attack.

In the spring the doctor sold one yoke of oxen. The hogs were turned in the woods to fatten on the acorns, when killed they readily sold at twenty-one dollars a hundred. Corn cost two and a half dollars a bushel.

He made one hundred sugar troughs and tapped sugar maples in the center of the grove about the twentieth of February. From this labor he secured one thousand pounds of sugar, one barrel of molasses and two barrels of vinegar, made by letting the sap sour in the sum.

He built a cabin and later added another, making it double, near the route between Dixon and Rockford. It soon began to be known through the settlement that the house on the hill where there was always a light burning at night was the Doctor's house, and toward it they came from all directions.

This was the origin of the name *Lighthouse*, which clings to the neighborhood yet. Another way to distinguish their cabin in summer was the brown leaves and dead branches of four acres of "girdled" trees which surrounded it. A great tree near was also a signal of the way to the cabin. For years and years, early and late, through winter and summer, the doctor rode over the region around, administering medicine, advice and good cheer, indeed, like his Master, he went about doing good.

Speaking of the rarity of the atmosphere Dr. U. C. Roe says on a clear, cold morning from their elevated location they could plainly see the smoke curl up from the cabins in Franklin Grove, and distinguish the tall trees near Melugin's Grove. Their cabin was twenty feet square, with roof of shakes four feet long, held on with logs. There was not a nail in it. The fireplace was of stone broken out of the ledge, a stick-chimney, daubed with mud. The walls were all chinked with mud. The boys sleeping up in the loft sometimes were covered with six inches of snow which drifted in, in the night.

In the summer of 1835-36 Miss Chloe Benedict, a daughter of Mrs. James Clark and afterwards wife of Rev. Barton Cartwright, taught school in a log-house. In the winter of 1836-37 Mr. John Colyier taught. In 1837-38 an Irishman, a Mr. Graham, taught a large school of some forty pupils in the Roe cabin. Mr. Graham was a very capable teacher who sharpened quills into satisfactory pens, smoked constantly and was an excellent penman. One class was Uriah Roe and Mina Wood, now Mrs. John R. Chapman of Franklin Grove. They read in "The History of Christ."

To this school came, beside the five Roe children, Mina Wood; Harlow, Rielly and Bradford, Daniel McKinney's children; Clinton, John McKinney's son; Richard, Morton, Theodore and Hutchinson, Richard McKinney's children; John Whitson, Cyrus Brown, Almeda Brown (later Mrs. U. C. Roe), Parker and Elizabeth Plantz, Henry and James Martin, Rufus and Emily Wood (later Mrs. George H. Taylor of Franklin Grove.)

The seats and school apparatus were very scanty or altogether wanting, but one scholar affirms it was one of the best schools he ever attended.

In the winter of 1837-38 C. B. Farwell, now the Chicago millionaire, taught the first term in the "Red School House."

In February, '36, a man came to Dr. Roe's cabin asking for help. He had started from Rockford for Prophetstown, following the Indian trail, and while fording Kite creek his oxen had been caught in the ice and his wagon box had floated off with his wife, children, and a chest in which was concealed a pocketbook containing five hundred dollars in "Joe Smith's currency."

He had freed the oxen and they were probably on their way to their home. The wagon box had lodged at an island. To this the Doctor swam again and again until the woman and children were safe on dry land, but the chest had burst open, the pocketbook fallen into the water, and could not be found.

The family were kindly cared for at the Roe cabin, and next morning little Uriah was sent to tell the story of the disaster to the stranger's brother. It was quite an undertaking for a boy of eleven to go so far alone, but he trudged along till he came to the battle-field at Stillman's Run, and then in the long grass, partially covered with snow, he saw skulls and bones which wolves and badgers had dug up. Scared at the awful sight, the story of the battle fresh in his mind, as he says his "hair fairly stood up on his head."

But he did not turn back, and reached his journey's end in time to eat supper with the bachelor brother of the stranger, in the only house in what is now the city of Rockford.

The supper was of "johnny cake," cucumbers and salt, and was, he said, the "best supper he ever ate in his life." The pleasure of seeing a living man, added to a boy's keen appetite, made it so—and then, too, while he had had corn bread and pork for his lunch on the way, this was johnny cake, so there was the sauce of variety.

The oxen were there as soon as he, and they brought them and the boy to Dr. Roe's.

About a year after a fisherman found the lost pocketbook in the creek. With great care the soaked bills were put together, so that they were redeemed, the man found and the money restored to him.

That he was grateful to Dr. Roe for such kindnesses goes without saying.

Mrs. Roe had at one time a pretty pet deer, of which she was very

fond, and which was always very gentle. She made a red collar for it, that it might not be injured by hunters, as it ran in the grove.

One day she had invited quite a large tea party of ladies, gentlemen and children. She had spent considerable time in preparing for the great event, and set her table in the space between the cabins, to have ample accommodation.

Just as they were ready to take their place, the pet deer came bounding up, frightened by some boys, seeking Mrs. Roe's protection.

It sprang to her side across the table, scattering the feast in every direction, breaking the dishes, and almost spoiling the supper.

But I presume, like Mrs. Ingalls, she soon had another ready, which was eaten with even better appetite than the first would have been.

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According to the best data Cummings Noe built the first cabin in China township, in 1835 or '36.

This cabin, called the "Noe House," stood about eighty rods north of where W. H. Hausen now lives. Col. Whitney came here in 1835, and there were no houses, but in 1836 he found Mr. Noe's cabin, and those of James Holly and his father-in-law, Charles Harrison. The Noe family, eight in number, came from Ohio.

Mrs. Sanders says she remembers hearing her mother, Mrs. Edward Morgan, tell of his kindness to her family in pioneer days and that he was an excellent man. They moved to Willow Creek, near Twin Groves, in 1846.

Lorenzo Whiting taught school about 1840 near Tolman's timber, a short distance from the present site of Franklin Grove. He moved to Bradford, near an old friend, Thomas Doe, and from here was elected to the State Legislature, and long known as the "farmer senator."

Miss Sarah Edmonds, afterward Mrs. James Nettleton of Franklin Grove, was also an early teacher in China township. She taught at the school house east of Amos Hussey's homestead, and boarded there. Jerome Hussey was one of the primary scholars, and Sam Conner another—but Sam used to go to sleep over his lessons, while Jerome never did. She was a faithful worker in the W. C. T. U., Band of Hope, and Junior League, in which the writer had the privilege of assisting her. Her presence was like a ray of sunlight, cheering, invigorating, helpful and restful. Marion Edmonds Roe, speaking of her, says: "In many a humble home she seemed God's angel to the sad and poor, and those whose need was greatest found the kindest welcome at her door." She died in 1891.

William Clark Robinson came to Franklin in 1843 and bought the farm now owned by his son George. Henry S. Buckman and his brother, Ira Robinson, lived with him two or three years, then they divided the property.

In 1844 he married Harriet Hausen, then a successful teacher. He had a drug store in town for a number of years, but retired to his son's farm in his later years and died in 1891, aged 74 years.

In 1835 Lockwood Miner came from New York, the third of the first three men at Franklin Grove — Col. Nathan Whitney the first, Cyrus Chamberlain second.

In 1836 his father, Cyrus R. Miner came.

Lockwood located on a claim of eighty acres, now known as the Joe Lahman farm, but owned by David and John Inagy. Until his father came with the rest of the family in December he stopped with the Morgan family in their double log cabin north of the Grove. This cabin is still standing, and in a good state of preservation, on Ezra Withey's land, opposite Conrad Durkes' house.

Edward Stoddard, who married Willa Morgan, moved it there, and "It is just as it was when I ate dinner in it in 1840" says an old settler.

In January, 1837, the Miners moved to a small cabin, without doors or windows, built on the present site of the "Gabriel Miller" home, and owned by James Nettleton.

He afterwards built the western part of the old "Bishop Hughes' Hotel," but now owned and named by Isaac Downing the "Downing House." One of the settlers says- "He was Christian, honest, strict, set in his ways, and tenacious of his creed and politics." He was a class leader in 1840 when the Rev. Jas. McKean was a missionary in the Rock River District and the class met at his house. He was born in 1782, in Massachusetts, was married three times—Timothy Lockwood was the only issue of the first marriage; and Sarah, the good wife of Otis Timothy, Albert, Daniel and David of the second; and Elsie of the third. Daniel died in 1852 on his way to California, Lockwood in Missouri 1870. Mr. Miner closed a long and useful life in 1846.

"Father Withey" is an old settler and with his aged wife has lived in China township nearly forty-seven years. He came here in 1847, and in 1850 bought one of the first, if not the first threshing machine in the country. He threshed for the settlers all about, taking one-tenth of the grain in payment, which he hauled to market and sometimes sold for twenty-five cents a bushel, but with care and good management he has secured a pleasant ahd comfortable home.

In 1843 Christian Lahman, with his family and his father-in-law, Mr. Emmett, came from Pennsylvania and located north of Franklin Grove, on the land now occupied by his son David. Mr. Lahman and Mr. Emmett were both Dunkard preachers, and as others of their faith took degrees there were in time twelve preachers who, at different times, led their simple earnest services Mr. Lahman and his wife have reared a large family of children, of whom several are settled near the Grove. Joseph, a minister in his father's church, lived a little west of town—of David we have spoken already. Maggie, now Mrs. Alex Miller, has gone west; Joshua lives south of our town; John is president of the Franklin Grove Bank and lives in town; William lives in Chicago. The family is of German descent and have shown their native perseverence and energy as well as integrity and upright character, and as a consequence are all well off, not only in this world's goods, but in the esteem of their fellow citizens.

In the fall of 1838 Philip Stahl came from Maine, with W. H. and Harrison Hausen. They stopped at Cold Water, Michigan, to work for a time. Here they met a family named Bridgeman, with a son-in-law, Wm. Church, wife and child. They hired these men to take their chests of clothing on their wagons, paying them enough for their board and passage to aid them materially in keeping up supplies.

Mrs. Bridgeman was a brave, sensible woman, who made the best of their difficulties and was always cheerful, but her daughter, Mrs. Church, was much more timid and despondent.

They bought supplies at the towns on the way, cooked by a camp fire, and came on as fast as they could. When they reached the Inlet the party separated, the three men going to Franklin to keep bachelor's hall in the "Noe house" till spring, the rest going to Palestine Grove. They worked in the timber all winter, carrying their frozen buckwheat cakes for lunch, but they were hale and hearty and it did not affect their strength or appetite.

A family by the name of Cooper lived for several years on land now included in the farm of Samuel Lahman. Harry Cooper and his wife were well educated and great readers; he is said to have been sharp in business and she very ladylike. Their daughter Reform married Harry Godger, who taught school here about 1840.

"Old Harry," as the father-in-law was called, rather objected to the match. Taking an immense pewter plate in his hand, he astonished the wedding guests by saying, "Here, Reform!" "Why father, what shall I do with it?" said the bride. "Melt it up, and run it into Harry's head for

brains!" was the brusque reply.

Louisa, another daughter, taught school at Whipple's Cave about 1839, and is supposed to have been one of the first teachers here. She married Mr. Warnsley and lived near Troy Grove. The family went to LaSalle in 1843.

When I asked Mrs. Sanders about her family she showed me the old "Family Record" in her "Testament and Psalms" and said "These were the first children at the Grove." Her father, Edward Morgan, built a rude shanty near Marcus Wingert's present home, and good Mrs. Roe, seeing the smoke from the chimney as she stood in her own cabin door miles away, exclaimed "Praise the Lord! We have neighbors." They came from Ohio, their little daughter Willa riding most of the way on horseback beside the wagon. There were three other children besides Baby Rachel—now Mrs. Sanders. As they came in May, 1836, they were probably the first family at the Grove, after Cummins Noe's. His children were born before he came west, so Mrs. Sanders thinks her brother, John Wesley Morgan, born in 1837, was the first one at the Grove. He married Caroline Bremmer in 1863, and lives in the west.

School was kept alternate weeks at Mr. Morgan's double log cabin, and at Whipple's Cave. "Two days' meetings" were also held here, for Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were Christian pioneers.

A man who worked for them says that when the mother would swing the kettle of mush from the fireplace for their supper, the children scrambling about her, tired with play and eager with hunger, never failed to hush their voices and bow their heads while the father offered thanks for the simple meal. Mr. Morgan died in 1847, his wife in 1863.

"Squire" Jeremiah Whipple located near the "Cave" which bears his name in 1837 with his family of wife and four children.

He had been out the year before, and agreed with Jesse Holly, to bring out machinery for a saw mill, which they were to run in partnership. The sites of the house, the saw mill, and the dam are still to be seen, though the buildings are gone.

For many years Joseph Whipple lived with them.

Almost all the boards used in the houses of the vicinity were sawn at that mill and paid for often in labor and commodities.

Joseph was an old line Whig, and Jerry a strong Democrat, both well read in politics, so they made the double log cabin ring with party arguments.

Most of the lawsuits of the day were tried by Squire Whipple, who had been a Justice of the Peace in New York and was an able man.

Here, too, people of all religious names gathered on Sundays for "meetings," singing as heartily, praying as fervently, and worshipping as devoutly, as in a more pretentious building.

The Whipple, Cooper and Hausen families leaned to Universalism; the Morgan, Minor and Chamberlain families were Methodist; the Tolman, Hussey, Holly, Ayerhart, Howland, Chilson, O'Connor, Brenen, McFarland, Yale, Johns, Whitney and Nichols families were of various denominations, but here they all united as one.

The meeting over, little knots of friends shook hands, chatted over the news, and then drove away with their ox teams.

Emily Whipple married a Mr. Tompkins, and Isabelle, Decatur Farrows; both went to Iowa, thence to Pike's Peak.

Cyrus Chamberlain has been so fully mentioned in another paper that I will not add more than to say, in the words of an old settler, that he "was an intelligent, large-hearted man."

A kind old gentleman whose modesty prevents my giving his name told me the following story:

"Perhaps you would like to hear about the first doctor at Franklin Grove, and as he was a cousin of mine I can tell you about him. It was in 1844 or '45 that Rufus B. Clarke came to Wisconsin with his wife and daughter. He was an excellent mechanic, so made a good living and all went well until he lost his wife. Soon after, hearing that a family named Nichols whom he knew lived at Dover, this state, he drove to that place with his daughter, and here he was married a second time. The lady whom he married was in the last stages of consumption, and the doctor told Clarke it was of no use for him to attend her, as he, Clarke, could prepare and administer the quieting remedies which were all she could use. So he loaned Clarke several medical books, which he studied diligently. His wife soon died, and he decided to attempt marble work, at least long enough to get stones for the graves of his wives. Having secured them, he prepared to make the journey to Wisconsin where the first wife lay. A young fellow named Olivard was to go with him, and as his means were limited he hit upon a plan for defraying expenses of which the reader may judge for himself. 'Olivard,' said he, 'times will be hard between here and there, and I have hit upon a scheme. You just act as my waiter, take care of the horse and call me 'doctor' and I guarantee we'll come out all right.'

"So putting in his books and case of medicine they started, reaching Franklin Grove (called at that time both 'Fremont' and 'Chaplain') the first night. They put up at the Miner House, now standing south of the

Downing House, then used as a tavern. Olivard, true to his part, called Clarke 'Doctor,' and the landlord caught at the word. 'Are you a doctor' sir?" he asked anxiously. When told that he was he went on to say 'My wife is sick in there, I was just thinking I must send to Dixon for a doctor, but this is good luck, you have come and you can see her.' Clarke pronounced the case a mild one, prescribed some simple remedy, and both he and the landlord were relieved the next morning to find the good woman much better and 'quite bright.' Nothing would do but the new doctor must drive out and prescribe for the sick in the neighborhood, and at the landlord's urgent entreaty he promised to consider the place as a possible location.

"After the stone was set at his wife's grave and they were ready to return, Clarke said to his assistant, 'See here, Olivard, if I am going into this business I must understand surgery. I know where a young Indian's body lies, and I am going to get the bones to study.' The bones were secured, placed in a box, and as they came through Franklin he left them there. Going on to Dover, he settled up his affairs there and returned to Franklin, to the great delight of the landlord. He boarded at the tavern and his barn stood on a part of what is now Charles Hausen's lawn.

"As Dr. Clarke's practice increased he took Dr. Yager into partnership. He married a daughter of Mr. Woodruff of Bradford andmoved to Rockford, thence to Racine. Here he connected himself with a manufacturing establishment. From here he went to Chicago. He made one more removal—to Iowa, where he was elected State Senator, and held the office at the time of his death. I must add that the bones of the Indian were forgotten, and he sent to his cousin for them, while in Rockford. His cousin opened the box, added a good supply of beef and pork bones and sent them on. History does not tell us whether the science of surgery was greatly aided thereby or not."

The "Old Chicago Road" has been mentioned by several writers and is a familiar name to every old settler, as the stage and mail route from the Lake Shore to Galena.

Starting from "the river" as everyone called Chicago in an early day, the ox teams went on to Berry's Point, nine miles; to Brush Hill, twenty; to Naperville thirty; to Aurora, crossing Fox River forty miles out. At Sugar Grove Cyrus Ingham's sign "entertainment" hung out. Then Big Rock ten miles; Little Rock four miles farther and Somananc six. From here to Indian Creek or Ross' Grove ten miles; to East Paw Paw four, where Wirrick's tavern stood; through Melugin's Grove six miles, and Inlet six. Here was David Tripp's tavern—and here the Franklin Grove

men left the "old road."

Squire Haskell had the postoffice and stage station at Inlet, and at what was Cephas Clapp's place in Lee Centre old Whittaker hung out his "sign." This was three bottles hung between two poles

At Temperance Hill good Mr. and Mrs. Hannum furnished a very different entertainment in their sod house. Next was Dr. Gardner's, then six miles further on was "Dixon's Ferry."

The trips over this road were long or short, as the roads varied; men slept under their wagons, and carried food and fodder from home, as they went over it to sell grain and get the few luxuries they could afford. Often teams had to be "doubled up" to pull through a bad "slough." Wagons must be pried out with fence rails, and sometimes the rails were laid in a corduroy road, over the worst places. Sometimes the wagons were driven into a stream, end boards taken out, and a bridge made over which the grain was carried. Men made little but they spent less, on these trips. An illustration of this is given by Charles Hausen who made his first trip with Otis Timothy, spending one shilling only, for a dinner on what is now South Water Street, Chicago. As old Modest Gehant used to say "They conld stand up under a good deal then."

George Yale had a board shanty near the farm of Kincaid Runyan and George O'Connor worked for him. One winter's night in a snow-storm, they heard a cry for help, just as they had settled for the night, and found a family which had strayed from the "old road" and were almost perishing with cold, at their door. They were taken in, a new supper cooked, and everything done to make them comfortable for the night. Just as they were ready for the night a second time a second call was heard, and another party, lost in the same way begged a shelter. So covers were stretched, teams crowded closer, children put to sleep on boxes and trunks, and the fire piled with fresh logs. Another supper was made ready, and as hearty a welcome given as if they had been the first. The one small room was so crowded that the elders could not sleep, so George took his violin and played the rest of the night, while those who could get room enough danced, "till broad daylight."

On one of his trips Charles Hausen sold his wheat so well that on his return he traded one yoke of his oxen for a fine dark bay horse which he called "Bill." In Saumanauc he traded the other yoke for a chestnut called "Old Baldie." Leaving his wagon and yokes he rode the forty miles bareback to Dixon, where he hought a harness of James and Horace Benjamin, and went back for his wagon. When he reached the

Grove, his team created quite a sensation; James Holly and Charles Harrison calling out "Why there's Old Barney!" It proved that they had known the horse in Ohio, where Holly had owned him, and often driven him to Harrison's when he was "courting." Among other stories they told how he had once pitched Holly out at the gate, and jumped the fence, drawing the sleigh after him. When Holly got up he was astonished to see Barney quietly standing in the yard, apparently waiting for the pretty girl to open the door. At any rate Barney was the only fellow Holly ever allowed to court his girl, and the old horse worked long and faithfully. Although not an old settler in every sense, he was a pioneer of 1835.

Adam Vroman bought out Holly and Harrison and they went to Iowa.

"Little Mike" Brewen and O'Connor lived with Mchael McFarland, near Sproul's farm, three jolly old bachelors from Ireland. McFarland used to ask "Now what's the news? No News? Faith then, if there's no news it's good news, for there's no bad news."

One old settler remembers that on these trips they sometimes had to eat a frozen lunch, and that Streator used to soak his in whiskey, and brandish it above his head, as he drove along. Another story is of a man who sold his load for twelve dollars, and felt so rich that he got a pair of boots. He had no box on his wagon, only a rack, and as he forded the river near Geneva, the boots got loose and were washed down stream beyond recovery. He says he never shall forget his feelings as he watched them floating down the stream.

John Hartzell once lost his oxen on his way out of Chicago, and supposed they were stolen, but unwilling to give up hope, he returned and renewed his search. On this second trip he met a pleasant German girl, to whom he proposed marriage and was accepted. He found his oxen soon after and came back doubly rich,

"Blast it!" says an old settler, "we used to go to Chicago for two shillings! But those days are gone by."

Hugh Moore came west from New Hampshire in 1836. In 1837 we hear of him as one of a company formed to protect actual settlers in their claims. His brother Rufus came with him, James in 1835—all three are dead. Hugh was greatly respected in Lee county; was a public-spirited man who did much for the good of the people in an early day His claim was made near Grand Detour; his son James lived just west of Dixon for years. It is related of one of their ancestors that on his voyage to this country from Scotland, in 1710, food became so scarce that

at last the company cast lots to decide which one should be sacrificed to save the rest. The lot fell on this ancestor. During the night as he prayed to be prepared to die a son was added to his family and the remainder of the company decided not to take the life of a man who would leave a wife and eight helpless children in a new country. They came to land before it was necessary to choose a substitute. The child born that night grew up and reared a large family, some of whom became prominent citizens and took good rank at Yale and Harvard.

My grandfather has often told me the story of how her children took care of her, as they thought, when grandfather went on his long trips to Chicago or Peru with grain. She was five miles from neighbors, and fearful of Indians, of wolves, of claim jumpers, and much else that was more indefinite. Once when she had kept the children awake as long as possible, for company, after they had one by one dropped off to sleep, she was terribly frightened by a sudden rush and crash at the half-sash window of the cabin. She sat, too frightened to move, for a time, but at last gathered courage to hang a blanket before the opening. Then she waited in fear and trembling till morning—only to see the window sash hung round the neck of her good old cow.

But the children all felt sure that they had saved mother from wild beasts and Indians, and assured their father that each had done his part when he came home. And so they had, dear children! Had they not watched and prayed and then trusted the Good Father, Who did care for her?

MINNIE A. HAUSEN.

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A Veteran of the Ministry.

The Rev. Barton Cartwright, being asked for a paragraph, sends us the following, in the trembling hand of a veteran of eighty-three years:

"I was born in Auburn, New York, in 1810. I came to Illinois in 1833, and met Black Hawk on his way to Washington prison.

"The first Sunday in May, that year, I held my first meeting in Illinois, in Warren county. I formed the first class in April. But you want something of your own field. Rev. James McKean was our first preacher in that part of the country. He preached all through what are now Ogle, Lee and Whiteside counties.

"I was sent on the circuit in 1837. I went from north of Byron to

Fulton, then to Dixon, where I preached in a school house, at Franklin in Edward Morgan's cabin, at Sterling in Brother Bush's house, at Mt. Morris in a small school house, preaching every day but Saturday.

"Once I rapped at a cabin door just as the mother was regretting their coming so far from religious privileges, and the father cheerfully answering 'the preachers will be here soon.'

"In the winter of 1836-7 I went to New York in a "jumper," through Canada, Rochester and Syracuse.

"On the circuit I generally went on horseback, and often swam the Rock or the Mississippi by the side of a skiff, to reach my appointments. April 9, 1839, I went to conclude a very pleasant engagement with Miss Benedict, in the presence of Rev. Thomas Hitt, at the home of her step-father, James Clark.

"As I came through Warren county a man joined me, and rode by my side as far as Dixon. When I reached Mr. Clark's Col. Sealey and a constable from Portland were just behind, and I might have been arrested for being in the company of a counterfeiter, if I had not been well known. As the man had been seen with me, they thought he might still be near. They caught him at Inlet, and I was able to take my part in the wedding ceremony without interruption.

"Once when I arrived at a house quite late, the owner gave me a bed on the floor, and grudgingly told me he 'had an uncle who was eaten out of house and home by Methodist preachers.' 'Ah,' said I, 'they must have had sharp teeth. What is my bill?' 'One dollar.'

"Strange to say, I had the money and paid it, though it was a very rare thing to find anyone willing to take pay from a preacher. Two years after the man wanted some office and that dollar seemed to be in his way. He wanted to return it to me, but I told him to 'send it to his poor uncle.' "

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Silas P. Tolman.

Silas P. Tolman, in the fall of 1837, left New York state with his family enroute for the undeveloped west.

After a journey of about eight weeks with three horse-teams, one to convey the family, the other two the household goods, he arrived at a point in Illinois now known as Inlet Grove.

Probably the distance traveled, which at that time required eight weeks, could with present facilities be covered in about twenty-four hours.

The family remained at this point (Inlet Grove) during the winter, but early in the spring of '38 resumed their journey and pitched their tent upon the present site of the village of Franklin Grove. After purchasing a claim of three hundred and twenty acres the subject of this sketch proceeded to make a home for himself and loved ones.

He first built a log house or cabin for temporary use but soon thereafter erected a more substantial dwelling, the second frame house built in Franklin Grove. This same house, with some modern improvements, is at the present time occupied by his son, A. W. Tolman.

During the war of 1812 our subject served as drummer-boy.

LUCY B. TOLMAN-COOK.

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Pioneering Westward.

The old schooner "Saunup" hove to, and a small boat put off over the blue waves of the Narragansett for the city of Providence. In the boat was a boy charged with the task of bringing his mother and five younger children from Maine to the far off prairies of Illinois. He was a well-built, energetic lad—the short history of his sixteen years is soon told. His father, Charles Hausen Sr., had moved from the old homestead at Bristol, in Maine, with his wife and older children—Henry, Harrison, Harriet, Charles, Jane and Sylvanus—to "Old Dutton," later Glenburn, near Bangor, where he hoped to purchase and improve a large tract of land for his sons.

Here he built the house (about 1825) which is still standing.

Finding that his friends who had emigrated west found ample farms unencumbered by stone, tree or hill, Mr. Hausen decided to come also. Several neighbors having located near Dixon's Ferry, the two older sons, Henry and Harrison, started in 1838 with Philip Stahl to secure land. They were twenty-two and twenty respectively, and made the long trip with that brave spirit which characterized the early pioneers.

Having sold the farm, two years later, the summer of 1840, the father came to prepare a home, leaving the boy Charles to bring the family of younger children later.

In September they started, the mother grieving to leave the ancient landmarks of her life, the grave of her little daughter, and the friends of youth and womanhood. From the Penobscot they shipped in the schooner "Sanup," and anchoring in Narragansett Bay for supplies from Providence, we find the pioneer boy accompanying the sailors to land. The voyage had been pleasant after the seasickness had worn off. The remembrance of good Capt. Parker's stories, the songs of the sailors and their shouts in the rigging, the kindness of the burly negro cook, who made special bowls of soup for the seasick lad, filled his heart to overflowing. Never in the long years after did he find, it seemed to him, such sincere friends as those on this trip from the old home to the new.

At New York City they took a steamboat to Albany. From Albany to Buffalo the voyage was made in the tedious canalboat, their experience in being bumped out of bunk at night being anything but pleasant.

The old lake boat "Gen. Wayne" brought them to Toledo. At Toledo they landed, taking the little corduroy railroad thirty miles to Adrian, Michigan, a stage ride of seven miles further bringing them "to the woods" where the Sears family lived, who had been near neighbors for years in Glenburn. Here they rented a house of a man named Batchelor and unpacking what goods were needed, the mother and little folks recuperated from the long journey.

The day before they arrived a son of Mr. Batchelor had died and shortly after they moved in his house he came over and gave the boy Charles work at "girdling.' Taking him to the very tree where his son had last worked he told him of his own boy. The "girdlings" were trees "girdled" to kill them, and at these tough old forest monarchs he spent the next six weeks, getting fifty cents a day. This small sum meant much to the family moving so far into a new settlement. His hands blistered and swelled, but what of that, had not his father trusted him to bring out the mother and children? He must take a man's part in life.

After a time Mr. Penfield, of Inlet, Lee county, Illinois, arrived, sent by the father at Franklin Grove for them. Part of the goods were packed in the tightest possible manner, the rest sold, and the family took up the journey again.

It was fall and quite cold, but the greatest difficulty was that but one wagon had come. In this Mrs. Hausen, her little girls Faustina and Kate, aged twelve and ten years, and her little boy Norman, of eight, rode; Sylvanus walking part and Charles all the way from Adrian to the Franklin Creek.

It was December and the early snows fell thickly; the wolves howled afar off around the taverns; the way was long and weary, but their faces were steadfastly toward the new west.

"These gardens of the desert,
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies."

Arriving at Inlet Mr. Penfield put up at his own home for the night, the family going on to their friend's—Russel Lynn's. But for our boy? He had come nearly forty miles that day, but only seven miles off were father, brother, home! He and Sylvanus pushed forward, leaving mother and sisters to rest. It was dark when they reached the frame house of Col. Nathan Whitney, now the vinegar house at A. R. Whitney's nursery, and the kind old man arose from the supper table to direct them. Going part way down the hill he pointed to the light in the window of Yales' house, saying "Follow the light, boys, and you will get there all right."

On reaching Yale's cabin, which stood near where Ferris Ramsdell's orchard is, they crossed the creek and came to the "Noe house" vacated the winter before by Amos Hussey and occupied by the father and sons while looking over the land and deciding on a location. This house stood about a mile and a quarter west of the present site of the railroad depot in the village and a quarter of a mile north of W. H. Hausen's present residence on his "Grove Stock Farm."

Tired, but satisfied, they lay down to rest too weary to talk. The boy's task was accomplished when the team brought the family and goods the next morning. The house was made of logs with puncheon floor, door and furniture. A fireplace answered for stove, a cross-leg puncheon bench for table, puncheon benches three feet long for chairs, bunks against the walls for beds. Pegs along the wall were the only staircase to the loft overhead, but the beds the mother brought were warm. Young blood flowed swiftly and life was all before them.

On Monday morning the pioneer boy began work for Col. Whitney, doing his first day's work in Illinois in the barn still standing opposite the vinegar house. He helped set out the orchard and shade trees in the northern part of the nursery. The good colonel's wife said no one cut her such neat, measured sticks of wood as Charles did. Her quiet manners, little kindnesses and gentle praise won his boyish heart, and placed her high in his lifelong esteem.

The two talked together as they worked—the man with the rich ex-

perience in army and civil life, and the boy with his first, fresh impressions and ardent hopefulness—and as they planted the trees thoughts and principles springing from the sage councils took root in the boy's heart, to bring fruitage in manhood.

The father of the family purchased the land now owned by S. C. Hausen and built a commodious frame house two or three years later. The boards for it were sawn in Whipple's mill near where "Whipple's Cave" is and were of oak and walnut, the shingles being as long as barrel staves.

W. H. Hausen, the oldest son, took the land lying east and has passed his life there. Besides improving and importing his herd of stock he cultivated his fruit trees until in September, 1872, he was able to ship ninety-seven varieties of apples and fifteen varieties of pears to the Iowa State Fair.

Harrison took the land lying west of his father's and resides still at the same place, and as fast as the other sons became of age they purchased land lying near, until nearly all that lying west of the village of Franklin Grove for three miles and including large portions of adjoining timber has become their property.

Life was hard in those days, but it meant much. Privations were patiently borne, schools were poor and the term short. The nearest doctor was that good old man, Dr. Gardner. For preaching they were dependent on the itinerants who with Bible and saddle-bags made infrequent but welcome visits.

Yet life had its joys as the years came and went—spelling schools, singing schools, "bees," parties and sleigh rides in "bob-sleds."

Every new pioneer was welcome to the best any house or cabin contained, and among those surroundings the pioneer boy of Maine grew up into sturdy, vigorous manhood.

MINNIE A. HAUSEN.

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E. C. Thomas.

E. C. Thomas, of Franklin Grove, Illinois, was born at Batavia, New York, Novembor 9, 1813. His mother was Rebecca Campbell, of Scotch descent. His father, Silas Thomas, was of Puritan stock. When yet a babe, he moved with his parents to East and West Bloomfield, New York. In 1823 he moved to Porter, Niagara county, New York, and in 1835 mar-

ried Mary Ann Nichols, of Wilson, Niagara county, New York.

In 1836, with his wife, he started for Michigan going via canal from Lockport to Buffalo, and steamer to Detroit, settling in Oakland county, Michigan. They remained here three years, Mr. Thomas working for $13.00 a month. During this time they were visited by John Nichols, father of Mrs. Thomas, who went to Illinois and reported so favorably of the country, that Mr. Thomas and wife concluded to move there, and, purchasing a team and wagon they, with their two children, Mary and William Henry, started for Illinois in 1839. On their way they passed through Chicago which was then a small town built in a low marshy place and they stopped in the vicinity of what is now Franklin Grove. Their first night in this vicinity was spent in Whipple's cave, and the next day they moved into a shanty twelve feet square, built by Mr. Nichols. In building the shanty a fallen tree was used as one side of the building. The roof consisted of split hollow logs. The next spring they moved into a house built near the old homestead.

In August, 1842, Mary Ann Thomas, wife of E. C. Thomas, died leaving a babe, Ruby Thomas, and the two children before mentioned. Soon after her death Mary Duncan, sister of Mr. Thomas, took the three children to McHenry county, Illinois, and cared for them.

The sickness of Mrs. Thomas completely exhausted the resources of Mr. Thomas, and as a result the sheriff levied on and sold his property to satisfy the doctor's bill.

In the winter of 1842 Mr. Thomas went to the lead mines near Galena, Illinois, where for some time he worked at fifty cents a day in order to get money to make another start. He brought back to his former home $30 in silver with which he purchased a yoke of three-year-old steers and a sled. In October, 1845, Mr. Thomas married Harriet A. Whitmore and again commenced farming with his oxen and sled. At that time there were only about fi ve wagons in that part of the state.

As a result of this union there were ten children, of whom all are now living except Ella Josephine, who died at the age of two and one-half years.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, among many hardships and privations, lived and prospered. Mr. Thomas had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife in October, 1867. Thereafter he devoted himself to his children and at the age of 79 years is remarkably active and well.

MARY C. THOMAS.

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"Mother" Bradstreet.

Mrs Bradstreet, formerly Clarissa Todd, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 27, 1800. She was the tenth child of Samuel and Mary (Dudley) Todd. Her father served seven years in the Revolutionary war, returning uninjured. She received her early education from her grandfather Dudley, who had been a school-master for years. Six of her brothers and sisters taught the pioneer schools in New York. Being very energetic and faithful she cared for her parents with marked tenderness and thrift until September 10, 1820, when she was married to Daniel Moore Bradstreet. In 1831 she was converted, and united with the M. E. Church in the spring of that year. The mother of twelve children, she buried seven in New York, and in 1844 came to Illinois to rear her remaining five. Hers was the rough lake voyage and long jaunt over the prairie in a wagon from Chicago to Hugh Moore's cabin, near what is now Grand Detour. Her husband entered a claim at Dixon and moved his family to "Hoosier Hill." In 1864 the family moved to Franklin Grove, where her life was pleasantly passed. She died August 25, 1889. Her funeral sermon was preached from her chosen text, II Timothy 4, 7, 8, by Rev. E. D. Hull of Kingston, assisted by Rev. G. M. Bassett, her pastor. She rests in peace.

MINNIE A. HAUSEN.

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MRS CLARISSA BRADSTREET.



MR. D. M. BRADSTREET.

D. M. Bradstreet.

Mr. Bradstreet was a pioneer of 1844.

He was born in Vermont November 6, 1795, of English and Scotch ancestry. His father was of an aristocratic family who held high offices in church and state in New England. His mother was Martha Jane Moore, whose people were Scotch and lived near Londonderry, New Hampshire. Her first ancestor to this shore was James Moore, who came in April, 1719. He married a Mack. Mr. Bradstreet, named Daniel Moore for his mother's people, was brought up by his greatuncle, Robert Mack, until manhood, when he moved to New York, where he was engaged in milling.

His mother remained with her father's family until his majority, when he did all to make her life one of comfort, he being dutiful and particularly attached to her. His brother, William Bradstreet, was a hotel keeper after moving to New York from New Hampshire.

In 1820 he married Miss Clarissa Todd, a daughter of Samuel and Mary Dudley Todd, who made him an exemplary wife, his married life being one of noticable happiness.

In 1830 he was converted and united with the M. E. Church, for which denomination he preached, exhorted and helped in revivals from time to time, his wife greatly aiding him by her wise counsels and rare experiences. Having lost his fortune in the years of commercial disaster he came to Illinois in 1844.

He lived on the claim he entered at Dixon, converting it into a beautiful country home, until 1864, when he retired from active life and resided in quiet and comfort at his home in Franklin Grove.

He was a very strong Republican and took great interest in politics. Having been a major in a company in New York drilled for the 1812 war, his grave is reverently covered with the flag and with flowers each Memorial Day. He died May 15, 1877, at the advanced age of eighty-one and was buried with honor from the M. E. Church of Franklin Grove and escorted by the G. A. R. and a very large concourse of citizens and children, the public schools being closed in respect, being laid away under the last salute of the soldiers.

Col. Whitney, with long white hair, sat at the foot of the coffin during the funeral services—the last of the 1812 veterans in the vicinity—the Major having gone on, and the Colonel awaiting the summons of departure.

MINNIE A. HAUSEN.

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"Hoosier Hill" Folks.

IN 1844 AND LATER.

A beautiful stretch of country situated five miles east of Rock River, with its groves and prairies, was in those early days called "Hoosier Hill," as the Hoosier population outnumbered the Yankees. There were many families from Kentucky also, and one of whom, by name of Ferrell, greatly endeared themselves to us, and when my mother met them and heard the cordial greeting of "Howdy, Howdy!" she felt that she had found friends in this new country who doubtless would prove true as those left behind. Their ways of living and talking were very different from ours and often amusing. For instance, on inquiring after the health of Mr. Ferrell his good old wife would say, "O, John is no account," meaning he was sick, and their "lots and slivers," representing quantity, sounded very odd to the Yankees.

Before the lands came into market the pioneers made preemption claims and built cabins and went on improving the lands until they could be entered at Dixon. Lee county was not set off from Ogle.

One settler, a Mr. C., wanted to hold more claims than he could pay for, and in that way kept the newcomers from settling up the prairies. This greatly enraged the Hoosiers and when father came seeking a home they turned out enmasse to cut logs and assist in building a double log cabin. On the eve of its erection mother and five small children were landed on the broad prairie encircling it. Just then Mr. C. rode up and threatened to tear the cabin down. This the Hoosiers resented and they rallied their friends and came that first night to fight if need be in our defense. They divided into two squads; the first squad watched until two o'clock a. m. and no enemy appearing they decided on having a little fun. First they took all the caps and boots of the party sleeping and hid them; then they rattled the boards and screamed like Indians on the warpath, awakening the sleepers, who, thinking the enemy upon them,

rushed out bareheaded and barefooted, snatching their rude weapons, cudgels, tongs and pokers, to the scene of the supposed conflict. No sooner done than their places were filled upon the floors by the first party of watchers. It took some little time before the half-dazed, half-awakened sleepers understood they were the subjects of a practical joke, and then what a chorus of cheers went up from that new cabin!

The years went on and the family became warm friends with their early foe, who now sleeps the long, long sleep. The others, also, have "moved on to silent habitations."

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrell are buried at Payne's Point, and the pioneer and wife whom they befriended, are at rest in Franklin Grove Cemetery.

MARY BRADSTREET-HAUSEN.

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Nathanial Yale and Family.

Nathanial Yale, with family, settled in Lee county, near what is now known as Franklin Grove, in the year 1836. At that time there were only three families within a radius of eight or possibly ten miles. There was no land under cultivation in that vicinity, but several parties had taken up claims by plowing a furrow around the portion of land selected. The country was inhabited principally by prairie wolves, deer, and a variety of wild game.

At that early day there was no trading post nearer than Aurora, Kane county.

The Yale family first settled on what is now known as the Hussey farm, but afterwards built a log cabin on the banks of the Franklin Creek near the culvert. After remaining there for a number of years they removed to another farm east of town, locating permanently. Fighting prairie fires was no unusual experience and at night the howling of the wolves increased the gloom and loneliness of pioneer life.

The family consisted of ten children, six boys and four girls, of whom five have died, four live in Iowa, and one, Charlotte Tolman, is still living in Franklin Grove.

LUCY B. (TOLMAN) COOKE.

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The Pioneers of Temperance Hill.

In writing a sketch of Temperance Hill and vicinity I had much preferred that a more competent person had been selected, for in reference to the earliest settlements or prior to 1845 my memory is not very distinct.

My father, John Leake, came from Leicestershire, England, landing in New York June 10th, 1840. He immediately pushed on to the "far west" and halted at Dixon's Ferry Here he secured employment for a time. During that first year in the state he made a trip down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. Here, friendless and alone, he lived "three days on three ten cent pieces," then secured employment and prospered for a time. Returning to Illinois, he was at Dixon's Ferry in time to meet my mother and three boys, who arrived in August, 1841. Two of my mother's sisters, Mrs. Edward Willars and Mrs. Daniel Leake, with their families, accompanied her on this long journey. They set sail from Liverpool, England, in a sailing vessel and were thirty-four days on the waters, then they traversed the Hudson River to Albany, New York, then across New York by canal to Buffalo, then via the lakes to Chicago, then by wagon to Dixon's Ferry. After a little time my father secured a claim. Then a cabin was built by setting rude posts in the ground, roofing with boards, siding with shakes and chinking the cracks and crevices with mud. In cold weather the outside was banked up with any rough material that could be secured. To this little hut there was one door, with the "latchstring hanging out," and one window, set so high that persons sitting in the room could net see objects outside. Across one end was set two beds lengthwise, which filled the space, but under them the ground was the only floor. Table and chairs were not, but a large box served for one and other rude things for the others. This one room served all the purposes and conveniences of home. For lights at night there was not even the pine knot so often used in the forests, for the prairies were almost destitute of timber. A tin cup holding about a pint was filled with clay made hollow in the middle. In this center was inserted a wire, wrapped round several times with cloth, the hollow in the clay was filled with lard, the top of the cloth lighted and so a lamp was formed for the entire house.

In lighting fires, the tinder-box came into good use. Paper was

burned, but before it reached the condition of ashes the fire was extinguished by placing a weight upon it in a box. This made the tinder. To ignite this a spark of fire was thrown into the box by striking a piece of steel with a flint. This was touched with a home-made match (a piece of wood dipped in brimstone), and thus a flame was kindled.

By selling his coat my father was enabled to buy a cow, and by laboring for twenty-five cents per day and taking for payment anything that could be used in the family continuous living was maintained. The scarcity of money in those early times made these things necessary.

The winter of 1843-44 was very severe, set in early and continued late. Much suffering among the early settlers resulted, and also much loss of stock through lack of feed and shelter. We were driven from our shanty by a snowstorm in November. Whether our parents slept any that night or not I can not say, but when we children woke in the morning our beds and everything in the room were covered with snow. We were hurried off to my uncle's, Mr. E. Willars, who lived in a log house. Following this hard winter were small and inferior crops. The wheat was smutty and made poor flour. The mills here and there established had not proper machinery to clean it out, so the flour was often of a dark hue and made darker bread. My eldest brother, William J. Leake, then a lad of eleven years, was frequently sent to Meek's Mill a distance of seven or eight miles with a "grist." He would ride a pony with a bushel or bushel and a half of wheat in a sack, thrown across the pony's back. When this was ground the flour was put in one end of the sack and the bran in the other, then boy and sack were mounted on the pony and rode home.

Many of earth's nobility settled on these prairies in those early days. Mr. B. Hannum opened his house for the accommodation of travelers. Mrs. H. was a careful housekeeper. She used to say, "I always had a place for everything, and everything in its place," so, if people stopped there once they were almost sure to come again. Their house was also open for the preaching of the gospel on the Sabbath day. Mr. H. was a strong temperance man. Once, in helping a neighbor at threshing time, his principles were put to the test. There was pudding on the dinner table with brandy seasoned sauce; when Mr. H. perceived this he refused it and asked for some without the sauce. By his influence and wish the vicinity was called Temperance Hill. Here, too, was a station of the "underground railroad" of early abolition times. John Cross kept the farm now owned by Mr. William Woolcott. He had an excellent wife, three daughters and two sons. Their house was made a shelter for many a poor slave seeking liberty in the Dominion of Canada.

The faith, courage and perseverence of the early settlers was phenomenal. They pressed on, nothing daunted. My mother used to say she never felt afraid of her children wanting bread in this country if they had their health, but she did have that fear in England. Oh! those early years! their memory is full of brightness to me. From April to November the prairies were a perpetual flower garden of ever varying hue. Wild game was abundant; in summer and autumn the groves were full of fruits and nuts; nearly all the year round the streams furnished fish for our tables.

Those who maintained their homes through industry and frugality secured a competency and some gained wealth, while those who lived in idleness or unrest came to poverty. THOMAS LEAKE.

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The Township of Dixon.



FATHER DIXON.

"Marquette."

"The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth the canalmen dug his grave in the sand."—BANCROFTS HIST. U. S.

A warrior falls—the battefield
Hath trumpet echoes for his fame;
A patriot dies, and nations yield
Large tribute to embalm his name;
A chieftain sinks, and far resound
Proud eulogies; of doubtful birth,
God's lowly servant rest hath found,
Unnoted by the wise of earth.

Of him no lettered marbles tell.
None rear the monumental pile;
For him no pealing organ's swell
Floats down the long cathedral aisle;
There, but the tall pine's branches sweep;
There, wild vines dewy blossoms spread—
The forest rills with wailing deep
Are winding round his narrow bed.

But humble hearts, and faithful tears,
With few and simple words to heaven,
Mourned by his grave—whose sunny years
To show the better path, were given;
Who on his Master's mission came
To cheer, to harmonize, to bless;
The first to breathe that holy name,
Amid the smiling wilderness.

Deeply his gentle mind was stirred,
With fervent trust his soul imbued,
When low the warning voice was heard,
In the grey cloister's solitude.
For him the world was passing by,
In drowsy pageant dusk and cold,
Ambition held her lure on high,
Wealth vainly spread her nets of gold.

One cause, one truth, bound to advance,
With high resolve his spirit burned.
He gazed a last long look on France,
Then to the broad blue ocean turned.
And what to him was land or clime—
And what to him was gain or loss?
Called by the embassy sublime,
To teach the path, and plant the Cross.

Since then deceit, and crime, and strife,
Have swept that forest race away;
Scarce marked upon the page of life,
Those heroes of the elder day—
Urged by all grasping avarice,
In friendly guise the foe has come,
With evil deed, and strange device,
To seize the Indians' ancient home.

And skilled in falsehood's tortuous maze
With tongue and pen they've sought to brand
His lofty faith, that longed to raise
To light the sovereigns of the land.
His hope no earthly passion fed.
His moral strength no force could bind
The master spring, in love to spread,
God's pure dominion over mind.

At one dread tribunal arrayed,
When justide ope's the fearful scroll,
Among the accusers undismayed
In peace possess thy tranquil soul,
Perish the bauble wealth of fame—
Or conquest's meed, or empire's dross—
There is incribed thy righteous name,
Soldier and servant of the Cross.

MRS. HUGH (LESLIE) GRAHAM.

The Black Hawk War.

"Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past
And, turning from familiar sight and sound,
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
A glance upon Traditions shadowy ground."

We look backward through a long vista of years, and, like a beautiful picture see our own fair county. There are the green, unbroken praries, stretching away mile after mile, traversed by deer, antelope, and vast herds of buffalo. Forests, dark with the shade of oak and ash, of hickory and walnut. Rock River, winding in and out by bluffs and valleys, its clear waters reflecting the flowers that grew on its banks, and the grand old eagle that built her eyrie on many a rocky crag. We see too a strange, wild race inhabiting this wilderness. The silent moccasined foot of the red man trod these forests, and his villages dotted the valleys. The families constituting these villages, who lived, fought, and hunted together, were called tribes, and the heads of these tribes were called chiefs. Their succession generally depended upon birth, and was inherited through the female line. The braves spent their time in idleness, their wants being supplied by the squaws. The children were educated in the school of nature. Their savage passions were roused by tales of murder and battle, for the echoes of the war song never died away. They loved bright colors, and when they made visits or assembled in council they came in brilliant array, and a braves dress was often a history of his life, so symbolic were his uses of color and figures. It seems strange that these societies, or tribes, could be maintained without laws, but their ways of governing grew out of necessities. There was no public justice. Each man revenged himself. The power of the chief depended largely upon his personality, if he was eloquent he could more easily control his warriors. They were entranced by eloquence, and would listen for hours to a chief or brave who possessed this talent. Councils constituted their enjoyment, but war was their pathway to fame. Solemn fasts preceeded their departure to battle, and they sang

their war songs, and danced the wild dances to better prepare them for victory.

These Indians had no temples, nor priests, nor ceremony of religion. The believed in a hereafter, and in a Great Spirit, but not in a general resurection of the body. Their veneration for the dead excelled that of all other nations, and the graves of their forefathers were sacred above everything else to them. Other nations can point to art and literature as the enduring mementoes of their ancestors, but the red man's only history is his grave. It has been asked if these Indians were not the wrecks of more civilized nations. Much has been said and written upon this subject but the shadows are dim that glimmer across the voiceless darkness of uncounted centuries, and time has buried one fact after another in the grave of uncertainty.

The onward march of civilization was, however, bringing a strange new enemy to dispute the Indians' claim to this lovely Rock River valley. The Galena mines having been opened, a tide of emigration from the southern settlements swept along. In 1827 O. W. Kellogg made a trail from Peoria, then Ft. Clark, through the wide prairie. He crossed Rock River probably above Truman's island passed between Polo and Mt. Morris, then west to West Grove, and north to Galena. In 1828 John Boles, bearing to the west, crossed the river near the location of the present bridge, and this became the common road. About this time the government established a mail route from Peoria to Galena. The mail was carried on horseback once in two weeks. John Dixon, then Circuit clerk at Peoria, secured the contract. He, as well as the traveling public, was obliged to cross the river in canoes and swim their horses. J L. Bogardus in 1828 attempted to establish a ferry but was driven away by the Indians, and his boat burned. Soon after John Ogee, a half-breed Indian, built a cabin and ran a ferry until the spring of 1830, when he sold it to Father Dixon. A postoffice had been established at Ogee's Ferry. Upon taking charge of it Mr. Dixon was also appointed post master, and his name given to both office and ferry. Many of the incidents of early pioneer life occurred here, and men learned lessons of patriotism and pluck soon to be tested and tried in the Black Hawk war, a brief history of which I am to give.

It is the history of the most picturesque and bloody Indian war of the state. The true story of its stormy incidents and tragic end has never been written, because never free from personal or partizan prejudice. It is the story of the calling out of 8,000 volunteers and soldiers of the regular army, an outlay of two million dollars and a loss of 1,000 lives. Going back to 1804, we find that on November 4th of that year General Harri-

son made a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes by which they ceded all the territory lying between the Wisconsin, the Fox, the Illinois, and the Mississippi rivers, with about one-third of Missouri. The land amounted to about fifty million acres. For this they were to receive $1,000 a year. By this treaty the Indians were permitted to live and hunt upon these lands until sold for settlement by the government. A difference of opinion regarding this clause was the origin of the struggle. However, the treaty was reconfirmed in 1815, 1816 and again in 1822. Not far from Rock Island, then Ft. Armstrong, was situated the chief Indian village, Saukenauk. It was composed of 500 families, and surrounded by 3,000 acres of land in cultivation. Their forefathers were buried here, and the affections and interests of the tribe centered around this village. This tribe was divided into two bands, one friendly to Americans was led by the Chief Keokuk. He was gifted with a rare eloquence, by means of which he retained his influence in favor of the whites. The wild, turbulent spirits, the chivalry of the nation, arrayed themselves under the banner of Keokuk's rival, Black Hawk. It had been the policy of the British during the period between the wars of the revolution and 1812 to foster a spirit of hostility among the Indians toward the white settlers. In the latter war Black Hawk had served as an aid to the great Tecumseh. Long after peace was declared he continued to visit Malden, Canada, to receive presents from the English. Black Hawk was distinguished for courage, but was of a grave, melancholy disposition, disposed to brood over imaginary wrongs. He was not a Tecumseh or a Pontiac. He had not the military genius to plan a comprehensive scheme of action, yet he made a bold attempt to unite all the Indians from Rock River to Mexico in a war against the pale faces. Like Tecumseh he had his prophet whose influence was great in making recruits to the band.

In 1823, although the lands had not been surveyed, white settlers began to squat on the cultivated portions. Taking advantage of the absence of the Indians on their annual hunt, they fenced in the corn fields, drove away the squaws and children, and even burned their lodges. Disturbances naturally followed. In 1828 Gov. Reynold demanded the expulsion of the Indians, and President Jackson ordered their removal across the Mississippi before April 1, 1830. A portion of the tribe, with Keokuk at its head retired peaceably. Black Hawk refused to abandon the ancient village, and an arrangement was made with the settlers to dwell together as neighbors. Encouraged by the government the squatters practically took possession of the land. No outbreak occurred until 1831, after the return from the annual hunt, when the Indians were

ordered to depart. Black Hawk replied with great dignity that the lands were his, and he would defend his rights and the graves of his people, and threatened death to all who should remain. In response to complaints from the settlers Gov. Reynolds, on May 20, 1831, made a call for 700 volunteers, and notified Gen. Gains, commander of the military district, to repair to Rock Island with a few companies of regulars. The militia assembled at Beardstown to the number of 1,400 and were organized and ready to march by the 20th of June.

The brigade was put in command of Gen. Duncan of the state militia, and marched to a point on the Mississippi, eight miles below the mouth of Rock River. Here they joined Gen. Gaines with a steamboat and supplies. When the troops reached the village next morning they found that the Indians, alarmed by their numbers, had crossed the river. The soldiers burned the lodges and returned to Rock Island. Black Hawk, then, for the first time, ratified the treaty, and promised never to cross the river without permission. The government also agreed to furnish a large amount of corn and provisions, and thus ended the campaign of 1831. In 1832 the old chief again crossed the river, and directed his march to the Rock River country, hoping to make the Pottowattomies and Winnebagoes his allies. He might have succeeded in this plan had it not been for Father Dixon's influence over these tribes. Gen. Atkinson was then sent to Ft. Armstrong with regular troops. In response to the governor's call for volunteers, four regiments, an odd battalion, a spy battalion, and a foot battalion assembled in Beardstown in April and were placed in command of Brig. Gen. Whitesides. There were also two mounted battalions numbering four hundred men, commanded by Major Stillman. The force consisted of 2,000 volunteers and 1,000 regulars. Abraham Lincoln commanded a company in the 4th regiment, and Sidney Breese held the position of 2nd lieutenant. The army reached Ft. Armstrong May 7, 1832. They were there reinforced by Col. Taylor in whose command was Lieut. Jeff Davis. It was here divided into two wings. One was commanded by Gen. Atkinson, who proceeded up the river by boats. The other, under Gen. Whitesides, marched by land. Reaching Prophetstown they found it deserted. Pushing forward they reached Dixon's Ferry May 12th. They found here the battalions under Bailey and Stillman eager for battle and fame, and unwilling to attach themselves to the main body. They were sent to Old Man's Creek to coerce some hostile Indians at that point. Black Hawk, supposing they were Atkinson's force, sent a flag of truce; but the rangers killed and captured the messengers, save two. Upon their return Black Hawk tore

the flag in tatters, and at the head of his warriors, with the war cry of the Sacs, advanced to the charge. The volunteers beat a hasty retreat and only halted when they reached Dixon's Ferry. This was called the battle of Stillman's Run, and the whites here lost eleven men, and had several wounded. On May the 19th the entire army proceeded up the river leaving Stillman's men at Dixon. They, however, deserted, and Gen. Atkinson returned with his men, while Gen. Whitesides, force went in pursuit of the enemy. Black Hawk had divided his warriors into small bands, and they were sweeping down upon defenseless homes, killing and scalping all who came in their path. Seventy Indians made a descent upon the small settlement of Indian Creek, a tributary of Fox River, and massacred fifteen persons belonging to the families of Hall, Davis and Pettigrew. They took two young girls, prisoners, Silvia and Rachel Hall. After scalping their other victims they hurried these girls away by forced marches beyond the reach of pursuit. They had a long and fatiguing journey through a wilderness, with but little to eat, and were subjected to a variety of fortune. At last their friends, through the chiefs of the Winnebagoes, ransomed them for two thousand dollars, and they were delivered at Dixon. The horrible experiences of that day, together with the treatment they received, left its awful impress on their minds. In after years my mother knew these girls, then grown to womanhood, and it was an often remarked fact that they had never been seen to smile. They would sit, silent and melancholy, for hours, taking no part in the conversation, nor manifesting interest in their surroundings.

The volunteers becoming dissatisfied were mustered out by Lieut. Robert Anderson, of Ft. Sumpter fame. Gov. Reynolds again called for 2,000 men whose enlistment should be for the war. Gen. Scott was ordered to proceed from the east with 1,000 regulars, and while these were being organized 300 volunteers were recruited from the disbanded companies. General Whitesides and Abraham Lincoln re-enlisted as privates in this number. The new forces were divided into three brigades, with a spy battalion to each. Major John Dement commanded one of these battalions. The volunteers' force was also increased by a battalion under Col. Henry Dodge. Posey's brigade was ordered between Galena and Rock River. Alexander was dispatched to Plum River to intercept Black Hawk, while Henry remained at Dixon with Gen. Atkinson. On June 6th Black Hawk led an attack on the fort at Apple River, the engagement lasting fifteen hours. Here the women and children showed rare courage and presence of mind, busying themselves during those awful hours in moulding bullets. The enemy at length retreated after destroy

ing everything in their path. On June 14th occurred the engagement at Pecatonica where Gen. Dodge pursued a party of Indians, who had murdered some white settlers, until they took shelter under a high bluff of the river and there killed the whole party. This charge was as brave and brilliant as any on record in this or any other Indian war.

While passing through Burr Oaks grove June 16th a company of soldiers were attacked by seventy warriors, but owing largely to the courage of private Gen. Whitesides they were repulsed with great loss. June 17th Capt Stephenson had a skirmish with a party at Prairie Grove where a number were killed. June 25th occurred the battle of Kellogg's Grove.

Major John Dement with his battalion had received orders from Col. Taylor at Dixon to defend their post. Accordingly he took position in the heart of the Indian country. Learning that Black Hawk and a large force were in the vicinity he went out with a party to reconoiter and was suddenly attacked by 300 warriors. Finding himself in danger of being surrounded by a superior force he slowly retired to his camp, closely pursed by the enemy; here he took possession of Kellogg's first log house. His defense was so brave, and his aim so sure that the Indians finally retreated, leaving many dead upon the field. When the news of the battle reached Dixon's Ferry, Alexander's brigade was sent in the direction of Plum River, while Gen. Atkinson marched toward Lake Koshkoning, farther up Rock River. It was supposed Black Hawk had concentrated his forces here with the intention of ending the war in a general battle. Reaching this point July 2nd, no enemy was found, and being destitute of provisions Gen. Henry with Dodge's battalion which had joined him was sent to Ft. Winnebago for supplies; hearing that Black Hawk was in the vicinity they gave pursuit and on the 21st overtook him in a ravine near the Wisconsin River. Amid the yells of the Indians and the cries of the whites the battle raged until the Indians were overpowered and driven from the field. The main army under Gen. Atkinson having joined Henry and Dodge, the whole crossed the Wisconsin River and on the 2nd of August overtook Black Hawk at the mouth of the Bad Axe, where his warriors were defeated and dispersed. This battle broke the power of Black Hawk, who was taken prisoner August 27th and delivered to the United States officers. The final treaty of peace was signed September 21st. Black Hawk, Neopope, and the Prophet were imprisoned at Fortress Monroe till June 4, 1833. On parting with Col. Eustis, the commander of the fort, Black Hawk addressed him with simple pathos: "The memory of your friendship will remain until the Great

Spirit says that it is time for Black Hawk to sing his death song." Presenting him with a beautiful hunting suit and some feathers of the white eagle he said: "Accept these from Black Hawk and when he is far away they will serve to remind you of him. May the Great Spirit bless you and your children."

After a tour of the principal eastern cities Black Hawk was returned to Ft. Armstrong August 1st, where he was made the ward of Keokuk. He died October 3, 1840, at the age of eighty years, and was buried near the Mississippi River, where no passer by bestows even the tribute of a sigh to his memory, and his only requiem is the plaintive note of the lone whippoorwill. August 15, 1832, the troops were mustered out at Dixon's Ferry by Lieut. Robt. Anderson, and disbanded by General Scott. Thus ended the Black Hawk war, which in our backward glance at time we little understand or appreciate. Compared with the civil war it may seem trivial, but not in proportion to the number of inhabitants and the facilities. It was a war without roads or bridges, without railroads or telegraphs, and without the modern equipments of to-day. It was a war with barbarians, full of horrors which in these far away days, no heart can conceive, no tongue can tell, and no pen can write. It was a war between these rude children of nature clinging to kinsman, home, and country, and a race of brave pioneers who saw in the future a rising nation spread over this rude and fruitful land advancing to a destiny beyond the reach of mortal eye. And, however, historians may disagree about the right and wrong, none can deny that it was the means of hastening the early settlement of northern Illinois by a better class of people than in other portions of the state.

Dixon's Ferry was at that time the central point of interest between Chicago, then a small frontier post, and the Mississippi. The settlers from Rockford being obliged to go there for their mail. From 1829 to 1835 all the emigration to Galena and the lead mines crossed the river there. It was made up of all conditions and sorts of men. There the red man came to barter their furs, and there the chiefs gathered in solemn council. There during the war the troops rendezvoused because it was the most central position for supplies, and the most advantageous ground for maneuvering both. There was built the most pretentious fort in the state, It consisted of two block houses situated on the north bank of the river a few rods west ef the ferry. It was guarded by a company of infantry, thus assuring the safety of the crossing to all. There the wandering red men bade a last farewell to their hunting grounds, and sought a home beyond the great river, where they hoped to escape

the onward march of the white man. There Father Dixon distributed the forty thousand rations sent from Rock Island for them. There were gathered citizen soldiers who had held every office in the gift of the people, and who had achieved honor and success. There at a little outpost in a prairie wilderness was assembled a group of men whose fame has spanned the world. Would that time permitted me to call the roll, to, "Roll back the tide of time, and raise the faded forms of other days." In fancy's dream we would see Father Dixon, the first white settler, the noble representative of a proud ambitious race, exchanging the courtesies of life with untaught savages, and they called him friend. Born at a time when the republic had a name but not a history, and gifted with rare unselfishness, justice and patriotism, he exerted all his energies to uplift degraded humanity. In the accomplishment of this mission he was able to render most important service in the war, and won the respect and friendship of the many eminent men of his acquaintance. His roof sheltered all, friend and foe, and the Indian chiefs in solemn council sat down to his table as honored guests. Though filling many offices acceptably, his chief interest was the advancement of the town which bore his name, and for this he labored with generous and untiring zeal. He had the honor of being a passenger on Fulton's first steamboat up the Hudson and paid the first fare the famous inventor received. A true honest manhood crowned his life and his grave is hallowed by the loving memories of the community. Peacefully he sleeps, his dirge the rustle of the leaves and the soft moan of the beautiful river he loved so well.

Under the same shadows lies one who when a lad of thirteen came with his parents from the plains of Tennessee, seeking a new home in a new state. From that day John Dement directed his best energies to building up the commonwealth, and our territorial and state laws to-day bear the impress of his sound sense and good judgement. In early manhood he was chosen to public office and continued to serve the people in county, city and state through a long life. While acting as state treasurer he took part in the three campaigns of the Black Hawk war. In the first he acted as aide-de-camp to Gov. Reynolds and was witness to the treaty. The following year, while residing at Vandalia, he again enlisted and was sent by Gen. Whitesides with six men to visit Shabbona, the Pottawattomie chief, thirty miles north of Dixon, and warn him not to allow Black Hawk to come upon his lands to live. While out on this expedition he learned the location of this chief's land and on the following day reported to the commander at Dixon. He then returned home and for the third time joined the volunteers, was made commander

of a spy battalion and reported to Col. Zachary Taylor at Dixon. From there he was sent in search of Black Hawk and led the brilliant engagement at Kellogg's Grove, where for the first time the troops held their position till reinforcements arrived. In the story of Black Hawk's life, as told by himself, he complimented the young white chief in an eloquent manner on his coolness, and courage, and it is a remarkable fact that the histories all coincide in awarding the palm for military tact and daring courage to Col. Dement and Henry Dodge, afterwards his father-in-law. Col. Dement is identified with the story of the war from beginning to end and no one had a more intimate acquaintance and friendship with the many distinguished men engaged in it. It is greatly to be regretted that the the events of that time had not been written at his dictation, with all the wealth of personal and local incidents he had at command. With the addition of the personal recollections of Mrs. Dement, then Miss Dodge, no history in existence would have been of more interest or value. Many of the facts I have given you have been verified by a letter from Geo. W. Jones.

He served in the war as adjutant to Gen. Dodge and was afterwards United States Senator from Iowa, where he now resides. Although nearly ninety years old he narrates the scenes of that long ago time with great clearnees and recalls many interesting anecdotes of pioneer life and distinguished men. Very touching and very beautiful are the memories of his dear old friends, Col. Dement and the Dodge family, which this old man so lovingly lingers over as a precious part of his own young manhood. After the war Col. Dement was again called to fill offices of honor and trust and at length removed with the land office from Galena to Dixon, There he passed the happiest years of his life rejoicing in the rising fortunes of the city, part of which bears his name. These scenes had woven a spell about his heart which no separation could break and coming age but added strength to the enchantment which was a "twilight of the brightness passed away."

In these times of danger and hardship women too had a place. Mrs. Dixon was the first white woman who settled in Lee county and she was well equipped for the allotted place in life. She was remarkably intelligent, warm-hearted and ready for any good work. Under her roof all were welcome and she had the tact and insight to keep the peace and friendship of all, red and white, who gathered there. The winter preceding the war Black Hawk and a number of chiefs held a council at Dixon's Ferry. These chiefs were invited to sit down to her table three

times a day, where she presided gracefully, eating and drinking with them. Black Hawk, as spokesman for the rest, thanked her for her great kindness and ever afterwards remembered it. The nearest neighbors were Mr. Kelloggs, who had settled at Kellogg's Grove in 1828, and some families who had located at Buffalo Grove, now Polo, the same year. In 1831 the Kelloggs moved to Buffalo Grove and the Reeds arrived the same day. Annie Kellogg, now Mrs. E. B. Baker of Dixon, and Fanny Reed, now Mrs. Fanny Dixon, are the only persons in Lee county who were here during the war and no history has the reality which attaches to the story from their lips. In 1831 the settlers, fearing an outbreak, joined others at Apple River and commenced to build a fort, when a dispatch was received informing them that a treaty had been made and they might return. In 1832 a messenger arrived at Buffalo Grove with the news of Stillman's defeat and advised them to go immediately to Dixon. Mrs. Baker remembers that morning distinctly. Her father had gone to Galena for supplies and her mother was alone with a hired man and her two little children. Leaving the breakfast table her mother and the man mounted their horses, each taking a child. Little Annie rode on a pillow, the only article they brought away with them. Arriving at Dixon, Mrs. Dixon gave them a generous welcome. Mrs. Baker remembers the Indians, of whom she had no fear. She has often seen Black Hawk and describes him as a large, hard-faced Indian not at all noted for beauty. She went freely to their wigwams and was taught their dances by the chiefs, After their departure the Indians rifled the house of everything save the feathers, which they turned out of the ticks on the floor. Mrs. Baker's greatest trial was the loss of a certain little wooden dog, very dear to her childish heart, which she had forgotten in her flight. After spending two weeks with the Dixon family they were all sent to Galena with an escort of soldiers and did not return to their homes until late autumn. On the road they passed their old home and found every tree and shrub loaded with a strange fruit—feathers. A number of Indians had improvised a thicket by cutting down small trees and sticking them in the ground, and were hidden behind them. They were so near the road that they easily recognized the party. These women and children had always been honest, truthful and kind in all their dealings with the savages, and to this they owed their escape from a cruel death. Can we realize in any degree the heroism lived every day of these brave lives? In 1833 they were again compelled to leave their homes by rumors of war, but returned before harvest and were never disturbed afterwards. Mrs. Baker remembers Dixon when it consisted of

Father Dixon's log house, located on the site of Frenzel's meat market, and the block houses on the north side. The army was encamped on the flat north of Main street and west of Galena street.

Perhaps no group of tents ever sheltered so many men who afterwards became famous in our own country and the whole world. There was Sindney Breese, who came to Illinois in 1818, and for sixty years was a strong factor in professional, political and judicial life. In 1831 he published a law report, which was the first book printed in the state, personally assisting in the work. In 1832 he volunteered as a private in the Black Hawk war, where he rose to an office outranking Taylor and Anderson. To him belongs the honor of projecting the Illinois Central Railroad, and he desired no other inscription on the marble above him. In 1840 he had the greater honor of making the first congressional effort to build the great Pacific railway. He confronted opposition in congress and out, in regard to the new route for the commerce and wealth of the east to enter the western world. The monument commemorates these services, and the grand old man went proudly to his grave with the consciousness that what he had done would live after him as the heritage of a great man to his country.

The name of Robert Anderson will ever be associated with the fall of Fort Sumter, the central act of the war, and the most important from a military standpoint. The story of the insult to the nation's flag, and his gallant defense, as it flashed over the North was the signal for a resurrection of patriotism which swept away all party lines and united the people in one common love of country. Yet the man so strong and brave in the war lifted a little wounded Indian child from beside its dead mother, had its arm amputated, and tenderly cared for its wants. He lived to unfurl the old flag again over the fort, and over an undivided nation. Perhaps he learned lessons of bravery while marching through this valley under command of Col. Taylor, of whom it was said, "he never surrendered," and who was afterwards President of the United States. Though he was a slaveholder he was wise, sincere and honest, and bitterly opposed to the extension of slavery. He was not a statesman by genius or habit, but he was a personal example of a patriot striving, in his own last words, "to do my duty." This sentiment he strongly emphasized in his speech to the volunteers at Dixon's Ferry, where he said: "You are citizen soldiers, and some of you may fill high offices, or even be President some day, but never unless you do your duty. Forward! March!" Did some shadowy finger of prophecy open to him the doors of futurity? Did

he see himself, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis filling these places? May we not believe that the sound of the war cry and the sight of the scalping knife cast a witchery over the soul of the young Lieut. Davis, never to be broken till in madness he lifted his hand against the Union, and proclaimed his loyalty to the State and to the slave power. How infamous that descent from conspiracy to treason, from treason to rebellion, from rebellion to a civil war which rent asunder the most sacred ties of humanity, filled hearts and homes from sea to sea with anguish and tears, and baptised this fair land with the life-blood of 300,000 of the republic's bravest sons. And yet the sacrifice was not complete until the assassin's hand struck down the idol of a loyal people—Abraham Lincoln. In the rank and file of the Indian war he walked a simple childlike man, unknown to fortune or fame. Gifted with a rare patience and a wise moderation, born of a native kindliness, he had ever that charm given only to those in whose souls the fountain of tears and the fountain of laughter lie close together, and their mingling waters bear men along on a resistless current of sympathy. Even then hung over him that strange sadness which cast a shadow over his life, "My destiny is upon me." He had that which endures in human character—the power of growth, the upward movement, the aspiration for better things, which thirty years later sent him forth to be the ruler of the greatest nation on earth—the leader of its embattled hosts in a conflict between North and South, between firearms and genius, and between the great principles of Freedom and Slavery. By the singular power of his personality he achieved a victory which won for him the reverence of a nation, and the worship of an emancipated race. How passing strange that with the eyes of the world upon him in those dark days, the memories of his early life in Lee county and Dixon should find a place. After the fall of Fort Sumter, in conversation with Robert Anderson he reminded him of those meetings which he had forgotten, saying, "You mustered me into the United States service during the Black Hawk war as a high private of the Illinois volunteers at Dixon's Ferry."

Though never again permitted to visit these early scenes, the ideal of his life has become the ideal of many lives, adding to the moral and spiritual capital of the world, and sounding the key note of a strain which abides forever.

One by one they have vanished from our sight till only two remain who lived through the scenes of the Black Hawk war. Could they but tell their story here to-day your hearts would be filled with admiration and regret that we who reap the fruit of their toil have failed to preserve

these precious bits of tradition and history now buried with the dead. The American nation, though young in years, has, by means of its vast accumulations of wealth, been stamped throughout the civilized world with materialism. And as this wealth flows in perennial streams among the people is there not danger that we may fulfill the prophecies of foreign nations by allowing this characteristic to stamp itself too deeply, not only upon our lives, but upon our exhibits at the World's Fair. On the women of America rests the burden of modifying this tendency by awakening and cultivating an interest in all educational matters.

No subject is attracting more attention from women's clubs in connection with the World's Fair than the history of our own country. It has become a duty as well as a pleasure to collect and preserve all that relics, record or tradition can add to the unwritten pages. Whether it is possible or practical with our facts to make such an exhibit remains to be decided upon. To what bright sister shall belong the honor of devising some plan of action by which we may be represented in the historical exhibit of the state if nothing more. Why should not Lee county be made a point of historical interest, for time and history do at last come to hallow and make remarkable all places connected with great men and great enterprises. What a picture for the artist's brush! A solitary cabin standing by the Indian's "Sinnissippi," amid the vast solitudes of a prairie desert, and in its open door Nachusa, the herald of peace and goodwill, receiving on the one hand a deputation of the native sons of the soil bearing in their hands their rude offerings; on the other a group of men whose names and deeds adorn history's page, and speak to listening multitudes through song and story, through marble and canvas, and floating over all the banner of our own proud state with the simple legend, "Illini" the land of men.

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John Clement

Reminiscences

OF NORTHWESTERN ILLINOIS.

THE writer of the following reminiscences came from eastern New York to Illinois in the early spring of 1846. The land he left was highly picturesque, being characterized by high hills with deep valleys between. It was a rocky region, and the cultivated fields being largely reclaimed from the prevailing forests, bore striking evidence of their original estate by the numerous stumps remaining, which awaited the action of time to crumble into dust. The land to which he came, however, was a signal contrast to this. Forests there were none worthy the name. Narrow skirts of timber fringed the sluggish streams, while all the land between these water-courses lay in a broad and beautiful expanse of undulating prairie, studded with wild flowers of various hues and forms. The view of this beautiful land was enchanting, and as we traversed it by stage—for at that time there was not a foot of railroad in the state—we thought it the garden spot of earth.

Leaving Chicago—which then was but a respectable village, clustered on the shore of the lake about the mouth of the insignificant bayou called the "river"—we were not long in reaching the first stage station. Here fresh horses were secured and with successive relays of animals, and under the direction of skillful "Jehu" drivers, we swept over the beautiful emerald ocean until we reached what was then known as the "Rock River country." Enchanting as had been the scenery all the way, it seemed to us that nothing could excel the beauty of the region around what was then known as "Dixon's Ferry." For miles before we reached the little cluster of houses so named, the landscape seemed to acquire new attractions at every step, until, ascending the eminence to the east of the valley, we attained a view of the valley and the crystal stream rolling through it, our involuntary exclamation was, "surely nothing can excel this." The judgment then formed has not been reversed, though nearly half a century has since passed away.

Our destination being Galena, the center of the mining section of the state, we were not many hours in reaching that city, which we found to be at that early day a far more attractive and more wealthy place than Chicago. The principal industries were mining lead ore, smelting it and shipping the lead. As the chief market for this metal was England, the circulating medium in and around Galena was largely gold of the denomination of sovereigns. These having in the mines a local value exceeding by some four or five cents each what they would bring elsewhere, were kept very largely in that portion of the State. Little paper money was in circulation, and what there was seemed to be looked upon with suspicion, as indeed it might well be, for the banks were then mostly of a private, and very largely of an irresponsible character. Silver for small change was quite plentiful, though it was hard for eastern ears to recognize it under the new names it bore. The "levy," "flp," and "bit," were the names of honest silver coin, and names brought in by the emigrants from the south who found their way to the mines in search of remunerative employment. These same persons. from the southern portion of the state, and largely of the least thrifty class, gave, it was said, the *soubriquet*, "Suckers," to Illinoisans.

The calling of the writer of these reminiscences, that of minister of the gospel, and a home missionary, led him to make frequent excursions into the region round about Galena, extending as far south upon the Mississippi River as Rock Island and Keokuk, and as far east and southeast as Rockford and Dixon. It was a peculiarly wild, and in an early day, lawless region.

Notwithstanding the fact that all through the mining region, and down the Mississippi river and up through the Rock River valley, and east and south to the Illinois River much lawlessness prevailed, I have to record with pleasure that I was never molested nor insulted—on the other hand, my profession being known, I was invariably treated with respect and courtesy. In that early day transportation was granted me without charge on the steamboats, and entertainment was free to me as a clergyman, both in hotels and private residences. Often when I have offered pay it has been kindly but firmly refused; and this courteous treatment was not confined to the christian or even the moral portion of the various communities visited. On a certain occasion, when on a missionary tour, I saw a number of men gathered around a log cabin by the roadside in a very lonely forest. I halted my horse and spoke to them. I told them that I was a minister of the gospel and asked the privilege of addressing them upon the subject of religion. They readily assented

and politely asked me to alight. One man took my horse, another opened the door and led the way into the cabin. I then discovered that it was a rough backwoods drinking saloon. The only table in the room was covered with bottles filled with liquor. These were quickly removed and placed on the wide window-sill, and the table became my pulpit. Dispensing with singing I opened my Bible and preached to an attentive audience "of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." What the result was I don't know; I only know that rough men were willing to listen as the gospel was proclaimed, and treated the bearer of the divine message with courtesy and kindness.

The last remnant of the aborigines had been removed from Illinois before my arrival in the state, though many who had participated in the conflict which preceded and accompanied the last serious outbreak, known as the "Black Hawk War," still lived, and had many tales to tell of the struggle between the early settlers and the red men. A block house for the protection of the inhabitants living between Galena and Dixon had been built on Apple River, near the little mining town of Elizabeth, some fifteen or sixteen miles south of Galena. The families residing in this region extending as far west as the Mississippi river, and as far east as Freeport and south to Dixon, had been notified probably by Shabbona, an Indian always friendly to the whites, of an intended outbreak of the savages, and many of them had repaired to the block-house near Elizabeth, resolved to defend themselves against the foe. They had not long to wait. A marauding band of Indians surrounded the little fort, and, protected by the trees and dense shrubbery, lay in wait to pick off any who might be exposed to the deadly aim of their rifles. In the meantime those in the block-house were prepared for defense. A platform had been built some five or six feet above the floor, and upon this the men were ranged ready to fire from the port-holes left between the logs. The women in the meantime, under the leadership of "Aunt Betty Armstrong," as she was familiarly called, a strong minded and courageous woman, moulded bullets and loaded the muskets of their husbands and brothers, determined to do their part in defending themselves and their families from the savages. The siege continued for many hours. In the course of the battle—as Mrs. Armstrong herself informed me—an Indian bullet pierced the neck of one of the men upon the platform and he fell among the women below. "As he lay there," to employ Mrs. Armstrong's own words, "You never saw a hog bleed prettier," Mr. Harsha, "than he did." His jugular vein was cut as neatly as a knife could have done it, and in a few minutes the man was dead. One of the other

men on the platform was so frightened at this that he dropped his gun, and was about to abandon his post. Seeing this, added Aunt Betty, "I pointed a gun at him which I had just loaded, and told him that if he did not stand his ground there would be another white man lying dead in less than a minute. This settled it, and no one else played the coward during the fight." Finding that they could not take the little fort, the Indians raised the seige and quietly left, bearing their dead and wounded with them.

Another battle took place with the Indians about this time, not far from Elkhorn Grove, which was more disastrous to the whites than the one at the block-house on the Apple River. The whites, in attacking the Indians who were hidden in a thicket, became exposed upon the open prairie, and were repulsed with the loss of several of their number in killed and wounded. An Indian pony from which one of these was shot was kept until his death at a great age, by Col. Mitchell, at Elizabeth. The man who was shot from the pony was Col. Mitchell's son-in-law, but his name has escaped me. These skirmishes were preliminary to the Black Hawk war. Into the details of the Black Hawk war this narrative need not enter, as the incidents of that event, which ended for the State of Illinois the drama of Indian conflicts, have passed into general history. The following, however, in connection with the now thriving city of Dixon, communicated to me by Mr. Dixon himself, the founder of the town, may be of interest. When the Black Hawk war broke out, General Scott, who had charge of the Northwestern Military Department, and was at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, ordered the militia, which had been called out for the defense of the citizens, to rendezvous at Dixon. To muster these volunteers into the United States service, General Scott sent two young Lieutenants from Fort Snelling to Dixon, while he himself with the regular troops intended to descend the Mississippi River, and attack the Indians in their principal village near the junction of Rock River with the Mississippi. Mr. Dixon kept the only tavern then in Dixon, being a double log cabin, and entertained the militia officers, as well as the two lieutenants sent to muster them into service. One of these young officers sent from Fort Snelling—as Mr. Dixon afterward told me, was a bright, sprightly young man, very talkative, and exceedingly inquisitive as to the habits of the Indians, while the other seemed very quiet, retiring and modest. The young men were about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. They administered the oath to the volunteers, among whom was a captain about their own age who was dressed in Kentucky jeans, hailing from Sangamon county, Illinois, and then went on

to join General Scott at Rock Island.

Years rolled away and the great rebellion was inaugurated, when the the three young men meeting thus in Dixon during the Black Hawk war, filled the most prominent positions in the land. The Sangamon county captain was Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States; the sprightly young lieutenant was Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, and the modest, retiring young lieutenant, as Captain Anderson, was the first to defend the flag at Fort Sumpter, in Charleston harbor.

Being in New York City shortly after the evacuation of Fort Sumter, I related, one evening at the supper table of Mr. Black, of the firm of Ball, Black & Co., the then noted jewelers, the above facts as they had been told me by Mr. Dixon. William Black, a son of Mr. Black, remarked, on hearing me, that Captain, now General Anderson, was living in the city, and if I wished he would take me to see him, as he was acquainted with the general, and we could ascertain whether he would confirm Mr. Dixon's statement. Gladly assenting to Mr. Black's proposal I fixed upon the next evening to make a call.

During the afternoon of the next day I was in the book store of Robert Carter & Bros., 530 Broadway, and related to Robert Carter the facts as above given, touching Lincoln, Davis and Anderson, and told him that I expected to call on General Anderson that evening for a confirmation of Mr. Dixon's statement. Just as I had finished my remarks to Mr. Carter, a gentleman, who had been standing with his back to us looking over the books upon the shelves, turned suddenly, and stepping up to us, said: "That is so, sir, for I was there myself." Upon this, Mr. Carter introduced me to the gentleman, saying, "Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Mr. Harsha.' Dr. Gallagher then proceeded. "Yes," he said, "I was chaplain at Fort Snelling at the time, and was sent by General Scott with Davis and Anderson to Dixon, and when they had mustered the troops there into the service of the United States, we went on to meet General Scott at Rock Island, and I well remember the difficulties we encountered in finding our way across the then trackless prairies." Dr. Gallagher was a Presbyterian clergyman, and at the time of this interview, was the finan cial agent of the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. The testimony was no less unexpected than gratifying.

According to the appointment I went that evening and called upon General Anderson. When I told him the object of my visit, and had asked him for his recollection of what had occurred at Dixon, he fully confirmed Mr. Dixon's statement, and added: "After the fall of Fort

Sumpter, my nervous system was completely broken down, and Mr. Lincoln invited me to visit him in Washington. I had not met him after our meeting at Dixon, until my visit to him at the White House. There Mr. Lincoln reminded me of the Black Hawk days, and said to me, in his kindly, familiar manner: "Anderson, you and Davis administered to me at Dixon the first oath I ever took to defend the Constitution of the United States." General Anderson inquired whether Mr. Dixon were still alive, and when answered in the affirmative, said: "Please remember me to him, and say, if we never meet on earth, I hope to meet him in heaven."

But the flight of time has brought to all our land marvelous changes. The beautiful prairies of those early days, have been turned under by the thrifty settler's plow, and where the wild rose, the aster, the golden rod, the buttercup and the daisy once nodded in the breeze, the corn raises its stately head, and the waving wheat fields bespeak the coming harvest. Neither forts nor block-houses dot the landscape to tell of defense from the Indian rifle and scalping knife. Thirfty towns, and villages, and cities; stately homes proclaiming wealth and luxury, have taken the place of the squatter's humble cabin. The hardy pioneers, who "bore the burden and heat" of those early days, are passed away, and their children and children's children enjoy the fruits of their thoughtful toil. The great rebellion has come and gone. Lincoln and Davis, and Anderson, nearly all who bore a part in that great struggle, have passed into the eternal world. The few survivors of those pioneer days, white haired and feeble now, await the summons which shall call them into the land immortal.

W. W. HARSHA.

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FATHER DIXON'S CABIN AND FERRY IN 1832.

Dixon's First Temperance Pledge.

The sun that shines so brightly down
This day, upon our pleasant town,
Some sixty years ago had seen
The first white settler on our green;
"Nachusa," as the Indians said,
Or, "man with white hair on his head,"
Then stood upon our river's banks,
First pioneer among the ranks
Of those who to Rock Valley came,
To make themselves a Western name.

Rock River courses in beauty there
Around its lovely Islands rare,
Although no bridge its breadth did span;
The daily sun in splendor died,
To rise again in all its pride,
But only shone on prairie land
Untilled by any white man's hand;
The Winnebago Indians stood
Possessed of Dixon's plains and woods,
Although this country had been sold
To Government for trade and gold.

Thus, scarcely had the white man come,
To find a cabin roof his home,
When an old Chief and part his band,
Around Nachusa's hearth did stand,
And queried, in the red man's way,
If he "had come to go or stay?"
Owanica, his Indian name;
Old Jarro, to our men, the same;
He, the Pottawatomie language knew,
And, as Nachusa spoke it too,
They talked, and Jarro's men stood still,
While he interpreted at will;
And for their questioning glances, sought
The whiskey which the white man brought.

Nachusa sternly shook his head,
"No whiskey had he brought," he said;
"And would not buy or keep it there?"
Old Jarro asked, while scowled his men,
"If he would get some they'd be glad,
It not—'twas bad—*'twas very bad.*"

Nachusa saw—and quickly then,
He took to Jarro and his men
Both flour and corn, and many things
Which only white to red man brings;
And as the lowering brows gave way,
He bade them call another day;
And this on every day was done,
Until old Jarro called alone;
With such good food, his appetite
Was scarce appeased from morn 'till night;

And always did the white man tell
Of whiskey, and its curse as well,
Persuading him each day and hour,
To free him from its evil power;
And so the Chief proclaimed that he
Was temperate, in Thirty-Three—
Declaring that himself and men,
Should never be found drunk again;
And this a "Temperance Pledge" became,
Before this town was built or named.

Some time had passed when Jarro went
To make a grieved and sad lament;
"Two warriors at Galena bought
The whiskey which the Indians sought.
And on the island, near the dam,
Were many drinking, and he ran
To tell their names—Nachusa must
Treat them with scorn and so be just."

Two days' and nights' carousal high,
And then the leading man drew nigh.
Holding his hand in friendly token,
As though no temperance pledge was broken,
Amazement in his face to trace
The anger in Nachusa's face,
As, with arms crossed upon his breast,
Nachusa stood in quiet rest,
Or backward drew, as the red man
His questioning dialogue began.

"Why was he angry? it was not he
Who any wrong had done—nor he"—
"Stop" said Nachusa, do not lie,
I know the reasons all, and why";
And beckoning him away, told cause
Of all his anger—bade him pause,
"He would not see nor speak to him
Without severest reckoning;
For he was mad—was *very* mad—
If red man drank would not be glad."

The warrior stopped and looking sad
Inquired "how long he would be mad?"
"Until next moon? that was too long;"
But fixedly was the white man strong,
And sternly bade him give it up,
The fatal, poisonous, whiskey cup,
"Or cling to drink and never more
Seek out his face or pass his door."
Rock River's waters, coldly blue,
Beheld the stormy interview.

Eleven days after, in the light
That shuts out day and takes in night,
Just as the full moon's silvery sheen
Was trailing o'er the prairies green,
The Indian in the gloaming stood,
With hands held out in gracious mood;
Nachusa to the erring ran—
Made happy signs of friendly man,
And thus the second pledge was made,
Which lasted while old Jarro stayed.

Nachusa told inquirers then,
He lived before the "Old Wolf's Den,"
Across the waters dark and blue,
For thus they all the country knew;
The Old Wolf's Den, on North Side bluff,
Where, though the climbing may be rough,
The earliest and sweetest flowers grow,
From which our stranger friends are shown
The town and finest elm tree known.

Nachusa smoked the pipe of peace
Though not from Indian theft released;
So, with the tribe, when payment came
For these same lands, he went to claim
The specie for a missing cow—

And horse that wandered (none knew how)
To Winnebago Fort, where Captain Lowe
With kindly inquiries pressed him so,
Nachusa told of Jarro's weal,
And of his temperance work and zeal.

The Captain laughed, sarcastic peals
Which tells the hearer what one feels;
Recalling all the friendly aid
To ragged, drinking Jarro made,
Declared that "he knew Indians well,
And so could for a surety tell,
That Jarro, if a chance he got,
Would prove the most degraded sot;"

And turning tothe sutler's store;
Beckoned the chief within the door,
And in a pleasant, friendly way
Asked him some questions as he stayed;
The while he filled a large tin cup,
And said the Chief should take a sup.

Old Jarro thanked him kindly then,
But said he "feared the great white man,
And so would take the whiskey out
And watch his chance, for thereabouts,
(The Captain he would understand)
Nachusa stood with threatening hand."

The Captain for the Fort had left,
When Jarro to Nachusa crept,
And telling all the doubtful story,
With Indian haughtiness and glory,
Led him some distance in the wood,
When the tin cup as well filled stood
As he could bear it in his hand,
The proudest chief in all the land,
To prove the tempter was mistaken;
The chieftan's pledge was not forsaken.

Old Jarro raised himself upright
And poised the cup in Dixon's sight,
Then turning on his heel, half 'round,
He poured the contents on the ground,
And with the noble thought and deed,
The red man of the forest said,
"Owanica had promised well!
And you, Nachusa, now can tell
That not a drop of cursed fire
Has passed his lips—*he was no liar.*"

For Winnebago lives in name;
The Winnebagoes—who can tell
If any feel the temperance spell?
Rock River, bridged by many a span,
And subject to the works of man,
Still sees Nachusa's snow white head,
And flows beneath his measured tread,
And hears, with many an old time tale,
Of the Temperance Pledge that did not fail.

H. E. UNDERWOOD.

NOTES FROM MR. DIXON.

The full moon was the Indians time of reckoning. When the Central railroad was built in Dixon they cut away the old wolf's den for the north end of the railroad bridge. It used to be a large cave, and beyond the portion you could enter, a narrow passage led to the den—the resort for many wolves. Winnebago Fort was on the peninsula between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and about a mile from either.

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"Mother" Dixon.

ONE OF the most remarkable of the many noble women among the early settlers who made their homes in the Rock River valley was Mrs. Rebecca Dixon.

Born at Peekskill, New York, and reared near New York City, of refined and cultured parentage, with a broad mind, well educated, she with her husband, early became possessed of a desire to go west and cast in their lot with the pioneers of a new and almost unknown country. They came first to Sangamon county, near Springfield, but afterwards moved to Peoria, Illinois, he having been appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court of Peoria county, and after remaining for four years, Mr. Dixon having contracted for carrying the mail from Peoria to Galena, and being obliged to cross Rock River, became enamoured of the Rock River country, and soon purchased the ferry across Rock River at what is now Dixon. Here Mr. and Mrs. Dixon moved, and he established his claims to the territory covered by Dixon and its surroundings Here Mr. Dixon might be said to be "monarch of all he surveyed." His was the only white family on Rock River, and Mrs. Dixon the only white woman between Peoria and Galena, and her only neighbors were the red men of the forest.

By her kind, gentle, yet firm and christian deportment she soon gained the confidence and esteem of her neighbors and ever retained it. The door of her log cabin was never barred, and the latch string was never drawn in *night or day*. "The latchstring was always out." "Nachusa," (*the white haired*) as the Indians called Mr. Dixon, was always the recognized friend of the red man, and they consulted him in all their difficulties; and when any of them incurred his displeasure the culprit came to Mrs. Dixon at the first opportunity, saying, "Nachusa mad, me 'fraid Nachusa," and begged her to intercede for him and persuade Nachusa to turn away his anger. The Indians had a wholesome fear of Nachusa, and dreaded his anger. Old Shabbona, chief of the Winnebago tribe, was, for years after the Indians left this region, an annual visitor at Mr. Dixon's, where he spent days in smoking and chatting with "Nachusa."

The Indians respected and revered Mrs. Dixon, and were always ready to do her bidding, and were completely under her control.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Dixon endured patiently and cheerfully all the privations and inconviences incident to a new country, among which the loss of intelligent and refined society, the complete isolation, the lack of the comforts and luxuries of a well appointed home were not the least. Yet she never laid aside her dignity, her queenliness of deportment, her refinement, her self-respect, her *perfect womanliness.* No man, however low his instinct, could be in her presence a moment without feeling awed and subdued by her queenly dignity and *perfectly ladylike* presence. Though a frail, slight woman, probably never weighing more than ninety pounds, and never in robust health, she neither feared or failed to adhere to her strict temperence principles in the presence of the roughest traveler who asked shelter in her home. If he attempted to bring liquor into the house, she took it from him, saying simply: "This is forbidden here, "or, "We cannot have this," and poured it on the ground.

Dr. Oliver Everett, who was always their family physician, has many times said in the hearing of the writer, "She was a wonderful woman and I count it one of the greatest blessings and privileges of my life that I was permitted to enjoy the society and friendship of Mrs. Dixon. Rev. Thomas Powell, who was a member of the Sunday school in New York City, of which Mr. Dixon was superintendent before coming to Illinois, expressed himself in like manner, and said she was a wonderful woman, and that he counted it a great privilege to have been permitted to sit at her feet and be a learner. Rev. Mr. Powell was for many years a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union and has many times preached in Dixon. Mrs. Dixon was at home in the governor's mansion, and also in the homes of the poor. Mr. Dixon being on the Board of Public Works, was frequently called to the capital of our state on business and was accompanied at times by Mrs. Dixon. She was always received by the officials with due respect and with the unaffected greeting due to a heartily welcomed and highly esteemed guest.

Everyone honored and respected her, and when the community was solicited by her for aid in the care of the sick or for the relief of the poor and destitute, everyone was ready to respond cheerfully to her request.

She was an exceedingly interesting conversationalist a keen observer, and intelligent upon almost any subject, and very kind and sociable with the children and youth, for whom she always had a word of encouragement.

But the crowning glory of Mrs. Dixon's character *was her deep, fervent,*

unaffected piety. No one could speak disrespectfully of Our Savior or His cause in her presence.

"Whose I am and whom I serve," was what she had to say of Christ; and she lived it out. Her influence was most salutary. In her own home she conducted family worship, Mrs. Dixon being a silent worshipper.

It is a remarkable fact that during the time they resided on the farm west of Dixon, now owned by the Dr. Everett estate, every farm hand who resided with them was converted and gave himself to the Saviour.

Mrs. Dixon was the mother of twelve children, all of whom, except three, she outlived. One by one they were taken from her to the Father's home on high. Yet she never lost her faith, nor murmered or complained. By God's grace she was able to say, "the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Sickness and her great afflictions so undermined her health that she was obliged to retire from active service and "be laid aside." On the ninth day of February, 1847, she died at the age of fifty-eight years, in the full triumphs of faith, and in the hope of blessed resurrection.

Dixon has been blessed in the lives of many other noble women, among whom were Mrs. John Richards, Mrs. Keizia Law, Mrs. Thummell, Mrs. Dr. Gardner, Mrs. Erastus DeWolf, Mrs. Harvey Morgan and many others, of whom their pastors could well say, "those women who labored with me in the gospel," as Paul said of the Phillipian women. All these died in the faith and left behind them precious memories. Would that some abler pen than mine might write fitting sketches of their lives.

I have written what I have, that the memory of the virtues which shone more conspicuously in the life of Mrs. Dixon might not be overshadowed and lost sight of in this fast age in which we are living.

MR. AND MRS. J. T. LITTLE.

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The Pioneer Women of Dixon.

THE following brief notes concerning some of the pioneer women of Dixon who came here prior to 1840 (with incidental mention of some of the pioneer men not elsewhere noticed in this volume) are not in the nature of personal recollections of the writer. But as one of the youngest of the second generation of the very early settlers in this community, she has enjoyed the advantage of the family narratives of those far-fled days. In addition to this, the notes here presented are largely the reported recollections of the oldest settler of Dixon now residing in this city, whose memory reproduces with singular fidelity many scenes from that pioneer life since first, in 1836, as a girl of 13, she saw the waters of the beautiful Rock River, by whose side she has now lived for fifty-seven years. The simple story of her early experiences at Dixon's Ferry will serve as a natural nucleus about which to group the few reminiscenses herein narrated.

Her parents, John and Ann Richards, were English settlers at Toronto, Canada. Being possessed of some means, and being further deceived by the alluring reports that reached them of the opportunities and advancement of the great west, they resolved to remove thither. Accordingly Mr. Richards and his family voyaged by the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Chicago, and then, after a brief stay at Chicago, which gave no promise of the greatness and magnificence which now make it a fitting place for the display of four centuries of the triumphs of the new world, our travelers set forth for Dixon, their objective point, whose natural beauty was already far famed. Their trip was accomplished in four days and a half, in the customary prairie schooners—the Pullman sleeping cars of those more leisurely days. Upon arriving at Dixon's Ferry Sept. 1, 1836, Mrs. Richards asked why the wagons stopped, and upon being told they were at their destination said, "But where's the town?" Perhaps the surprise was justified, for there were then, counting every sort of structure, but eleven buildings in all. Two of these were general stores, so that, considering all things, the ladies of those

days could not complain that their shopping privileges were abridged, or that there was any monopoly in the sale of "the latest."

One of these stores, that of Messrs. Hamilton & Covell, was kept in the old log house of Father Dixon, at the corner of First street and Peoria avenue. The rival store stood on the north bank of the river near what is now the end of the railroad bridge, and was conducted by Mr. Geo. A. Martin.

But, to increase the misery of the situation for Mrs. Richards, her baby, eighteen months old, had been taken ill on the way from Chicago, and just one week after reaching Dixon died. No coffin could be procured at that early day, and the best that could be done was to get Mr. Talmage, a carpenter from Buffalo, to saw boards for one and cover it with cloth. While Mr. Talmage was thus employed Dr. Everett first entered Dixon after his visit to Princeton. The grave of this baby was the third in Oakwood Cemetery. Singularly enough these first three graves were made during the same week. The first person buried in Dixon was a Mr. Lefferty, who had died from an illness consequent upon his swimming across Leaf River; the second was a Mr. Manning.

As soon as possible Mr. Richards built himself a frame house on his farm on the river three miles north of Dixon, and immediately above Hazelwood, which had not as yet been built upon by Gov. Charter. A part of the lumber for Mr. Richard's house was hauled from Freeport. Only the ruined cellar wall now remains to show the location of this early home. Here—in 1837—Gov. Ford spent several days on his way from Vandalia, then capital of the state, being delayed from proceeding by the swollen condition of the Seven Mile Branch. In order to obtain water more conveniently, Mr. Richards soon moved across the river and located on the Grand Detour road, when he became the nearest neighbor of the late Joseph Crawford.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richards, who were earnest Christians and members of the first Methodist class organized in Dixon (1837), the warmest hospitality was always extended, and many were the Methodist ministers, on their way to the then famous school at Mt. Morris, who shared their entertainment.

Mr. Richards died June, 1852, leaving his wife and five children surviving. At this time his two sons, James and William, were absent in California, and one week before his death his daughter Mary had been married to Thaddeus D. Boardman. His wife, who removed the same year to Dixon and there died in 1877, long before her death had been familiarly and lovingly known as "Mother Richards."

During her declining years she was tenderly cared for by her oldest daughter, Sarah, who remained unmarried, and who also devoted herself unselfishly to the care of the motherless children of her two sisters. Miss Richards now resides with the writer, her youngest niece, and, as above stated, is the oldest settler of Dixon now living here.

Upon Mr. Richard's coming to Dixon, he found but ten families, those of Father Dixon, James Dixon, E. W. Covell, Saml. McClure, Caleb Talmage, Geo. A. Martin, J. W. Hamilton, James B. Barr, E. W. Hines and Alexander Irvine. The latter gentleman had previously been one of Mr. Richards' pastors at Toronto, though he never joined an Illinois Conference. His daughter was engaged to be married to the Mr. Lefferty, whose sad death has been spoken of above as the first at Dixon's Ferry.

An eloquent tribute to Mother Dixon is elsewhere paid in this volume and but little need be added here. A custom of her's, whose influence upon the frontier life of the little settlement can never be measured, was that of opening her house for preaching services whenever a minister happened to be in the community. That none might miss the then rare privilege of hearing a sermon, she sent her conveyance throughout the settlement and the surrounding country to bring the people to her home then located near the present site of the C. & N. W. depot. This she continued to do until 1837, when a school house was built just west of the cemetery. Worship was then conducted in this school house, which subsequently "wandered" down to Ottawa street, and from thence to Main street at about the site of Austin Bros.' store, where it "evolved into a grocery and saloon and was finally burned in 1859.

Previous to the building of this school house Mother Dixon's house had been used for the first school also, and but for her efforts the school house might never have been built. The men of Dixon had started a subscription to raise money for a school house, but gave up in despair before a sufficient sum had been subscribed. With energy and determination which must have put to shame the easily discouraged men, Mother Dixon took up the work and accomplished it. To her belongs the credit of getting built not only this school house, but also the first Baptist Church in Dixon. To raise the funds to build the church she went with her own horse and buggy from Dixon to Galena, collecting the money along the way.

Mrs. James P. Dixon was formerly Miss Fannie Reed of Buffalo Grove. She was married to Mother Dixon's oldest son in 1834 and lived on Main street about half a block east of Galena. There - June 30th, 1836—the first white baby in Dixon was born, and little Henrietta Dixon,

we may be sure, was an object of great interest to the entire community, for all hastened to pay their respects to the little pioneer. She was married in 1860 to William H. Richards and now resides at Moline, Ill. Her mother, the oldest settler of Dixon now living, spends a portion of her time at Moline, and the remainder in Dixon with her son Hon. Sherwood Dixon, and her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Barge.

The families of Mr. Covell and Mr. Irvine removed from Dixon as early as 1837.

In May of 1837 Samuel M. Bowman, a cousin of Senior Bishop Thomas Bowman of the M. E. Church, came from Pennsylvania with his gifted and beautiful young wife. Mr. Bowman and his wife's brother, Isaac S. Boardman, who came west with them, opened at the corner of Galena and Water street the first dry goods store in Dixon, which was then the best between Chicago and Galena. Their goods were brought from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers as far as Fulton or Savanna and from thence by wagon overland, or by flatboat up the Rock River to Dixon.

Mrs. Bowman was at this time only nineteen years old. She had been carefully educated at Cazenovia Seminary, New York, and was by nature and training well fitted for the exacting social position she was in later years called upon to fill. Although most tenderly nurtured, she entered upon her pioneer life with the courage, common sense and energy which ever characterized her. At first she lived in a part of the building occupied by her husband as a store. Subsequently Mr. Bowman built the residence now owned by Mr. Asa Judd, and known as "Maple Hill" from the beautiful trees then planted by Mr. Bowman.

Mrs. Bowman, although always a Presbyterian, became a member of the first Methodist class organized in Dixon, in 1837, of which her husband was the leader.

Mr. Bowman during his stay in Dixon was a frequent contributor to various magazines, and gave evidences of a literary talent which was afterwards utilized in a work on European travels and also as the chosen historian of the campaign of his friend and neighbor of many years, Gen. Wm. T. Sherman.

Being unsuccessful as a merchant, Mr. Bowman studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1843. Meanwhile he took a contract for and erected the present Court House at Dixon. He then removed to St. Louis and engaged in the practice of law there, at San Francisco, Baltimore and Kansas City. During the war he attained to the high rank of brevet Major General.

Mrs. Bowman spent much time in Europe for her health, and traveled there for a considerable time with her friend, Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace, wife of the gifted author of "Ben Hur." She died at Kansas City in 1885, having survived her husband just ten weeks. Gen. Sherman pronounced the closing eulogy over the remains of Gen. Bowman, his friend and companion of thirty-five years.

Isaac Boardman, who was for many years county clerk, circuit clerk, and editor of the Dixon *Telegraph*, was married to Father Dixon's daughter Mary in 1841, who died ten years later. Mr. Boardman died in 1885.

In 1839 came Thaddeus D. Boardman aud Rev. W. E. Boardman, the brothers of Mrs. Bowman and Isaac Boardman.

Thaddeus D. Boardman, as has been said, was married to Mary, daughter of John Richards. They built and occupied the old stone house recently demolished by Mr. J. V. Thomas. After the death, in 1862, of his first wife, Mr. Boardman was married to her sister Jane, the mother of the writer, who in 1872, in her infancy, was deprived by death of that mother's care.

Mr. Boardman will be remembered by many with respect for his sincere christian life and for the constant warfare he carried on against intemperance and other evils, while his simple trust in the honesty of human nature caused him to be often imposed upon by those on whom he relied, to his serious financial loss. His death occurred at Chicago in 1886.

Rev. W. E. Boardman and wife resided in Dixon less than a year. During the war he was secretary of the great Christian Commission, and afterwards became a leading Presbyterian divine and evangelist, both in America and Europe. His later years were spent in London, where his wife now resides. Rev. Boardman and wife are best known as the authors of a number of widely read religious works.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Talmage lived on what is now the R. B. Fargo farm, and were also members of the first Methodist class. Mrs. Talmage was from Buffalo, and is remembered as a quiet woman of strong domestic tastes. She was a cousin of Bishop Chase, first Episcopal Bishop of this diocese. After Mr. Talmage's death she was married to a Col. Stevenson, a near relative of Vice-President A. E. Stevenson. Her death occurred a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Martin, who had come in 1834, soon returned to Kentucky, their old home, but again moved to Dixon, where they lived on the Drew farm on the Palmyra road.

Mrs. J. W. Hamilton, the merchant's wife, died at Dixon early in the '40's.

"Aunt Rhoda," wife of Peter McKinney, who came in 1836, was greatly admired and respected by all with whom she came in contact.

Others who came to Dixon in 1837 were: Mr. and Mrs. Horace Benjamin, parents of Ed. Benjamin. Mrs. Benjamin subsequently was married to Aaron L. Porter, once sheriff of Lee county, and died in 1891. Miss Caroline Davis, who became Mrs. James Benjamin, mother of Mrs. Chas. H. Noble. Mr. and Mrs. Fred McKinney, the parents of Mrs. Libbie Wilbur (the second child born in Dixon) and Mrs. Chas. G. Smith. Mrs. McKinney was one of Dixons most loved and respected women and was familiarly known as "Auntie Fred." Her painful death from an accident occurred in 1892. Mr. and Mrs. Otis Loveland, and the daughter of the former by a previous marriage, Miss Emiline Loveland, The latter soon married Smith Gilbraith, one of the most extensive owners of Dixon real estate of that day. After his death she was married to Mr. Seaman and both now reside in New York. She is an aunt of Mrs. H. E. Paine and Dr. H. J. Brooks.

The then very limited supply of marriageable ladies was at this time greatly increased by the arrival of the six Misses Clark from Canada. One of these was soon espoused by G. W. Chase, Lee County's first recorder. It is related of the latter that his wife and his family, being desirous of getting him to remove to the east with them, induced him to enter the coach to kiss his wife farewell, when Sheriff Porter slammed the door shut, and the husband, much loath to leave his beloved Dixon, was rapidly driven away.

During the previous year Stephen Fuller and wife, parents of Champion Fuller, settled on the "Cave" farm two miles up the river, where the latter still resides. Mrs. Fuller was in delicate health and lived a very retired, quiet life. She was a member of the Baptist Church, of which Elder Cowell was the first minister in Dixon. Baptist and Methodist services were then held alternately in the old school house.

In the "Bend" of the river and on the prairie east of town, during the year 1837, there settled the families of Mr. and Mrs. James Sauter, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Shellhammer and Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hetler. Mrs. Sauter still lives in the Bend with her children. Mrs. Hetler, at the present time, has a home with her son Judd in the Bend. She is more than ninety years old and for several years has been totally blind.

Other arrivals in 1837 were David H. Birdsell and wife, from Albany, whose two daughters were married to Rev. Luke Hitchcock and Rev. O.

F. Ayers. Mr. Birdsall succeeded James Dixon as postmaster, but soon removed to Lee Center, where Mrs. Birdsall died. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Brookner, both of whom, with their son, died during the great cholera epidemic in Dixon. Cyrus Williams and wife, whose daughter is now Mrs. Ira W. Lewis, wife of the present circuit clerk. Thomas McCabe and wife, who during the mining excitement removed to California, where they acquired considerable wealth.

Rev. James Depuy, who came in 1837, was the first Episcopal clergyman settled in Dixon. He had a wife and one child. Father Dixon gave him the block now occupied by Messrs. J. V. Thomas and E. C. Parsons, and upon the foundation now covered by Mr. Parson's house Mr. Depuy built his little home. The house has been moved twice and is now owned by Mr. Kicken and stands on North Jefferson avenue. It is probably the oldest house in North Dixon. Mr. Depuy had a well close to his back door and many years after Mr. Depuy's house was gone, the writer's only sister, when she was but four years old, fell into this well. Fortunately her father was close at hand at the time of the fall and immediately went to his daughter's rescue by letting himself down into the well in one of the buckets. The child the next day told the story thus: "Papa was a long time coming for me yesterday. When I went down I went heels over head and I made a great splash."

In the fall of 1837 Mr. David Law and daughter, Mrs. Mary McGinnis, came from New York. They were joined about six months later by Mrs. Law with her two sons, William and David (the present Dr. D. H. Law of this city), and her three daughters, Grace, Bessie and Theodosia. Mrs. Law lived to be an hundred and two years old. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. McGinnis, in 1782. Although so very old she was ever a great reader and enjoyed conversing on the news of the times, which she did most intelligently. She lived to see wonderful changes wrought around her and took a keen interest in them all. Her life was ever that of a devoted Christian. Mrs. McGinnis still lives on her farm a few miles down the river. A woman of great talents—she has sacrificed herself while she labored to relieve suffering and distress. She has been

"A flower born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Bessie Law became, in 1845, the wife of our loved and honored Dr. Everett, and though less generally known than was her husband, she was equally beloved by those who were so favored as to know her. She died in 1881. Theodosia Law became the wife of Wm. Kennedy and removed to St. Paul, where she died in 1865.

While all of Mrs. Law's daughters were very attractive, Miss Grace was so strikingly beautiful in her youth as to excite questions at Sabbath service as to who that beautiful young lady might be. The delicately molded features, golden curls and exquisite complexion made her exceedingly attractive. She chose to remain unmarried and lived here until her death in 1892. She showed much the same characteristics as her mother and has been called the "Personification of Industry."

The young ladies of this family with their very agreeable mother made their home a most delightful place to visit. They greatly enjoyed getting their friends in for a merry evening and their Halloween parties are well remembered events.

During the next year (1838) the number of familes in Dixon was greatly increased. Solon Crowell became associated with Mr. James Wilson (then an old bachelor, commonly called "Granny Wilson") in the management of Dixon's second hotel. "The Rock River House," the first hotel having been the "Western Hotel" erected in 1736. Mr. Crowell and wife later removed to Oregon and were the grandparents of Dr. Crowell and Mrs. Augustus Lord of this city. James N. Kerr and wife came to Dixon during this year. Mr. Kerr, with John Dixon, Jr., opened the first cabinet shop. His sister Eliza married Joseph Buckaloo and lived in the "Bend." Left a widow with six children, the eldest of whom was but twelve years old, Mrs. Buckaloo heroically set herself to the task of raising and supporting her family entirely by her own efforts. Her long and useful life was terminated in 1892. Three of her children, Thomas, George and Amanda, still reside in this community. John Lord and wife, parents of John L. Lord and Mrs. H. Kelsey, came also in 1838 from New Hampshire. Mr. Lord engaged in the blacksmithing business at Dixon, but his wife died soon after their arrival. Mr. and Mrs. John Moyer, parents of Jeremiah Moyer and Mrs. Swygart, came during this year, and resided at first on a farm east of Dixon. The Edson family, consisting of Charles Edson, his wife and children, Joseph, Epaphras, Eliphalet, Clinton, Harriet, Lucy and Elizabeth, settled upon the present Abram Brown farm, southeast of town. They were a very highly cultivated and much respected family, deserving of more extended mention than can be given here. Those surviving live near Yeeka, Cal.

Mr. Wm. Seward and wife, parents of Mrs. Wm. Peacock of this city, during this year bought Caleb Talmage's farm and moved upon it. David Welty, afterwards county judge, removed with his wife to Dixon in 1838, and afterwards for a time lived upon a farm near Walton. Charles Welty and Mrs. Leander Devine, of their children, still live in Lee

County. Edward Perry and wife, who came this year, after a few years returned to Toronto, their former home. Mr. Perry was strict to the verge of Puritanism in his religious life. He and his wife were in the habit of spending that portion of the Sabbath left after attending church at the home of their old friend, Mr. Richards, whose long-suffering family, which contained several young people, were obliged those long Sunday afternoons to patiently sit and listen to Mr. Perry's unmelodious voice while he read to them sermons of some early divine.

Miss Elizabeth Sherwoood came here from New York City in 1838 and was soon married to Mr. John P. Dixon, son of Father Dixon, who resided with her at her present home in North Dixon at the time of his death. This estimable lady, though of retiring disposition, is greatly loved by all who knew her. Her two children, Frank and Louise, now make their home with her.

The same year Dr. Everett brought here from Princeton his first wife, Emily Everett. He had just built a home on the present site of the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. N. Johnson, and there he took his young wife. Mrs. Evetett showed unusual talents and beauty of character, but she lived only about five years after coming to Dixon.

In February of 1837 Dr. Charles Gardner and Erastus DeWolf came here from Rhode Island and in the spring of '39 returned to stay. Dr, Gardner's family then consisted of his wife and two years' old daughter now Mrs. James A. Hawley. Their home was about six miles out on the Chicago road, and Dr. Gardner practiced medicine throughout the surrounding country. Mrs. Gardner was a most intelligent and enterprising woman who is remembered by her neighbors and friends with pure love and respect. Increased acquaintance with her brought increased esteem. Her surviving friends are strongly reminded of this true woman, by her daughters, Mrs. James A. Hawley and Mrs. E. C. Smith, who resemble their mother both in looks and characteristics. Mrs. Gardner died in 1878.

Mrs. DeWolf was Mrs. Gardner's aunt and was a woman of noble qualities. She was the mother of Rev. Wm. DeWolf, who was so well known in Dixon. Her death occurred in 1851.

Rev. Luke Hitchcock and Rev. O. F. Ayres, who married, as has been said, the two daughters of Mr. Birdsall, were among those who first came to Dixon in 1839. The former was the first regular Methodist Episcopal pastor in this city, and afterwards attained to high offices in that denomination. He and his worthy wife pass the decline of their useful life at Chicago with their daughter, Mrs. Wilson. Rev. Ayers came from

Albany, New York, and engaged in business here, preaching at places near home when a vacancy occurred. A more hospitable family than that of Mr. Ayres could hardly be found. They took great pleasure in entertaining and did it in a royal manner. Mr. Ayres died in 1882, having lived to celebrate his golden wedding with his six children present. His son, D. B. Ayres, is still a resident of Dixon. Mrs. Ayres, since her beloved husband's death, has spent her time with her children.

Others who came with their wives in 1839 were Thomas March, a farmer living east of town; Herman Mead, father of Mrs. Sherwood Dixon; I. D. McComsey (whose widow subsequently was married to Judge W. W. Heaton), and John Van Arnam.

Only one couple who came in 1840 will here be mentioned, for by that time so many new people were moving in that to speak of all would make this paper entirely too long. But the sweet face of one sweet woman who came in 1840 must be allowed as the last of this collection. Mrs. J. T. Little came from Castine, Maine, a young and beautiful bride. During the later years of her useful, Christian life, the curls of jet have gradually turned to silver, but now only serve to enhance the beauty of the dear, gentle face. Mr. Little was at first a merchant, having a store on Water street. His nursery, started a few years later, was the first nursery of Dixon. In all the vicissitudes of pioneer and after life, Mr. Little ever found in his wife a helpmate who brightened all the way as they have journeyed hand in hand toward their heavenly home.

On the fourth of July, 1840, were celebrated no less than three marriages in the old school house. The plan was to have all three take place at six o'clock in the morning, but one couple from Palmyra found the hour too early for them; the other two couples, Libbie Coggins and Daniel Stevens, and Annie Robbins and James Campbell were more determined, and at the appointed time were married by Rev. Luke Hitchcock. When the knots were both securely tied loud congratulations were, at the proper moment, unexpectedly sounded from the mouth of a cannon which had, unknown to the wedding parties, been placed close to the schoolhouse door. Miss Robbins had come from New York in 1836.

Others of the young pioneer women, before marriage seemed to them desirable, succeeded in supporting themselves by teaching school. The first of these to teach in the "Bend" was Miss Ophelia Loveland, who afterwards was married to J. B. Brooks and was the mother of Dr. H. J. Brooks and Miss Madgie of this city. She received for her service the munificent sum of one dollar and a quarter a week and "boarded' round." Her successor, Miss Jane Wood, afterwards Mrs. Horace Preston, received

the same amount, and where there were small children in the family with whom she was spending her week, she slept with the children in a trundle bed that was trundled out from under the larger bed. Mr. Preston was at the time courting Miss Wood, and each week he hired a horse and buggy for $1.50 to go for her and bring her home. On considering the small profits of that arrangement it seemed to them better to go into partnership, which they accordingly did.

It is with the conviction that scant justice has been done in the preceding pages to these noble pioneer women, that I take my leave of them. Of their many virtues, of their useful lives, their hardships and their joys, I have been able to say but little. Of some, entitled to the highest respect and extended eulogy, the limits of this article have precluded me from giving more than a mere passing recognition. Doubtless this catalogue of names is incomplete. Nor can a history now be written which shall bring the reader into genuine sympathy with the lives of these pioneers. They are now all but gone, and their very names will soon perhaps be forgotten. But the foundation they laid, and the works they wrought, and the influence they extended upon those who follow in their footsteps, will endure.

BESSIE BOARDMAN WINGERT.

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Dr. Oliver Everett.

WHAT a fund of material I might have had for this little sketch of my father's early life in the west, had I treasured in my mind all that I have heard him recount. As it is, I fear it will be very meager.

My father, Dr. Oliver Everett, was born in Worthington, Mass., Sept. 12th, 1811. He was one of a family of fifteen children, ten of whom lived to reach man and womanhood. He received his education in the school of the neighborhood, working upon the farm in summer and attending school in winter. He then entered upon the study of medicine, teaching school in the meantime to pay his way through college. In June, 1836, he graduated from the Berkshire Medical College connected with Williams College. His old preceptor, Dr. Daugherty of Marlborough, N. Y., then offered him a partnership with him, but "Westward ho!" was the watchword then, and he declined, determining to seek his fortune in the much-talked-of but comparitively little known West.

Two years previous his elder brother and a married sister had preceded him and located at Princeton in this state. I hope I may be pardoned a little digression here, that I may relate an incident in my aunt's wedding journey. A year or two before her husband had come west and taken up a claim, on which he had built a log cabin. In 1834 he returned to Massachusetts and married her, and they made the journey to Chicago in the usual manner. When they reached there either the funds had run low or there was no conveyance to be obtained to take them the remainder of their journey. He found her a boarding place, left her and walked to Princeton, got his ox team and wagon and proceeded to Chicago, returning to his little log cabin in triumph with his bride at his side in the ox cart. Thus were difficulties overcome by those old pioneers of the early days.

But to return to my father. He bought as large a stock of medicines and instruments as his very limited means would allow, and with a small but comfortable outfit of clothing, for all of which one chest was amply sufficient, he turned his steps westward, to see what fortune and the future had in store for him. In those days the journey was made by stage or wagon from my father's home to Albany, thence to Buffalo via the Erie Canal, and from there by steamboat by way of the lakes to Chicago. When he arrived in the latter place he found there was no way for him to reach Princeton, where he intended visiting his relatives for

a few days, except by walking. Leaving his heavy baggage there, he slung his carpet-bag over his shoulder on a stout stick and started on his long, lonely tramp—knowing nothing of the country or what dangers he might have to encounter. One hundred and five miles did he pursue his weary way over the trackless prairies in the heat of summer, suffering so from thirst—for the streams were scarce—that he was glad to scoop with his hands the water from the hoof-prints of cattle, which recent rains had filled, and in that manner quenched his thirst. Think of it, you pampered young men of to-day, who think it a hardship to walk even a mile or two.

After spending a little time with his relatives in Princeton he bought a horse and started out to seek a location. On the third day of September, 1836, he rode into "Dixon's Ferry" and here he decided to "pitch his tent" and "grow up with the country!" When my father came here Dixon had four log houses, a frame house, a blacksmith shop and two or three houses in course of construction. In a letter written a few years after he came here, I find the following description of the place as he first saw it. "This slope, where the heart of the town now is, was then covered with large, spreading trees, while the ground beneath, perfectly clear of underbrush, presented a smooth green surface, which with the ever-beautiful river at its base and the opposite bank rising gradually in the distance—also covered with trees and presenting a clean, park-like appearance, with the bluffs crowned with lofty trees and the islands dotting the river, appearing like compact, rounded masses of green foilage, veiled only by the silver lustre of the maple leaves, presented a scene of of beauty and loveliness which has passed away forever from this place. The woodman with his ax, the quarryman with his pick and crowbar—are sad despoilers of beauty."

When a mere lad my father had developed a great fondness for the study of botany and geology, which had been fostered by his friend and preceptor, Dr. Daugherty. Together they pursued these studies in leisure hours, and roamed the hills and vales for new specimens of flora and minerals. These western prairies, covered with such an endless variety of rare flowers which were strange to him, and the limestone formations hereabouts—so different from the sandstone of New York and the granite of his native state—were sources of enjoyment to him. Many an hour that might otherwise have been lonely they helped him to pass. From a child I can remember how, when going to make a country call, he always tucked under the buggy-seat a good-sized tin box, in which he was wont to bring home well moistened his specimens of flowers, as fresh, almost,

as when gathered. In this way he acquired one of the most complete herbariums in this state. He continued this practice until within a few years of his death.

In those early days the country was very sparsely settled, and many places where my father was called to attend the sick were ten, twenty and sometimes forty miles away, but in summer's heat or winter's cold, he never hesitated, no matter how long the distance. He was forced by circumstances to perform many strange offices, aside from alleviating pain. Not a few times was he called where there was no neighboring woman to bear a helping hand, and he would, as tenderly as any woman, bathe and dress the tiny, helpless creature who had just begun its life's journey. One time he was called a long distance to see a man who was very ill. When he got there he found that he had but a few hours to live. The man had not realized his condition until that late hour, and was most anxious to execute a will before he died. There was no lawyer within many miles, and even if one were sent for, he could not get there in time. He begged my father to draw up his will. My father had no knowledge of such craft, and hesitated, for he feared it might not be valid, but later on consented. He drew up the will and had it signed and witnessed. The man died soon after with his mind at rest, and I will add that the will my father made that day held good in the eyes of the law.

When he had been here about six weeks he received a letter from his brother in Princeton, who all his life had been a great tease and fond of his little joke. I take the following extract from that letter: "We were very glad to receive your letter through Mr. Mosely, who has just returned from Dixon's Ferry. I understand that you have had a new patient, and that you had a most desperate case, inasmuch as you gave *saddlebags and all at one dose.* I have some curiosity to know whether the patient recovered or not. I expect you will immortalize your name if "successful in the case." My father was ever most easily teased, and I have no doubt the above had the desired effect.

In those early days the wolves were in great number, and it was no uncommon occurrence for him, on his long rides into the country, to be followed by a pack of the hungry creatures. At that time he had no knowledge of the use of firearms, and another alternative occurred to him for disposing of his troublesome bodyguard. Before starting to make a call a long distance away he would mix a quantity of strychnine into little balls of bread or meat and carry them with him in his saddlebags. When the wolves began to follow him he would throw the balls

out, one by one, and have the satisfaction of beholding some of his foes stretched lifeless before he had passed out of sight on the prairie.

In the summer of 1837 my father began the erection of a house. In August of the same year he was married. I cannot refrain from taking the following extract from a letter describing his wedding, written by an aunt in Princeton to another member of the family. It is so amusing that I copy it entire. "I have just returned from the nuptial ceremonies of Dr. Oliver and Cousin Emily. This morning at nine o'clock was the hour of their plighted vows at the hymenial altar. They were married at Mr. Bryant's, not, as is usual on such an occasion, in the house, but in the little grove near the house. There were six couples present to witness the performance. The grove was clear from underbrush, and being of itself a peculiarly romantic character, together with the tastefully arranged tables for the reception of the cake, wine, sangaree, lemonade, etc., rendered it a spot delightfully interesting. Next I must give you a description of the bride. She was clad in a rich royal purple silk dress; on her neck was a blonde lace ruffle, plaited down to a point, and neatly enclosed with a bow of white satin riband; on her head was thrown an elegant white blond veil (presented by the doctor), that hung nearly to the ground: her hair hung in graceful ringlets, and round her head was tastefully entwined a wreath, artificial in form, but composed of natural materials, viz: oak leaves ornamented with flowers. The bridegroom also was dressed in superb style, and in short, the betrothed pair in point of splendor far exceded anything I have witnessed in this country." I never imagined my dear father could have been such a "*swell.*" They drove across the country to Dixon for their wedding journey. As his house was not completed they boarded until part of it was made habitable, when they went to housekeeping. From the time my father had a home of his own he had a garden in which he cultivated both flowers and vegetables, and in which it was his delight to work in leisure moments. Being called from home for a few days at one time he wrote his young wife a very brief letter, bidding her "be careful and keep the gate closed so that the cows will not get into the garden."

One of the gentlemen who boarded at Mr. Gilbraith's, next door, was the owner of a black bear, which was kept chained to a large tree in the backyard. My sister Emily was a baby at that time and her cradle had been brought into the kitchen that her mother might have her near while she was attending to her household duties. She was sleeping and her mother had gone to another part of the house, leaving her alone. A few minutes later my father entered the house and to his horror beheld the

huge beast with his head over in the cradle snuffing at the unsuspecting infant, probably with the intent of ascertaining what sort of a *cub* she was. He lost no time in driving the bear out, and he was soon secured to the chain from which he had escaped.

In 1842, after five brief years of married life, my father lost his wife, who died quite suddenly, having been ill but a few days.

On the fifth of February, 1846, he was married to my mother, Bessie Law, by Rev. Luke Hitchcock. On account of my grandfather Law's death the preceeding December, it was a very quiet wedding, after which they drove from the farm to their home, and my mother at once took her new duties upon her by preparing their supper, of which they partook in the kitchen which is still a part of my home. I never saw a more united or happier couple than were my father and mother. They were indeed one in every respect; in their tastes, their feelings and in every particular. In all the years they lived together I can never recall one cross or even impatient word passing between them.

My father had been some years in the west before he learned to use fire arms. After that he never went into the country unaccompanied by rifle and shot gun, and many a deer he brought home, as well as quantities of geese, ducks, prairie chickens and quail, so that the table was always bountifully supplied with game. I remember one of his anecdotes in regard to the game, which afforded him untold amusement, but brought woe to the hearts of the unoffending small maidens. He had been many miles away on a professional call and returned just at nightfall bringing into the house with him a large goose, which he laid at my cousin's feet, saying, "Here Kizzie is a goose for you to pick." My sister Emily clapped her hands and demonstrated great joy at her escape, for it was a rule in the family that the girls were in turn to pick the game, and they both detested picking a goose. Her joy was of short duration, however, for my father returned again to the house, bringing with him another goose, which he handed to Emily. He went to and from the buggy until he had presented each of the girls with five geese, and still one remained, which in all made eleven that he had brought down with one shot of his double-barreled shot gun. The girls were at first disgusted, then indignant, and finally became speechless from shere amazement and despair. Oh! no, you Nimrods of the present day, this is no "fish story," but fully witwitnessed and duly sworn to by his much abused victims and others.

At one time when a large sum of money had been deposited in the land office, which was just across the street from our house, there were grave fears that a scheme was on foot to rob the office. Mr. Mixter, the

land agent at that time, came to my father and asked his assistance in hiding the money. They dug a hole in one corner of our cellar and after nightfall the money was brought over and placed therein. They then replaced the earth and stamped it down until there were no traces left of the ground having been disturbed. There it remained until arrangements were made in the course of a few days for its removal to Chicago.

It is needless to say that my father's slumbers were none of the soundest during that time, or that his rifle and shotgun were kept within convenient distance, for the country at that period was infested with a band of robbers and horsethieves. My father was one of the sufferers at their hands, for he had a fine black mare stolen, and could never obtain the slightest trace of her or her abductors.

The county jail it those years was in the northwest corner of the lot now owned by Mr. George Steel, and just across the street south from our house. Many were the alarms the family had from that quarter. When Croft, one of the men who committed those terrible murders on Green River in the early days, cut his throat, with a razor accommodatingly supplied him by his own wife, the sheriff rushed over for my father. When he got there he at once saw that nothing could be done to save the man's life, and, indeed, it was but a few moments until he breathed his last, thus closing another chapter in that terrible record of crime. I will relate one other incident connected with the jail that occurred some years later when Mr. Porter was sheriff. One night Mr. Porter had neglected to lock in their cells the five or six prisoners, most of them desperate characters, confined in the jail. They planned among themselves a sham fight, which would necessitate the sheriff coming into their midst, when they intended to overpower him and make their escape. Their plan worked well up to a certain point. When Mr. Porter heard the disturbance in the jail he at once entered fearlessly, telling his wife to lock the door after him. He was almost instantly struck down by one of the men, with two stove legs tied together as a weapon. Seeing this, Mrs. Porter lost no time in getting to the window and calling loudly for help, and adding that Mr. Porter was being murdered. My father, hearing her call, jumped from his bed, seized his gun from the corner of the room, and without waiting an instant, ran to the rescue in his nightclothes; entering the jail he saw Mr. Porter lying in the little narrow passage-way, bleeding and apparently lifeless, and the desperate men making every effort to break open the door. At once pointing his gun at them my father shouted, "Into your cells, every one of you, or I'll shoot!" The prisoners literally fell over each other in their haste to obey his com-

mand. It has always been a question in my own mind as to what it really was which impelled such a precipitate flight on the part of the prisoners —the gun, or the extraordinary appearance my father must have presented. Other neighbors by that time were at hand, well armed, and the jail door was opened, the men securely locked in their cells, and Mr. Porter carried out. His wounds, most of which were on his head, were dangerous, but not fatal. Upon examination the following morning it was ascertained, not a little to my father's chargrin, that he had valiently gone to the rescue with a gun in which *there was no load.*

My mother was best known in her own home, and was among the poor and distressed, ever seconding my fathers's efforts for their relief. She cared little for society at large, but was warmly attached to her friends. Her unselfish devotion to her own famiiy can never be expressed and is known only to those who experienced it through every day of her life, which came to a close, after a long and most painful illness, on the fourth of May, 1881.

The summer the dread cholera so devastated our little town we children were sent into the country to stay at our grandmother's, but my mother refused all of my father's appeals to her to accompany us, and stayed at his side through it all. One man, a stranger here, without either home or money, was taken with the disease. My father put a cot in his barn and brought him there, while my father cared for and nursed him through that terrible illness, until death relieved him from his suffering. My father was called to see an Irish woman who lived in a little shanty below our house, and found she had been attacked by the same disease which had but a few short hours before carried off her husband. He did all that he could to relieve her that night. Early the following morning he went again, to find that the "Grim Destroyer" had been before him. Nearly every one was paralyzed with fear, and the poor creature was alone, except for her little child a few months old who lay in the bed beside her trying to draw nourishment from her cold breast, and patting with its tiny hands her dead face. He lifted the little, helpless thing in his arms, and carried it home to my mother. She kept and cared for it several days, until the priest, hearing of it, came and relieved her by sending it to a relative of its parents. One man, who was very ill, came to the house for some medicine. My father was not at home, so he sat down under a tree in the yard to wait for his return; my mother in the meantime doing all she could for his relief, but in vain, for death came to him where he sat. Such were some of the scenes through which my father and mother passed in that dread time.

A Frenchman, whose name has escaped my memory, came here in the early days, bringing with him an old French woman as housekeeper. He remained but a short time, leaving the poor old lady to shift for herself in this strange new country, and in destitute circumstances. She lived in a little log cabin on the corner of Galena and Second streets, where Mrs. Lewis now lives, and tried to support herself by making lace, an undertaking in which she was not successful. My father and mother furnished her with fuel, wood and other necessities of life, until her health failed completely, when they brought her to their own home, and cared for her for several years, until her death. Some of the early settlers now living will still remember "Old Madame Gabriel," as she was always called. Hers was the first dead face my childish eyes had looked upon, and I have a vivid remembrance of it even yet.

One night, while my father was away from home on an all night call, my mother had a very bad fright. About twelve o'clock two men came to the door, and demanded admittance. She asked them what they wanted, but repeated demands for admittance was all she could get in reply. When she refused, most decidedly, they threatened to break in the door, and immediately began to carry out their threats. My mother and the servant girl moved all the large pieces of furniture and piled them up against the doors, for the men would try first one door and then another. Then an interval of quiet would ensue, when only their voices could be heard, muttering beneath the windows, which were protected by stout shutters. Again the attack on the doors would be renewed, and so it was during all the hours of that long night, which to my mother, in her terror, seemed endless. Just as the day was dawning, after a terrible onslaught, during which it seemed that the door must give way every minute, the disturbance ceased. Soon after my father returned, and when it was light two empty whiskey bottles were found beneath the window—sufficient explanation of the occurrence.

Who would have thought that our dignified parents could have perpetrated such as First of April jokes? I am loath to admit this, but it is a lamentable fact. My mother and aunt Theodosia, who had been the victims of many of my father's jokes, conceived the idea of "getting even" with him. It was the First of April and the hour was at hand. Early in the morning they told him that he had received an urgent call to Mr. Mixter's. After hurrying through his breakfast he departed in great haste, unsuspicious of the trap into which he had fallen. When he reached the house he found Mr. and Mrs. Mixter happy and smiling, but —as he afterward remembered—showing some surprise at receiving a

friendly call at so inopportune an hour. After chatting for some time he inquired who was sick; their looks of dismay, and finally Mrs. Mixter's exclamation, "Why! Doctor, don't you know it is the First of April," threw the requisite light on the situation. He departed amid roars of laughter, but it was many a long day before he was allowed to forget how beautifully he had been "April fooled."

When I think of my father's busy life and how really few leisure hours he had at his disposal, I can but look with wonder upon the extensive collections of specimens in geology and natural history which he acquired. He spent but little money upon them, but many hours of exhaustless patience and painstaking. Some of my earliest recollections are connected with his collection of birds. I can see him now, with coat off and hard at work, while we children watched with open mouths and eyes the process of removing the skin so carefully that scarcely a feather would be ruffled, only to see it filled out again, and the bird set up "as natural as life" when all was done. Of insects, bugs and butterflies alone he had between two and three thousand specimens. With what infinite care he arranged the silken, gossamer wings and tiny, slender legs. Taken altogether his was one of the largest private collections in this state. His later years were devoted mainly to the accumulation of the fossil sponges in this vicinity, of which he was really the discoverer. The eighth volume of the Geological Survey of Illinois, in which they are described and illustrated, has to say of them as follows: "The collection described on the following pages comprises, without doubt, the most interesting and important addition to our knowledge of Palaeozoic sponges, ever made."

In looking over his papers I have come upon letters from Asa Gray, (whose works on Botany are so widely known) Major Powell, A. H. Worthen and others of distinction, which illustrate what his standing was among scientific men.

It is told by members of his own family that as a boy, my father was extremely fretful and irritable, and that when he was quite small, his mother had to bribe him with a spoon full of apple sauce before she could induce him to go to bed. The old saying, "the boy is father to the man," certainly was at fault in his case, for all who knew him recognized the extreme evenness of his disposition.

I quote the extract given below from a paper written by Dr. C. C. Hunt of this city, and read at the meeting of the Illinois Medical Society in 1889, in regard to one branch of his practice: "For many years there was scarcely a case of importance for many miles around that he was not called upon, sooner or later, to visit. He personally attended over thirty-

six hundred labor cases, and saw in consultation, probably, many hundred more. This, considering the sparseness of the population during the greater part of his professional career, indicates an amount of hard work and physical exposure, that were simply immense." My father was, at one time, offered the chair of Obstetrics in the Rush Medical College, of Chicago, but declined. He was elected mayor of Dixon in 1863. He was a member of the first Board of Trustees for the Northern Illinois Hospital for the Insane at Elgin, serving from 1869 to 1873, when he resigned the position. He was also the first Pension Examining Surgeon appointed in this district, receiving the same without solicitation, and serving until his resignation took effect.

In the spring of 1862, my father was sent south with many other physicians, after the battle of Shiloh in anticipation of another battle near Corinth. Upon returning home, some twelve thousand dollars were intrusted him by the "boys" to bring home to their friends throughout the county. This he did, carrying the large amount of money in his satchel, which certainly was a mark of great confidence in his fellow-men, if rather a risky proceeding. During the entire time of the war, he attended the families of soldiers free of charge, and when in need, supplied them with wood from his farm, and with money. In this way he served his country, as well perhaps, as many a man who went to the front.

The photograph of the first house in Dixon, to be illustrated in this book, was taken from a painting by Noah Brooks. My father, from memory, drew the sketch of Father Dixon's log house, and Mr. Brooks painted it, supplying the figures, wagon, and scenery; the latter, not true to nature, as I have often heard my father say that the trees were so large in those days, and so free from underbrush that a horse and buggy could be driven almost anywhere through the woods. At one time when he was making a call at Mr. Brierton's, on what is now known as the Daysville road, he looked across the country from the high hill to White Rock and saw a herd of deer grazing there, which will illustrate what the timber was, to enable one to look through it so great a distance.

On the third of September, 1886, the fiftieth anniversary of my father's settlement in Dixon, he had a reception, sending out between three and four hundred invitations to old friends and patients, near and far. In the afternoon the reception was given to those from the country and surrounding towns, and to the old settlers of the earliest years; in the evening to the city friends and patients. Very few regrets were received, and our rooms were crowded, both afternoon and evening. I can see before me my father's happy face, and the joy shining through his eyes, to

which the tears of deep feeling had welled; nor, shall I soon forget how much pleasure he took during the following winter in recalling each incident of that "red letter day." In the evening a beautiful reclining chair was presented him by his friends, the Hon. E. B. Washburne, who came from Chicago to attend the reception, making the presentation speech in the following words, which I copy from the *Evening Telegraph* of that date·

"MY FRIEND:—It has fallen to my lot to voice the kindly feelings of your many friends. It is with great pleasure I undertake the task. You and I have been friends for many years, and I have had none better than you. Both of us were Yankees seeking new homes. You were a little bit spryer than I, and came to Dixon's Ferry in 1836; I was four years behind you. * * * It was always a great pleasure for me to visit Dixon. Two of my dearest friends lived here. They were big hearted men, kind, honest and true.

"A wit's a feather, and chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

I know of no man in honor of whose fiftieth anniversary of settlement I would go as far as I have on this occasion. To make your remaining years—and all hope and trust they will be many—more comfortable, and as a slight token of their great love for you, your friends have asked me to present this beautiful chair. It is with more than ordinary pleasure that I speak the feelings of these, your neighbors, who have presented you wiih this beautiful token of their respect and love. Two men who lived here I have long known as the most kind and honest men that I have ever known, and I need not say that I refer to Father Dixon and you, Doctor Everett." I also copy the closing sentence of the article written by Mr. John Moore of the Dixon *Sun* and published in that paper. "As we looked over the great gathering of friends that came up last Friday night with such spontaneous expressions of regard, we could but wonder if there might not be hovering near, an immensely larger circle of old friends, tried and true, showering their blessings of benediction on the silvery head of him who sat in our midst; and the thought would intrude itself that some day there would be another meeting at the Doctor's house, when the eyes of the visible ones would be dimmed with parting tears, but that larger host would, with outreaching arms and welcoming smiles, come to the reception of the grandly good old man." To me the conception seems very beautiful and comforting. I am very pleased to pay this little tribute to Mr. Moore, for no one has ever written with so much feeling or so fittingly of the old settlers as he has in the

articles which have from time to time come from his pen.

I cannot close this paper without alluding to my father's great love and veneration for Father Dixon. For forty years they were the closest friends. No young man ever had a wiser counselor or truer friend than was Father Dixon, and each year that passed but cemented their friendship more strongly. I have so many times heard my father say that he had known Father Dixon as intimately and nearly twice as long as his own father, and that he was sure that he had loved him quite as well, for he had never met a better man or even, he thought, one so good. In his later years his one keen regret was that the loved and revered founder of our town had no monument to mark his last resting place and his most earnest desire was to see one placed there before he, too, had passed away. "Then," he was wont to say, "I can die happy." At one time he and Mr. Alexander attempted to raise funds for this enterprise, but failed in the undertaking. Not long will the good old Father Dixon's grave remain unmarked. My father's hope will be fulfilled, though his eyes behold not the monument which, through the efforts of the Ladies' Cemetery Association, will soon be raised.

After a short illness my father died on the 1st of May, 1888, but his memory still lives in the hearts of many who knew him well and loved him.

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Mrs. Kezia Law and Family.

MY grandmother, Mrs. Kezia (Hillis) Law was born in Hillisboro, near Belfast, County Down, Ireland, on the second of July, 1782. The marriage of her father and mother was quite a romance. One day when her mother was out riding her horse took fright and ran away with her, plunging into a white thorn hedge, where both horse and rider were held fast. Rescue was at hand, however, and young Hillis, who had witnessed the accident, relieved her from her dangerous and unpleasant predicament. The outcome of this adventure was not only one, but two cases of "love at first sight." In the face of opposition (principally on account of their extreme youth and that the young man had just commenced his medical studies), they made a run-away marriage. When they returned, hoping for forgiveness, the lady's father was so incensed at his daughter's disobedience, that he decreed that they should never meet again until the young husband had taken his degree. Stern old Scothman, that he was, he never wavered in this determination, and their little child was able to run alone before they received his forgiveness and were united, nearly three years after their rash marriage.

My grandmother was the youngest of the family of six children. Ireland was in a very troubled state during her young days. Her father was obliged to leave his country on account of the part he took in the rebellion, and enlisted as surgeon on board one of the ships of the East India Company. Soon after reaching his destination, he died of yellow fever. No communication from him ever reached the family from the time of their parting, until they received the sad intelligence of his death in a strange land. In 1812 my grandmother was married to David Law, who was born in December, 1772, at Grange, County Antrim, Ireland. In 1817 they emigrated to America with their three little daughters, my aunt Grace, the youngest, being then a babe but two months old. My grandmother's mother also accompanied them. She, however, did not long enjoy the blessings of our free country, for she died two years after their arrival here. When they first came to this country, they settled at

Hoboken, New Jersey, where they remained two years; then removed to Weehawken. After a period of three years, they made their home in New York City, where they lived until the year 1838.

Their home during that time was a refuge for many a poor Irish emigrant until employment could be procured for them. My grandmother never turned a deaf ear to the cry of distress, and was ever to be found in homes visited by sickness and death. One of their pensioners was an old Revolutionary soldier, who had lost a leg during the war. They gave him a room and every day his meals were carried to him. It was a matter of much surprise and conjecture how it was that "Old Josie" always managed to have his dishes returned perfectly clean. My mother, then a child ever full of pranks, determined to solve the mystery, so, after taking him his dinner one day, instead of leaving the room as usual, she hid behind the door, and was greatly amused to find that he "licked the platter clean." Their old home is now a portion of the far famed Central Park, of New York City.

Such glowing accounts of the west reaching them, and particularly of Illinois, they decided to come here, where some of their friends and relatives had preceeded them. My grandfather, together with his oldest daughter, Mrs. Mary McGinnis, and three of her children, reached Dixon's Ferry on the third of September, 1838. My grandfather had previously sent out money and taken up land, on which a log cabin had been built to secure it. Twenty feet distant from that was another log cabin, in which Captain Graham was living while his own house on the Rockwood farm (now owned by Smith and Lord), was in the course of construction.

On reaching Chicago my grandfather hired teams to bring them to Dixon, of McCormick (later of reaper fame), and also bought his first ox-team of that same person. When they arrived at their journey's end, and reached the little log cabin down the river, they found seven men in the adjoining cabin, sick with fever and ague. Only one of them had a bed, the rest being rolled in blankets and buffalo robes on the floor.

It was almost night when they arrived. You can perhaps imagine the welcome they accorded my aunt Mary, after having been for so many months deprived of a woman's care and companionship. She was not prepared for such a scene of desolation and discomfort, and it is little wonder that she says, "she never can forget it," or the first supper that was served for the weary travelers, viz: a large tin platter of salt pork, swimming in gravy, an immense corn-dodger, and bowls of black coffee,

Their beds were spread on some loose boards on the earthern floor of the cabin. The following day my aunt Mary, and a woman they had brought with them, set to work to bring about a better state of affairs. The household goods they had brought with them were unpacked, beds set up, and everything arranged with as much comfort as possible.

Captain Graham had brought a gardener out with him in the spring from New York, and he had raised a fine crop of vegetables, which, with the supplies my grandfather had brought of coffee, tea, sugar, rice, crackers, etc., enabled them to live comfortably. There were but few cattle in the country at that time, and butter was fifty cents a pound, eggs fifty cents per dozen, and all such commodities equally high. Later, my grandfather enclosed the space between the two log cabins, which made them a very commodious house for those days, and one that I remember well, as many happy days of my childhood were spent within its walls.

They suffered many privations during that winter of 1838-9. Their house was built of rough logs, the cracks filled in with clay and mortar, but before the very severe weather had set in the walls received a coat of plaster, which aided greatly in keeping out the cold. There were large fireplaces at either end, where they had to do all their cooking. It was a very cold winter, with much snow, and nearly everyone in the country was prostrated by fever and ague. Accommodations were scarce, and the "latch-string" was left out for friend and stranger, alike, and my aunt Mary had a housefull, aside from her own family, to nurse and cook and care for during that winter. Before the spring came two inmates of the little log cabin had passed into the "sleep which knows no waking," and were laid to rest on the bluff.

The following June the remainder of the family in the east joined them. I have an old journal, which my aunt Grace kept during their journey from New York to Chicago. It was written in pencil in a small blank book, and the writing is almost illegible, but by the exercise of much patience, and the aid of a strong magnifying glass, I have succeeded in deciphering it, and have felt amply repaid for my trouble. There were in the party my grandmother, her three daughters, two sons, and a grandson, and William Kennedy (who years after became the husband of the youngest daughter, Theodosia), a man-servant and his wife also accompanying them. They left New York the sixth of June, taking a steamboat up the Hudson to Albany, where they had secured accommodations on a canal boat as far as Buffalo. The youngest daughter was ill when they left New York and continued very ill through the entire journey, never being able to leave her bed, and having to be carried from

one boat to another, when they had occasion to change. At one time they feared she would never live to reach her journey's end.

Aunt Grace says in her journal, "Oh! the horrors of a canal boat." Of course, traveling three hundred and ninety-four miles, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, as she said they did, together with the numerous stoppages at the locks and to take in passengers and freight, must have made the journey seem interminable. The first few days were very stormy, with strong wind, and the grinding against the locks and other boats, caused them much discomfort. On such days they were closely confined to the boat, but when the weather was pleasant my mother, Aunt Grace and the boys would walk miles along the tow-path, which somewhat varied the monotony. They were thus enabled to visit many places of interest on their way, and enjoyed a delightful day with a cousin at Syracuse, while the boat was undergoing some needed repairs. The canal boat was very crowded and had they not had their own cabin and table, they would have experienced even more discomfort.

They arrived at Buffalo on the fifteenth of June and went on board the steamer "James Madison," for their trip around the lakes. They had very comfortable staterooms and found the change from the canal boat very delightful. The first few days they encountered very stormy weather and nearly every one on board was prostrated with sea-sickness. At Detroit numbers of sight-seers came on board during the time the boat remained there. The appelation "dude" was unknown in those days, but I think might with justice have been applied to some of the above mentioned, from my aunt Grace's description of them, as follows: "The greater part of them were foreigners, French and English, with velvet coats and caps, white kid gloves and canes. The first view they had of the Indians was at Mackinac, where the majority of the passengers landed, to visit the fort and satisfy their curiosity concerning the "noble red man of the forest." They made many delightful acquaintances on board the boat, and greatly enjoyed the trip, with the exception of the few stormy days before alluded to. They arrived in Chicago on the twenty-first of June, where my grandfather met them with teams and wagons to convey them and their belongings to Dixon's Ferry.

My grandmother must have had but a faint conception of the difficulties or expense of transportation from Chicago to Dixon, judging from the amount of luggage she brought with her. She, however, was not so much to blame, for nearly every letter my grandfather or aunt Mary wrote to her contained a list of much needed articles. At that time there was but one small store in Dixon, and it was impossible to obtain

what they required. Then, too, the supply of money my grandfather had brought with him had run very low, as he had sustained some severe losses by means of counterfeit money, which at that time was being largely circulated throughout the west.

I take an extract from the one letter I have been able to secure, written by my aunt, for I think it may prove of interest. "Be particular to bring every thing you want, for you can get nothing here. My father bids you sell the plows at whatever you can get for them. Of all things, do not forget the seeds: 1 oz. of Brooklow; do. of Early York Cabbage; do. of Savoy Cabbage; do. of Wellington seed; 2 oz. of Okro; do. of Nasturtium seed, 2 quarts of Windsor beans. Try and get some parsnip seed from Mr. Dunn. Remember the early and late peas; get some flower seeds. Richard says for you to pack your roots in moss and clay. You need not bring the pigs I wrote you about, for my father has got a very handsome breed. Bring six reaping hooks, four curry combs, three strings of sleigh bells, two large and one small, the same as we have, and two cow bells (copper). Get your churn, tubs and pails made in Greenwich street (opposite Clinton Market). Bring the crowbars, picks and dragging machine, four large hinges with hooks, for the barn doors, and all the hinges about the house, and all the iron you have, and buckles for harness straps scrap iron for shoeing sleighs, one large saw and butcher's knife, one barrel of clover seed, and one of Timothy seed. Bring two pieces of the same kind of cloth Mr. M. got father for wagon covers. Make bags and put your beds in them; get plently of matting and wrap round your chairs and furniture. Bring two pounds of saltpeter and six bottles of fever and ague medicine."

This is but one of several letters that were written, containing directions of what they were to bring with them, all of which my grandmother followed to the letter. Is it any wonder then, that my grandfather stood transfixed at the magnitude of her luggage? In addition to her household goods and all the things she had been directed to get, she had brought enough young fruit trees, apple, peach, pear, plum and cheery, also small fruits and flowering shrubs of many varieties, to stock a nursery. Some of them are still living on the old place, where they were planted by hands long since folded to their rest. My grandfather was so greatly disgusted at the amount of luggage she had brought that he gave away in Chicago two wagon loads of her much prized fruit trees and shrubs (greatly to her dismay), also, leaving there several barrels of old iron and peach pits.

They had brought their own carriage from New York, so the tiresome drive over the prairies was performed in comparative comfort. During

my grandfather's absence in Chicago my aunt Mary had been very busy making preparations for the reception of the family—white-washing the walls of their future abode, and giving it every appearance of comfort that was in her power. When she saw the wagon train at a little distance, she started out with her youngest child to meet them and give them welcome. So browned were they by their rough life of hardship and exposure, that she was supposed, by her unappreciative relatives, to be a squaw and her papoose. Not flattering, certainly, but perhaps excusable on their part.

The man servant they brought from New York with them was quite a character, and very much given to composing what he called "poetry," a specimen of which I will give below. There were originally about twenty verses, which he set to music, likewise of his own composition, but these will suffice to hand down to future generations. I wish I might convey to you the fine rich brogue in which they are said to have been sung by the composer, or even the most excellent imiltation given by my mother and other members of the family, which I am confident could hardly be distinguished from the original:

"We crossed at Dixon's Ferry,
On the twenty-sixth of June,
Among the rolling prairies,
And the flowers in full bloom.

I'll vote for William Henry Harrison,
And I'll tell you the reason why,
He'll stop the speculation
That runs the country dry.

I hired by the month
As you very well do know,
And took the fever and ague,
Which caused me muckle woe."

I have not given the verses in the original order, but one here and there, as they could be recalled from memory's depths.

During those first years they suffered many privations. My grandfather was nearly seventy years of age, his oldest son, a delicate lad, who had suffered from hip disease, and the other boys too young to be of much assistance. Times were hard and it was almost impossible to get hired help of any kind, so that often my aunt Mary, my mother and the other girls had to go out into the field to assist in planting the corn, getting in the hay and harvesting the grain.

They had no well or cistern for some time, and all the water they used was hauled in barrels from the creek, a mile or more away. Their drink

ing water was obtained from a spring in the ravine back of the house, about three quarters of a mile. My cousin, Margaret, used to put a jug on either end of a strap, throw it over her horse's back in front of her and gallop off to bring the water. In the summer season they used to take their washing to the spring to rinse the clothes. As soon as they could they had a cistern made. My grandfather made two or three attempts to have a well dug, but each time after getting down about twenty feet they struck solid rock, and had to abandon the enterprise.

The game which was in such abundance here, and the river teeming with fish, furnished the boys much enjoyable sport, as well as being a most welcome addition to their larder. Their prairie chickens were brought home in such quantities that my grandmother used to take the breasts and salt them, afterwards having them smoked. They are said to have been delicious prepared in this way. Sometimes there would be a little grumbling that the wings and legs only were left for the table, but this was a very rare occurrance, so plentiful were they.

Two or three times after their arrival here they were visited by roving bands of Indians, of whom they were somewhat afraid. So stealthily would they approach that the family would have no knowledge of their presence until they would see a face at the window, or the latch would be raised and half a dozen of the red men stalk into their midst. A demand for food would invariably be made, which was always supplied them. The chief men of the tribe and their squaws only would enter the house, leaving the remainder of the tribe outside. One squaw in particular I have heard described as being very beautiful, with a wealth of raven hair, which she wore in two long braids. The youngest child of my aunt, who greatly admired her, would sometimes venture near and touch her hair, an act that was resented with fiercest scowls. While the family were engaged in preparing the food for them, the Indians employed themselves in examining every article of furniture with the greatest curiosity. That which attracted them most was the looking glass, and they took the keenest delight in standing before it, admiring themselves in almost every conceivable posture. They seemed to have a certain etiquette in regard to accepting hospitality, for if their plates were too well filled to enable them to consume all the food thereon, they carefully cleaned off every scrap and carried it away with them. Whether for a time of need, or because they considered it the proper acknowledgement for their entertainment, I do not know. One young chief took so great a fancy to my cousin, Margaret McGinnis (a dark slip of a girl), that he offered to trade a pony for her. An offer, it is needless to say, that was "declined with

thanks." The family were never troubled by any depredations from the Indians or annoyed by them in any way.

My grandfather, like the majority of farmers in those days, raised sheep. My grandmother spun the wool into yarn; and all the girls were adepts in the art of knitting. Not only were all the family socks and stockings fashioned from the yarn, but many other useful garments. My mother and aunt Grace knitted warm jackets for all, and heavy hunting coats for the boys. They were pretty well supplied with literature for those days, and in the evening all would gather around the big fireplace and one would read aloud while the rest were employed with their sewing and knitting. My grandmother also spun the flax that was raised upon the farm, from which they knit their summer stockings, gloves and mitts and the hats, too, that the girls wore. I have one of the latter that my mother knit. It presents a very funny appearance now, but I imagine it (when well starched and ironed into the desired shape, and with a ribbon around it), might have been very pretty, if a trifle odd looking. Certainly, that "necessity is the mother of invention," proved true in their case.

After the supply of shoes they had brought from New York had given out, my grandmother made the shoes for herself and daughters. She had lasts, awls, wax-ends (that she made herself), and everything that was required for the making of them. The uppers were of cloth, and for the soles she used old leather. It is a wonder to me how she could do it; having no previous knowledge of the craft, it seems an almost impossible task. There were no shoemakers here then, but a year or two later one appeared on the scene, and my grandfather would hire him to come to the house, where he remained until the entire family were well shod.

It must not be supposed that during those years of hard work and privations, they had no amusement. In an old diary I find a description of a Hallow'en party at their old home in 1841, where all the old Hallow'en tests of fortune were tried by the young people; such as burning nuts, the three cups, diving for an apple in a tub of water, the ring placed in the cake, and gazing into the looking-glass as the clock strikes twelve to see one's true-love looking over one's shoulder, etc. A right merry time they had until the "wee sma' hours."

From many old letters and anecdotes, the truth has been forced upon me that the young people of those days were no wiser than at the present time. Then there were dinners and balls at Governor Charters' and other neighboring houses to which they went. Many were the jolly riding parties they had through the lovely country. They generally rode to

church, either to Sugar Grove or to Dixon, on horseback. My aunt Grace was never able to conquer timidity sufficiently to learn to ride, and was thus deprived of much pleasure.

Three years after the family came west, the eldest son died, and was laid to rest on the high bluff overlooking the river on the Rockwood place, which had been set apart as a burial ground. The second break in the family circle occurred three years later, when my grandfather passed away in December of the year 1845, leaving them in a new country, with no protection or support other than boys, my uncle David being but fifteen, and my cousin, James McGinnis, fourteen years of age. Amid many discouragements, they struggled through the succeeding few years. My grandmother's orchard and garden had however, more than fulfilled her expectations Everything was done under her personal supervision, and not a little of the work by her own hands. People used to come many miles for the pleasure of walking through her garden, and seldom was it that they departed empty handed, as she was ever most generous, and freely gave both roots and cuttings. That may have been one reason why it thrived so well.

The two older boys caught the gold fever and in January, '52, started to California, crossing the plains in a covered wagon, as many a one had done before them. On my cousin, William McGinnis, a lad not nineteen years of age, rested all the responsibility of managing the farm, and right well he did it. No boy ever worked harder or more faithfully, amid the burdens that were placed upon him.

My aunt Mary has a journal which she kept from the beginning of 1852 until the ending of 1856, which I have perused with much interest. It is mainly a record of unceasing labor by every member of the family. There are, however, two or three items which I give. First, that all important topic, the weather. During the first of January, 1853, there were terrific rains, lasting three or four days without cessation. At that time their cellar was flooded, and the water even reached the first floor of the house. In all this down-pour they were obliged to work unceasingly to save their stock, but in spite of their efforts some of it was lost, mainly pigs and very young calves. The last week of the same month the snow fell for four consecutive days, and they carried between thirty and forty bushels of snow out of their house, where it had drifted in. During the first two months of that year, snow and rain fell for more than two-thirds of the time. In April, of that same year, there was a terrible storm, hail-stones falling the size of a goose egg.

It was not to be all clouds for them that year, for the crop was abund-

ant. Such peaches as my grandmother had that year, have never been raised about here, either before or since. They were of great size and enormous quantity. That year they sold between three and four hundred dollars' worth of peaches alone, and in addition small fruits and apples, of which they had a large supply. The great abundance of the wild fruit in those early years can scarcely be imagined. When they went out blackberrying, they used to take tubs to bring them home in; yes, and fill them too. I have heard it said, that letters were written to friends "back east," by some of the earliest settlers here, telling that the strawberries were in such profusion that in driving across the prairies the wagon wheels were dyed red from the juice of the berries.

My cousin, Margaret McGinnis, was a famous horsewoman, and small and slender though she was, never knew the meaning of the word fear. Many a colt on the place did she break to harness, and she was quite as much at home on the bareback of a horse as in the saddle, and indeed, usually rode in that way. She was also as proficient in the use of shotgun and rifle as were the boys themselves. It is not so many years ago since I saw her take the gun, go out and bring down a hawk flying overhead.

In 1852, my aunts, Grace and Theodosia, felt that during the hard times the family were subjected to, and as their assistance was really not required on the farm, they ought at least, to support themselves; so they came into town and carried on dressmaking for some years, until the latter was married. They were both earnest workers in the church, and took an active part in most enterprises that were started. The love of flowers was a perfect passion with aunt Grace, and she always surrounded herself with them. She was in delicate health many years before she died, but worked in her garden often, when she should have been in bed, and with her house-plants up to the very day she was taken with her last sickness. Her hands were never idle, and she could not be happy apart from her sewing and knitting, being employed with the latter industry, even while she was reading. The restless feet are stilled; the busy hands are folded now, for rest came to her a little over a year ago, at the age of seventy-five.

My grandmother was a woman of great determination of character, and in her old age (for she lived to be one hundred and two years old, lacking one month), was a remarkable woman, inasmuch as she retained the vigor of her intellect, which was always bright, until the very last. She took the greatest interest in all the topics of the day, reading the newspapers and keeping herself thoroughly posted in regard to both home

and foreign news. A few months before her death she read the life of the First Napoleon with the keenest zest. She had the most gentle, loving disposition, and charity beyond words to express, but could, when occasion required, assume the most imposing dignity of manner and command. I have seen her draw herself to her full height, and say to a member of the family (woman grown, who was speaking in some heat), "That will do, Madame," in a tone so awful that not another word would be uttered. I have a very distinct remembrance also, of the way in which she was wont to punish me, when a child, for some misdemeanor of which I had been guilty. She never raised her hand to me, but would take me by the shoulders and give me so vigorous a shaking that the teeth would rattle in my head.

My grandmother's bible was her constant companion, and she had the most beautiful faith I have ever known, never murmuring, never questioning, but accepting all that was sent as God's will. She lived to see most of her loved ones pass on before her to "That undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns;" and with the words "Tarry not, Lord, for I come," ever on her lips—calmly awaited the summons, which came to her in May, 1884.

I was told that as this was to be a woman's work, I must confine myself more particularly to the lives of the women of the family. This I have endeavored to do, although by so doing, I have necessarily omitted much of interest concerning those of the family who were boys at that time.

GRACE EVERETT JOHNSON.

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Hazelwood.

A DISTINGUISHING feature connected with the history of the city of Dixon and its neighborhood, including the township of Dixon, and one much commented upon by visitors from the old settled states of our union, is the fact that the inhabitants of this particular district are gifted with a very high social standing—that there seems to be an air of aristocratic breeding among them which is not found generally outside the limits of our eastern cities and early established communities. The cause of this distinguishing feature can be traced to the emigration from the city of New York of a number of choice families in the years of 1837 and 1838 to the Rock River Valley; Dixon's Ferry being the terminus of their long journey.

A financial crisis had overwhelmed the entire country in the year 1837 The business men of the city of New York, particularly the importers of foreign goods, had suffered tremendous reverses of fortune, and many of them becoming wearied with the wear and tear of commerce, determined to seek fortunes for themselves and families in the attractive west.

Dixon's Ferry on Rock River had been reported to some of these families as being the central point of the most beautiful portion of the great western country which had so many attractions for them, and to this point their future steps were directed—and at this point the present flourishing city of Dixon is located.

One of these families was that of Captain Hugh Graham, formerly captain of one of the Black Ball line of ocean packets—the ocean greyhounds of that day—who settled a few miles down the north side of the river from Dixon's Ferry. He had a commanding appearance and was very choice of the language he used. An acquaintance from Dixon visiting him one day at his farm remarked that he had not seen him in town for a long time. "No sir," said Captain Graham, "the boundary lines of my plantation are now the limits of my peregrinations, sir."

Another family was that of John T. Lawrence, who had lately grad-

uated from the military academy of West Point—and of David Law, Sr. who both settled close neighbors to Captain Graham. Of those who settled up the river from Dixon's Ferry were the Wetzler and Bradshaw families, both distinguished for their high social relations in the city of New York. Of the young unmarried men who formed part of this colony of refined and educated families were Charles F. Hubbard and young friends, familiarly called the "Bluff Boys," who settled down the south side of the river from Dixon's Ferry a few miles; and Guy Carleton Bayley and his brother Richard Bayley, who settled up the river on the south side a few miles from Dixon's Ferry. These young men were brothers of the future Archbishop of Newark, N. J , and connected with the old Knickerbocker families of New York City, who formed the Four Hundred of that day.

At the same time—spring of 1838—and in the same company, came also a young man who afterwards filled the most prominent position in the social and intellectual life of Dixon and its surrounding—Alexander Charters—universally named and known as "the Governor" on account of his handsome and commanding appearance, his elegant manners and his unrivaled hospitality, which made his home, named Hazlewood, a household word throughout the entire western country. He selected for his home the most beautiful spot to be found in the state of Illinois—three miles upstream on the north side from Dixon's Ferry. He was a widower with a young son, James B. Charters, then seeking his education in the University of Dublin, Ireland.

Hazlewood was a fine estate of six hundred acres and the hospitable mansion was situated on the bank of the river at an elevation of one hundred feet, overlooking one of the most charming views to be found upon any river in any country.

The Governor's hospitality was universal. He entertained the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the titled personages and the untitled, with the same warmth, the same elegance of manner and the same degree of dignity. He was visited by every distinguished man and woman who happened to pass through Dixon and its vicinity. His visitors included Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, William Cullen Bryant, Margaret Fuller, Countess of Ossoli, many dignitaries of the church and state, and many noblemen from abroad.

It was a common remark in those early days, when anybody inquired of the hotel proprietor in Dixon the way to Hazlewood he was told to "cross the river and take any road he pleased, that they all led to Hazlewood."

The Governor was assisted in his hospitable duties by his brother, Samuel M. Charters, and his niece, Fanny Charters, daughter of Samuel. She was eighteen years of age when she came with her father to reside at Hazlewood, and being a most beautiful girl and of fine education, she added immensely to the attractions of Hazlewood. Her admirers consisted of all the marriageable young men from many counties around Dixon and she shed a lustre upon the society of that early day which is even felt to the present time.

The Henshaw family, who settled on Rock River at Oregon, was also a part of this little community which moved from New York City in the spring of 1838 to Rock River, and formed a very interesting portion of it, too. Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw had two daughters, very pretty girls, Emily and Josephine. Mr. Henshaw speaking of them used to to say, "Emily will marry for an establishment, but Josephine, Josephine, she will go for the heart." He proved to be a true prophet, for Emily married a rich Mr. Clark of Chicago, for whom Clark street in that city was named, and Josephine gave her heart to Mr. Joseph Latshaw, of Princeton, and ever remained a happy, loving wife.

Another of that band of early settlers of 1837-38 was John Shillaber, a native of Salem, Massachusetts, who having resided abroad for several years had all the bearing and appearance of an Englishman. He was a man of large means for those days and settled on Pine Creek, near Rock River, a few miles from Dixon's Ferry. He lived alone with his servants and retainers in dignified style and was always styled My Lord Shillaber, and treated everybody with a haughty reserve. When meeting an acquaintance who would offer his hand in salutation Lord Shillaber would graciously present the forefinger of his right hand and allow that member to be shaken. Occasionally he would send a communication to the Salem newspaper describing the beauty and magnificence of the Rock River scenery and of the prairies surrounding his plantation. According to his reports the game upon his preserves was plentiful, because when he wished a supply he would go out and knock the prairie hens over with his cane, and the wild turkeys were very, very abundant.

To recall the number of influential people who came in early days to make their homes in Dixon would be a difficult task. Suffice it to say that their descendants at the present time speak for themselves—nowhere in the west can be found a community gifted with such a refined, polished, highly educated and distinguished looking people as that now dwelling in the city of Dixon and its environs.

OLD SETTLER.

The Magic of Photography.

SNAP SHOTS FROM MEMORY.

BY J. H. MOORE.

AMONG the improvements of the age but few things have made more rapid advancement than the art of photography. A score of years ago it was scarcely classed as an art, and a photographer was regarded more as an artisan than an artist. A glance at the pictures of those days and of these will warrant the distinction. The early productions of the photographer's skill were crude affairs and unsatisfactory even to the comparatively uncultivated taste of that period. The concentration and diffusion of light was but little understood, the chemicals were but poorly adapted to their purpose, and the operator himself was frequently a man of little if any artistic appreciation. Then it took several minutes' exposure to secure a negative, and the result as shown in the family portraits of the period was usually a stiff figure, partly out of focus, one side in bright light and the other in a deep shade, and the countenance unnatural, generally expressionless. Now all this is changed, and by the instantaneous process, a picture is taken unerringly true to nature; the most fleeting shadow of a smile or a frown is caught in the twinkling of an eye and the very grace of motion is almost preserved.

These contrasts were vividly presented in a half hour's wandering through the oldest gallery in this part of the country.

There is a little sort of honeycomb instrument by which a man may be multiplied in miniature twenty-five times in the snap of a finger, receiving that number of perfect portraits about the size of a postage stamp, while from yonder closet comes life-size portraits, twenty by twenty-four inches in size.

This little affair, that looks something like a spiritualist cabinet, is a place where the most wonderful feats of magic are performed. Here sits the magician, his head half hidden under the folds of a dark curtain, with his more than magic pencil, putting hair on bald heads and erasing

wrinkles wrought by the hand of time. Faces merely comely when they go in here, come out radiantly beautiful; faces careworn and cross are touched with beatific serenity. Moles magically disappear into dimples; and freckled faces are transformed into complexions of angelic transparency.

Here is a chair, simple in appearance, but with some half dozen attachments, clamps, rests, ball-sockets and swivel joints, capable of a hundred transformations, and by means of which a tired mother's temper is saved from explosion, a restless baby rendered docile and happy, and a fat and frowning child transmogrified into a smiling cherub.

But all the magic of a photograph gallery lies not in apparatus. Seated in the reception parlors, how full of reminiscences of the far away past are the pictured walls on every hand. How kindly look down upon us the faces of the friends of other days. The sturdy pioneers, who have long since moved on to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, seem to belie the Shakespearian adage and come back to us in veritable reality.

From yonder frame look out the calm and kindly features of the venerable John Dixon, father and founder of our city, whose snow-white locks fall gracefully over his broad shoulders. The friend and counselor alike of the white man and the red, Nachusa was a name universally revered and beloved. Yonder is Dr. Everett, another grand old man, who for more than a score of years was principal medicine-man of the pale-faces in Northern Illinois, and who assisted in ushering into the world most of those earliest to the manor born.

Over there is Father Whitney. the centenarian, who having rounded his hundred well spent years of life, passed to his peaceful death. Old as he is, there remains a merry twinkle in his eyes that tells that for him life had not lost its enjoyment. When he came here the west was a vast wilderness, and the virgin prairies between Dixon and his Franklin home, untouched bv the plow, was one vast sea of emerald green, heaving with billows of wild blossoms in gorgeous rainbow tint. Here is the portly figure and genial face of Governor Charters and his protege, Geo. Foote. How they speak to us of the whole-hearted hospitality of Hazlewood—of days and nights ever to be remembered, but never to return. Here are James L. Camp and B. F. Burr, who for so many years between them ran the politics and postoffice of Dixon. There is Dr. Gardner, of Thompsonian practice, who late in life thought himself not too old to follow Greeley's advice to young men, and went west to found a new home, which he did not live to enjoy. Here is McL. Wadsworth, who

having escorted hundreds of old settlers through the peaceful portals of Oakwood cemetery, at last himself reclines beneath its leafy shades. There, the lips firmly set, and eyes that fairly sparkle with animation, is Col. John Dement, the hero of the Black Hawk war and the sturdy standard-bearer of Northern Illinois democracy, whose will was iron and whose heart was as staunch as oak. There is Hon. Joseph Crawford, with features more mild but no less firm; whose feet have pressed nearly every foot of sod in Lee and surrounding counties, as government surveyor; a careful business man, eminently honest and universally honored, conscientious and conservative, a wise counselor and cultured companion. Here is the fine, aristocratic face of Judge John V. Eustace, tinged with a smile of slightly sarcastic humor. With a heart as tender as a child's and a soul that would flash into instant fiery indignation at the committal of wrong that took the form of meanness, be it against friend or foe. A man who, not without fault, was one of the manliest of men.

Here is the lithe figure and bright features of the suave E. B. Stiles, who could refuse a man a favor with such infinite grace that the solicitor would retire feeling in better mood than if almost anyone else had complied with his request. Isaac S. Boardman, first clerk of Lee county, and who in his many years of editorial control of *The Telegraph* never told *quite* all that he knew. Isaac Means, his implacable enemy, but a man who beneath a brusk exterior hid a warm and generous heart. Squires Morgan, Stevens and Bethea, a triumvirate of justices of the olden kind, a terror to wrong doers. Robert F. Lang, whose rugged old Scotch features beam with energy, honesty and an iron will, and whose handiwork, as endurable as his sturdy good qualities, is seen in the piers of the Dixon bridge. Col. H. T. Noble, one of Dixon's early educators, a soldier of unimpeachable patriotism, a man of fertile brain and unbounded public spirit. Others will write of his military and public record, but this portrait brings out a dimly developed memory-picture of a little stone school-house among the first buildings in Dixon constructed of that enduring material. Within its walls the first teacher, in 1848, was James Lum; the second, in 1850, Henry T. Noble. On each side of the small room—ample enough, however—along the wall were two or three rows of seats and primitive desks. At one end, opposite the door, was a huge fire-place, up the capacious chimney of which in winter escaped nearly all the heat from the burning logs beneath. To the left was the teacher's desk, the receptacle of not only *his* books, but of *our* marbles and balls and apples and chewing gum, which so often became a sort of contraband of war. On the seats at this side sat the girls. (We called

them girls in those days—young ladies you would call them now.) Many of them I can recall to memory, though most of them are beyond recall in fact. Jane Ann Herrick, tall and queenly, who afterward became the wife of the school teacher and lost her life in the terrible bridge accident of May 3, 1873. Ann Ophelia Potter, handsome and bright, afterward Mrs. F. A. Soule. The Mead sisters—Laura and Parmelia—the former now Mrs. C. J. Reynolds, of Colorado Springs, the latter (Mrs. Hoffman) also a victim of the bridge disaster. There, too, sat Franc Noble, the teacher's cousin, fat, fair and full of frolic, something of a tom-boy, perhaps, but with a heart bigger than any boy's. The Ayers girls, Libbie and Mary. Henrietta Dixon and Sarah Elizabeth McKenney, first and second children to the manor born. Anna Eustace, now Mrs. B. F. Shaw, stately and dignified even in her young girlhood. These, with many others, more dimly remembered, were the lambs who sat at the teacher's right, while at his left, with the kids, sat Edward and Edwin, the twin Sterlings, who were so much alike that it was difficult to avoid punishing one for the misdeeds of the other. "Bird" and "Jim" Ayres; Joe Morrell, the embodiment of good-natured mischief; John Wealty, now in Washington; John L. Lord and his brother "Gus"; "Ep." Edson and "Eph." Groh; J. D. Messer, who was always with Will Van Arnam; Henry Dement and Oscar McKenney. To all of us in those far-away days Henry T. Noble, in his vigorous young manhood, was not only a teacher, but a friend and companion.

But upon the gallery walls hang other pictures. There is Col. Silas Noble, so long recorder of the government land office, who, though well advanced in life, was too full of patriotic fervor to remain at home while younger men were fighting for the preservation of the Union. James Goble, one of Lee county's early sheriffs, always in good spirits, fond of a good story and a good laugh, and perhaps for that reason a general favorite with the young folks. E. W. Hine, we believe Dixon's first or second merchant tailor, who nethertheless was very much more than the "ninth part of a man," being a refined and cultured gentleman, whose home in early days was a favorite resort for congenial spirits. His family of five has now no living representative.

James Van Arnam, whose optical organs had a decidedly introspective turn, was a character in those days, who is *said* to have said that if he knew that he had a drop of honest blood in his body he would open his veins and let it out. "Jim," however, was the self-constituted righter of many wrongs in the primitive days, and marshalled at least one party to tar and feather a man for the ill-treatment of an orphan

girl. James Hatch, whose picture wears a pleasant smile, was Dixon's first baker, who in 1848 baked all the crackers and hard bread for Dixon's delegation of gold hunters, to be used in their three month's trip across the plains. These were baked in an oven in the basement of the house still occupied by Mr. Hatch, corner of Peoria and River streets. The upper floor was then occupied as a dwelling and wagon shop by the families of John Moore (father of the writer) and E. B. Blackman, and well do we remember seeing E. B. Baker and others of the California crew ride the rail with which they worked the dough to a proper stiffness.

There is Theron Cumins, emphatically a self-made man, who laid the foundation of his fortune in the suburban village of Grand Detour, and is now at the head of the oldest and most extensive manufacturing company in the city. A man of few words, but whose words are fraught with forceful meaning, he not infrequently reminds us of General Grant.

Dr. John B. Nash, for many years one of the two physicians in this region of country. A tall and intellectual looking man of pleasing countenance and kindly heart. Retiring from practice, he opened the first drug store in the village. He became one of the early students of and converts to the spiritual philosophy, and his home was the most prominent rendezvous of its exponents. He was among those who visited Pike's Peak during the gold fever, and there became lost to his family and friends—his bones probably rest in some unknown spot in the mountains of Colorado.

Oh, there is John W. Clute, who half a century ago commenced perfecting the soles and repairing the understanding of the people of this community, and is still pegging away, the first and the *last* of the worshippers at the shrine of St. Crispen, his useful career has not yet *waxed* to an *end*. While he pounds his lapstone he can relate in detail most of the local incidents in the lapse of time since 1840.

Here hangs a portrait of Henry K. Strong, of the township's constabulary, who with James C. Mead and the writer divides the honor of setting type for the first paper printed in Lee county, May 1, 1851. It was the Dixon *Telegraph*, still hale and hearty in its forty-second year. The wife of the editor (Mrs. Chas. R. Fisk), was, in all probability, the first woman who set type on any paper in this part of the country. The printing office was over the store of Little & Brooks, now D. W. McKenney's livery stable on River street, and *The Telegraph*, after many removals, has returned to within a half block of its birthplace, the writer still occasionally taking a hand at the case.

Here is W. W. Heaton, one of the earliest judges of the circuit court of Lee county, a man small of statue, but of broad culture, solid rather

than brilliant, slow but sure. Well do we remember the accident by which he was deprived of his second wife—one of the first fatal accidents to occur in Dixon. Mrs. Heaton, her son and infant daughter were returning from a drive. The horse became suddenly frightened and unmanagable by his boy driver. The carriage was overturned, and the mother, rendered helpless in her endeavor to shield her babe, was thrown violently against the corner of the Methodist Episcopal church (now the residence of J. W. Kent) and was instantly killed.

Joseph Cleaver, almost forgotten perhaps, came to Dixon in 1845, and was postmaster in 1854, dying in July of that year, one of the first (I think the very first) victims of the cholera epidemic.

There is the brawny, black-eyed J. M. Cropsey, the veteran Vulcan of the village, who was equally skilled in forging a horse-shoe or spinning a yarn, and whose fertile imagination might have earned him the title of the Jules Verne of the West. Not far off is a picture of David Welty, who came from Buffalo, New York, in the spring of 1838, and for many years was "mine host" of one of the earliest hostleries, the Western Hotel, which by another name still stands on Hennepin avenue.

Oh, here we have a galaxy of distinguished individuals — a sort of "Lincoln cabinet" picture in fact. The central figure is "Deacon" Quartus Ely, and he is surrounded by a coterie of a dozen choice spirits, not all old settlers, and several of them already mentioned. There is Hal. Williams, a brilliant young lawyer; Ferris Finch, an artist who buried his capital talent under a government appointment at the capital; Ozias Wheeler, one-time sheriff of Lee county; James L. Camp, Dixon's best known postmaster; P. M. Alexander, the pioneer hardware dealer; the two Benjamins—"Andy" and "Jim"; L. A. Divine, Judge Welty, B. F. Shaw, the veteran editor of the Northwest; Henry Becker and Isaac Boardman, an apt follower of his partial namesake, Izaak Walton, and a disciple of Nimrod. In the days of auld lang syne this cabinet met in frequent session, and shrouded in vaporous wreaths arising from choice Havanas or less aristocratic, but more maladorous "kinnekennick," its members oft discussed the chequered affairs of life. Even kings and queens, as well as knaves, were admitted to these sessions. As in the outside world, hearts were sometimes exchanged for diamonds, and clubs and spades were frequently found in opposition. Ah, is it true that in the game of life spades always win? They have turned the sod upon the graves of most of "Deacon" Ely's cabinet; but it may be that with "the great majority" they are now engaged in the discussion of weightier themes. Let us hope so, as we turn their pictured faces to the wall.



MRS. E. B BAKER.

Mrs. E. B. Baker and Others.

Mrs. E. B. Baker, the subject of this little sketch, was the first white child who crossed Rock River. She was born on Fancy Creek, six miles from Springfield, Illinois, in March 1827. Her father, Mr. Kellogg, was appointed to lay out a road between Peoria and Galena, where the land office was then situated. This he did in 1828, and it was known as Kellogg's trail, and was the only thoroughfare between the central portion of the state and Galena. In the spring many people made their way to the lead mines over this route, as the mining fever was at its hight, and in autumn emigrated southward again with the birds. At one time quite a large party, men, women and children, forded the river near here in their wagons. The young men of the party considered this a fine opportunity to go bathing, and, as the wagon train passed on, disrobed and disported themselves for some time in the crystal waters. At last, realizing that the time was passing, they returned to the bank, only to find that not a vestige of their clothing remained. The Indians had crept up and stolen every garment, and they were forced to follow on after the wagon train in a state of nature. In laying out the trail Mr. Kellogg was so delighted with the northern part of the state that he determined to take up a claim, the same known in history as "Kellogg's Grove," and in 1829 moved his family there. In 1831 the Dixons, to whom he was related, having located at "Dixon's Ferry," and strongly urging him to settle near them, he moved to Buffalo Grove, where for some years he kept a public house. There were but four large rooms in the house, but no other "tavern" being within many miles, they sometimes accommodated as many as fifty in one night; beds being laid all over the floors, while some slept wrapped in their blankets, thankful to be under the shelter of a roof. When the rush to the mines set in they would often serve as many as two hundred extra meals in a day, of which Mrs. Baker, then a child would keep count with kernels of corn. Three times were the family forced to leave their home on account of expected Indian outbreaks; once during the Blackhawk war, once previous and another time later. Mr. Kellogg served as a scout or guide during the time of that war.

It was no uncommon occurrence for the Dixon children to drive to Buffalo Grove in the early morning and breakfast with the Kellogg family. One night there had been a very heavy frost which covered the thick prairie grass as with snow, so the Dixon boys thought it would be a grand idea to have a sleigh ride, and they "hitched up" and drove to their uncle's before the frost melted. No record is left of the manner in which they returned home.

The wolves were a source of great annoyance to the Kelloggs, often killing a calf or a pig before rescue could come from the house. A favorite dog deserted them for the companionship of a pack of wolves. He came back some time later, displaying a most sneaking, abject appearance, but did not remain long, for in a few days he returned to the companions of his adoption. I have heard it related that an uncle of my own, while plowing, was sometimes followed by wolves which would devour the mice turned up by the plow in the furrow.

Mrs. Kellogg was greatly troubled at the lack of educational advantages for children, and made every effort to secure the best instruction those early days afforded. One winter "Father Dixon" would hire a teacher to come to his house, and the Kellogg children attended that school; the next winter the teacher would hold forth at Mr. Kellogg's, and the Dixon children would go there. Mrs. Baker attended school one year at Gaatiot's Grove near Galena.

In 1845 she was married to Eli B. Baker, and the year following they came to Dixon to live; their home being the A. S. Dimick house on the corner of Main and Ottawa streets. 1849 Mr. Baker went to California with many others whom the recent gold discoveries had drawn thither. Mrs. Baker was put to sore straits sometimes to provide for herself and little family while he was pursuing his long, weary way across the continent, bnt after his arrival fortune favored him, and he was enabled to send home the means with which to provide a home of their own, and during his absence Mrs. Baker built the house on the corner of Boyd street and north Ottawa avenue, now owned;—I think—by Rufus Forsyth. Some years later she became associated with Mrs. Jane Little in the millinery and dress-making business, which was carried on successfully for some years.

Mrs. Baker was ever ready to go to the assistance of the sick—at one time taking care of a cholera patient prior to the epidemic, until death ensued. Latterly, during some years she adopted the profession of nurse, and how excellent she is in that capacity can be certified to by many who have received her unremitting care. She has been a woman "of

sorrow and acquainted with grief," for of her five children but one remains—her youngest, an invalid son, to whom she devotes her life. Two of her children met their death in the terrible bridge disaster of 1873. We, in whose midst she has lived these many years appreciate her worth, and know how bravely she has borne all her afflictions.

Most of the old settlers are familiar with the following story, of which I have heard two versions, both having the same tragical termination, but I give the one which I have heard the oftener. Invitations were out for a party, and Susan Murray, who was quite a belle at that time, had sent for a pair of white satin slippers, one of which she found she could not wear on account of a troublesome corn. She impatiently exclaimed "if I only had a chisel I would cut the toe off," whereupon "Jim" Benjamin, who was standing near and had overheard her, most obligingly procured a chisel for her. She then asked him to strike the chisel with a hammer while she held the instrument. This he refused to do, but offered to hold the chisel while she did the striking act, thinking it only a joke, and, upon carrying out his part of the proposed program was surprised to see her strike so vigorous a blow as to sever the toe completely from the foot.

In the early years there lived here a man whose wife was sadly addicted to the use of intoxicants, and when indulging in one of her sprees was a source of terror to the neighborhood. One evening a party of young men found her laying on the street sleeping off the effects of the liquor she had imbibed. They produced a board, on which they bound her firmly from shoulders to feet, and then carried her over the river to her home, which was situated in what is now known as "Parson's Addition," and there set the board upon end at the side of the door. I will not give the names of the young men, for some of them still reside here, and are now very dignified elderly, professional and business men, and might regard it as not a good example to their sons, as well as taking a great liberty with their names.

There is a story, too, of one time when a number of the older boys went hunting or skating up the river and killed a muskrat, whereupon someone—my informant thought Noah Brooks—wrote up the affair in startling characters as the murder of an innocent, unoffending citizen of a neighboring settlement, Amos Krat by name, whereat some of the

good fathers, who knew that their sons were of the party (especially Uncle Fred McKinney), were greatly alarmed lest their boys would be implicated in the direful punishment which was sure to follow.

Another one refers to a time when paper, for some reason, was not to be had for the weekly issue of the only Dixon paper, and it came out on pink and yellow sheets about the size of a farm sale bill, with the motto "Smaller by degrees and beautifully less; fret not thy gizzard."

Andrew J. Brubaker can be classed among the old settlers, as he came here in 1849. He made his advent here on foot, having walked from his father's farm on Pine Creek, a distance of ten miles, and carrying his wardrobe in a red bandana handkerchief. When he arrived at Rock River he found the bridge gone. In response to his "hello" Mr. Alexander came across the river and rowed him over in a skiff. He and the above mentioned gentleman were employed at the same time, and for some years in Mr. Brook's store. Upon Mr. Brooks' retirement from the general merchandise business, Mr. Alexander set up in the hardware line, and Mr. Brubaker continued in that branch of the business with which he was most familiar. Of all the business men here in 1855 only these two gentlemen, with Mr. Eells and Mr. W. J. Carpenter, continue in the business in which they were originally engaged. J. C. Ayers, who at that time had a hat and cap store, is still in business, but of a different nature. The flattering attention with which Mr. Brubaker now waits upon the ladies is due to the early training which he received in Mr. Brooks' store, as he thus describes it: "In Mr. Books' store the millinery department was the hardest to learn and get along with. It was no small task to fix one of those old-fashioned 'prairie schooner' bonnets on a lady, and trim it up with ribbons, flowers and feathers to match, and then tell her that she looked beautiful, and that it became her very nicely, but I got there after awhile." Mr. Brubaker has always been much interested in music, and has probably sung at more funerals than any other inhabitant of Lee county. He organized the first Methodist choir, and was its leader for a number of years. Up to that time congregational singing had been in vogue, sometimes one pitching the tune, again another; often it would be pitched too high, or very much the reverse; frequently they would get the wrong meter and utter confusion ensue. One old settler used to say, "they first screwed on one tune, and if that did not fit, they would screw on another." Mr. Brubaker had much trouble in persuading the old fogy members and deacons to allow him to organize a choir, but later on they

conceded that it was a great improvement, and showed no desire to return to the old way.

In 1851 the first brass band, composed of eighteen members, was organized, of whom Mr. Brubaker and Mr. B. F. Shaw are the only representatives remaining at the present day, the others having passed away or gone to "pastures new." Mr. Shaw played the bugle and was for some time leader of the band. The writer of this is unable to positively assert that the stagnation in the growth of Dixon was due solely to the music (?) thus evolved by Mr. Shaw as bandmaster, but if so, his genial disposition has eventually overcome the terrifying effects of the bugle blowing of long ago, and timid strangers are now venturing to make Dixon their home, just as if no awful sounds had once put to flight everything human within hearing.

I have picked up many good stories about "Andrew," but he says they are not true, and seriously objects to their publication, so I must content myself with the only one to which he "owns up." Tallow candles were used in Mr. Brooks' store in addition to lamps, and it was one of Mr. Brubaker's duties to light up. On a first of April Henry Webb, who was the instigator of most of the mischief on foot, proposed that Andrew be "April-fooled, and invited all the boys to come and see the fun. Fine imitations of candles were made out of potatoes and placed in the candlesticks. Evening came, and with it a goodly crowd of the boys, and not long after their eyes were gladdened by the ineffectual attempts of our friend to light first one candle and then another. At each failure the unrighteous laughed, and he, becoming flustered, finally exclaimed, "My goodness, I can't make these candles light." Roars of laughter and shouts of "April fool" sounded on all sides, Andrew says he took the joke well and only remarked good naturedly, "Well, boys, that is all right, but you can't play that trick on me again."

One incident which occurred in those early years I think worthy of relating, concerning a shoemaker by the name of Daniel Cuppernell. He was an extremely profane man, and one day while he and a companion were at work at their trade in the basement of a house which stood on the south side of Main street, near the corner of Peoria, a heavy thunderstorm came up. The flashes of lightning were so vivid, and the roll of "Heaven's artillery" so incessant that the other man expressed some fear. Cuppernell, with a terrible oath, said, "Let God Almighty do his worst, I'm not afraid of him." No sooner were the words uttered than a bolt of

lightning came down the chimney, killing him instantly, while his companion escaped unhurt.

Mrs. James A. Watson (Susan Clute), was quite noted for her beauty as a girl, and at one time was the acknowledged belle of Dixon. She was very public-spirited also, and it is said that she, together with some other young ladies (probably more for sport than aught else), accomplished some quite successful campaigning for William Henry Harrison in 1840.

One person well known to all is Adam Scheer. His father came to Dixon in 1845 with his family. They were not long from Germany and could speak but a few words in English. Two weeks after their arrival here Mr. Scheer died. At that time they were living on a farm known as the Warn place, west of town. The family had a great deal of sickness the first year or two, and one summer when Mrs. Scheer was sick with a fever, a neighbor going there to offer assistance, found little Adam his mother's nurse, and she, poor soul, in a burning fever was carefully covered by a feather bed, as well as laying upon one, according to the German custom. The lady had this removed and by whatever means were at hand, soon managed to have her more comfortable. When Adam was eleven years old he went to live with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Little. After they moved out on their farm he worked there during the summer, but in the winter he would come to town and work for his board and attend school, that he might receive the benefit of the better educational advantages afforded here. In 1849 his two elder brothers went to California, leaving Adam his mother's stay and support until her death, which occurred during the cholera epidemic in 1854. Adam was somewhat superstitious and of a timid disposition in his young days. The writer hereof knew of his great fear of ghosts and when a small child succeeded in giving him a fright which he remembers to this day. She arose in the very early morning before it was fairly light and hid herself at the back of the woodpile, where she knew he would soon come for wood for the kitchen fire. When he had filled his arms, she sprang out, flapping her nightdress wildly. Adam gave a shriek, threw the wood down and made good use of his heels until safe shelter of the kitchen was reached. I'll never tell what happened to the little girl but simply say that from that time on she never tried to frighten Adam.

All who know him know how faithful he is to every trust reposed in him. He is an efficient worker in the Baptist church, and on Memorial

day what would we do without Adam? He is never absent from his post of duty and having served in the army, his heart and soul are in the work.

As in all newly settled countries, the beaux were so much more numerous here that every girl within twenty miles was in great demand when a dance was to be given. There was one family in the "Kingdom" where there were two or three daughters, but owing to the violent temper and stinging tongue of their mother, the young men were extremely shy of bringing upon their heads the wrath and sound berating of the matron, which invariably followed their appearance upon the scene, so they were wont to draw cuts to decide which would be the victim, the shortest straw being the herald of doom. He who was so unfortunate as to have drawn it would take his life in his hand and heavy of heart proceed on his way to invite the young lady.

The Tallmadges were well known here in the early days, having come in 1835. He was a venerable-looking old man with snow-white hair and beard, but very much disfigured by a hare-lip. He usually wore black clothes, the coat (like "old Grimes'" of nursery lore) "all buttoned up before," and a high silk hat. A small child, seeing him pass the house one day, called: "Oh! mother, come quick, there goes our Heavenly Father." Mrs. Tallmadge was much younger than her husband, and in many ways an excellent woman, but possessed of many fancied ailments from which she was always sure she was going to die and sending for the doctor in hot haste without the least necessity. "Tell it not in Gath," but I have heard it whispered that Dr. Everett kept an excellent quality of bread pills on hand for patients of that description which always proved so efficacious that a speedy cure was sure to follow.

Mrs. John Brown, then a girl, was at Mrs. Tallmadge's and one evening was taken very sick and the doctor was sent for but failed to put in an appearance. A still more imperative summons just as day was dawning brought him—about ten o'clock. Mrs. Tallmadge met him at the door, fairly bombarding him with reproaches, and wound up by saying: "Why Dr. Everett, you ought to be ashamed of yourself: you have a *very* sick patient in there (indicating the bedroom), I can tell you." Regarding her with some amazement, the doctor replied in his deliberate manner: "Why, Mrs. Tallmadge, I thought it was *you* and I knew there was no hurry."

There is another story of a man who was not always strictly honest. He went into Mr. Brooks' store (so my informant said) one day, and think-

ing himself unobserved, confiscated some butter, which, like "Handy Andy," he placed in his hat. A clerk, who had witnessed the act, spoke to some others who were in the store, asking their aid in carrying out a plan for the culprit's undoing: so as Mr. S. came forward with most innocent mein, they gathered about him talking and laughing, and finally hemmed him into a corner near the stove. Someone complained of feeling very cold and the wood was thrown on the fire with no sparing hand, so that soon the room became very warm and poor Mr. S. was in the warmest place, in fact, almost "too hot to hold him." What is that stealing slowly down his cheeks, trickling down his nose, bedewing his forehead and matting his hair? Butter! yes, butter—*rivers* of butter. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard."

One time when work was in progress upon the Illinois Central railroad, Dixon was threatened with a serious riot. One or two of the gang of workmen had been arrested and placed in jail, whereat their comrades were very much incensed and they struck work, marched in a body to the town threatening to burn it. This catastrophe was averted by Prophet Myres, who missed no opportunity for making a speech, and as they came in line across the bridge, he beheld an audience ready at hand, such as it was rarely his good fortune to meet. Mounting a dry goods box on the corner opposite Mrs. Baker's present home, he began a characteristic harangue, and soon had the mob in such a good humor that they entirely forgot their errand of vengeance and when he was through quietly dispersed, much to the relief of the citizens, who fearing the worst, had armed themselves to defend their homes.

I have been told the story of how one fearless woman saved her home from claim jumpers. Otis Loveland came here in 1837 and took up the claim since known as the Loveland farm, and with his wife and two young children lived in a small house where the milk factory now stands. In those days there was the same lawless element here that we read of in the west, peculiar to all newly settled countries, and claim-jumping was not by any means an unheard-of occurrence. One day when Mr. Loveland was away from home three or four men armed themselves intending to jump the claim, anticipating no opposition. Mrs. Loveland saw them at a little distance, and having been informed of their intentions, determined to thwart their plans. She placed a rocking chair across the open door and taking her knitting in her hand, calmly seated herself to await their coming. When they reached the house they told her to move out

of the way, for they wanted that claim and were going to have it, too. She replied: "You shall not step one foot inside this house unless you first pass over my dead body." I suppose they did not quite care to kill her, for they finally departed, swearing as they went. This lady was the step-mother of Mrs. J. B. Brooks.

When Mrs. Brooks (then Ophelia Loveland) taught school in the "Bend" she received the enormous salary of one dollar and a quarter per week and "boarded around." This was not a very great hardship as the people, in most instances, were pleasant and kind, but there were two or three exceptions where the housewives were poor cooks and their houses none too cleanly. One place the children bragged of what good things they were going to have to eat when the teacher came there to board. The "good things" resolved themselves into dried apple and peach pies, which were made without first *stewing* the fruit. If not quite to the taste made in this way, they may have proved *filling*, particularly with *fluid* accompaniment.

Another place the teacher was awakened at break of day and sewing laid out for her until school time, and as soon as she returned she was set at work again until bedtime. At the end of the week this thrifty matron returned no thanks, but only expressed regret that Mrs. Brooks "could not stay long enough to make Susanna a dress." A child in this same family died while Mrs. Brooks was teaching in the neighborhood, and the balance of the children were put into deep mourning, consisting of black calico ruffles worn around each child's neck.

Mrs. Brooks saved enough money from her school teaching to buy a quarter section of land in Wisconsin, which she afterward sold for four hundred dollars to assist her husband in buying their home on Galena street, where Mr. Tillson's store now is, reserving, however, the price of a half-dozen silver spoons which she "was bound to have." She was a kind-hearted, hospitable woman, never so happy as when entertaining her friends. One time during the early days of the war her sister, Mrs. Rudd (well-known to many old settlers), was visiting her and Mrs. Brooks gave a tea party in her honor. Mrs. Rudd was a very strong abolitionist, in fact, kept a station on the underground railway in the southern part of the state. Some of the guests at the party were what was termed "copperheads" in those days. Mrs. Rudd was an extremely outspoken woman and not prone to "hide her light under a bushel," or her opinions either. A very heated discussion arose and for a time it appeared as if bloodshed was imminent. Mrs. Brooks, who had left the room to attend to her tea arrangements, was very much amazed and disconcerted a little

later when two ladies, who had taken umbrage at Mrs. Rudd's remarks, came with their wraps on to bid her good bye. Her dismayed query, "Why! you are not going without your supper?" brought forth an explanation, and through her intervention peace was patched up, harmony restored, and they did not go home without their supper.

We have been told that there were no rats in Dixon for a number of years, and that the first that was seen here came in a load of goods belonging to a Baptist minister which Mr. Little moved from La Moille and as the goods were being unpacked a rat jumped from the wagon. That there was no lack of them later will be illustrated by a little story which at least, has the virtue of being true. It was told us that once when a guest of the Dixon house was leaving, after having seated himself in the stage with several others, he shouted to Henry McKenney that there was something that he wanted attended to before he came this way again. Mr. McKenney, all smiles and anxiety to please, as became a good landlord, wanted to know what he could do for him. "Why," said he, "I want you to teach those rats of yours to hold up their tails when they run over a man's face."

John Brown came to Dixon in 1836, with no intention of locating, but here he remained until the day of his death, a most worthy citizen. In 1840 he married Eliza Cotton, who had come from Canada the year before with two Quaker families, the latter returning from "whence they came" not long afterward. As soon as they were married they went to live on the farm now well-known as the McRoberts place. There were no neighbors near at first and when Mrs. Brown saw a storm coming up she would hasten to town; but later, when she had one baby to carry, and then two, it became quite an undertaking, for three little daughters came to them during the three years they lived upon the farm. They then moved to town and occupied the Chapman house near Dr. Paine's present home. Mrs. Brown is rich in reminiscence and I would that I might write more that she has told me, but "the day of reckoning is at hand" and I must confine myself to a few items. Mr. Brown had been an employe of Seth Thomas in his clock factory before coming west, and in 1843 he sent for some clocks, with which he supplied many of the homes in Dixon. One of those self-same clocks is ticking away as merrily in our dining-room as it did fifty pears ago when my father first bought it, and Mrs. E. C. Smith has another.

Soon after they moved from the farm Mrs. Brown had a very severe

illness of three months duration, and she was forced to rely upon her neighbors for the care which she in turn had given them. No pen can picture the kindness and devotion of one to another in those early years: sacrifices were made every day quite as a matter of course, which at the present time would be regarded as immense. One's personal comfort or convenience was never considered if there were sick to be cared for. High or low, rich or poor, each received the same attention. Mrs. James Hatch is spoken of as one of the best of women, and I should think deservedly, for when Mrs. Brown was so long ill she weaned her own more healthy baby that she might give nourishment to the very delicate babe of her sick neighbor.

Another who was never weary of well-doing was Aunt Rhoda McKenney, the wife of Uncle Peter, of whom she was the exact opposite in almost every respect, even to size, as he was a little lean man, while she was a large and exceedingly fleshy woman. When her time came to die she was surrounded by the loving hands of those unto whom she had ministered. At this time Uncle Peter was inconsolable, crying as if his heart would break, he turned to one who was there and said, amid his sobs, "Is it posssible she is going off with all that fat on her?"

Mrs. Brown, too, was ever ready to go where she was needed, and many a sick person received her tender care. One time, when she was with a very poor woman, she was obliged to wash the new arrival in an ordinary quart bowl, and later, as there were no other dishes in the house except plates, furnish the woman with gruel from the same bowl. So it was that these people who have lived out their lives among us went about doing good. Mr. Brown died in 1878 but his wife still lives to bless her children with her presence and does not look the seventy-six years which she has numbered.

There are one or two funny stories in which James VanArnam figures. One time when Jim was going to Chicago that prince of jokers, Perse Cheney, telegraphed a description of him to the police and notified them to arrest him as soon as the train reached the city. This was done and Jim was held in "durance vile" until an order for his release came with the assurance that no one would appear against him. Jim determined that he would unearth the perpetrator of the joke which had been played so successfully upon him and soon traced it to Mr. Cheney. Not long after these two were taking a drive in the country and came to Mrs. Dana's fine orchard. This matron had the reputation of being a somewhat formidable person for trespassers to meet and it was well-known

fact that she was the owner of some still more formidable dogs. The "forbidden fruit" looked very tempting and Jim suggested that Mr. Cheney go in and gather some apples while he would go on to the house and engage the old lady in conversation. This was readily agreed to by his unsuspecting companion, and Jim went on his way rejoicing. The manner in which he engaged the lady in converse was to tell her that there was a fellow down in the orchard stealing her apples and advising her to let the dogs loose. When Mr. Cheney heard them coming he took to a tree and there he remained, "forgotten of the world" but not by the quadrupeds (unfortunately), for nearly two hours, then the dogs were called off and he, being permitted to descend, was obliged to own that for once in his life he had been "paid back in his own coin."

It will be remembered that Jim was—well, yes—cross-eyed. One time when he was about to butcher a beef with an ax the man who was holding its head inquired with some trepidation if he was going to hit where he was aiming or where he was looking, "cause, if it was where he was *looking*, he wanted to get out of the way."

Jim was marshal at the time that Mr. J. C. Ayres was city clerk, and he was in the habit of coming up into that gentleman's office when he had any writing to do. One day when Mr. Ayres was engaged in making out some pension papers for an old lady who was waiting in the office, Jim came in as usual and asked for pen and paper and seated himself at the opposite side of the desk to write a letter. His contortions and facial expressions while undergoing this ordeal can better be illustrated by pantomine than described, so I shall not attempt it. After laboring painfully for some minutes Jim looked up at Mr. Ayres and asked "how do you spell anxious?" The old lady, some little distance off to one side, and on whom Jim's "weather eye" was fixed in wild interrogation, straightened herself up, began to hem and haw, and at last blurted out "ank-no-anck-no, no-ancqu-no, that's not it. Well (with a deep sigh), I'll give it up! I used to be a beautiful speller, but I can't spell worth a cent since I lost my teeth."

Isaac Means came here in 1845, followed three years later by the other members of the family. They lived on a farm two miles east of town on the Franklin Grove road. Mrs. Jane Little, a daughter of the family, resided at that time in the house now occupied by George McBride on Ottawa avenue. She was well-known here, always jolly and laughing, the life of every gathering. She was the only woman (so far as I have heard) ever admitted to the rites of Masonry, and this honor she obtained

by that propensity of our Mother Eve, which is said to have been transmitted to all her descendants in the female line, viz., curiosity, but the story is too long to tell now. She had a family of four boys and many a struggle had she to rear them until they were able to do for themselves. She, too, has passed into the "beyond" with so many others of those early years.

Mr. Means died in 1878 at the age of ninety-five years. His wife survived him until 1881. There were four old ladies who were often invited to tea at one or other of their daughters, and they were dubbed the "Irish Convention" by some of the irrevelent young members of their families. They would assemble soon after dinner so as to have a long afternoon's visit, knitting in hand. They could certainly do more real genuine visiting "to the square yard" than any others I have ever seen. They were Mrs. Means, noble-looking, with deep-toned voice, Mrs. Law, placid of countenance, straight and dignified, Mrs. Richards, with sweet laughing face and loving manner, Mrs. Mulligan, the youngest of the party, with high sweet voice and look of supreme contentment. Memory brings their dear faces so plainly before me that I can scarcely believe that I shall never again behold them in the flesh, and as I write I can e'en hear the hum of their happy voices which have been stilled in death these many years.

A few years after the Means came here a very sad accident occurred in their home. During a severe thunder storm in the early morning their daughter Charlotte, a beautiful girl who was soon to have been married, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Her mother in the room beneath also received a severe shock.

Mrs. Maxwell, the only remaining member of the family here, was married in a striped calico dress. There had been one or two quite stylish weddings here a little before and Mr. Maxwell made up his mind that there should be no "high jinks" when they were married, so it took place just as he had planned it. I will add, however, that they gave a very swell supper to their friends an evening or two later. Mrs. Maxwell has reared a family of whom any mother might feel proud, and the years have dealt so gently with her that her hair is only sprinkled with gray.

One time there was an Irish family living in the basement of Jim VanArnam's old stone house who would neither pay their rent or vacate the premises and Jim determined to take matters into his own hands. Some masons had been at work in the upper story and had left a heavy timber there, and one night he went to the house, took off his boots and

crept up stairs, laid hold of the timber, raised it and let it drop with a tremendous thud just over the heads of his sleeping victims, then made his escape undetected. A day or two later the woman came to Mr. Ayres (to whom Jim had unfolded his plan) for the purpose of borrowing some money with which to build a shanty. Mr. Ayres remarked that he had supposed that she was well fixed where she was. She then began telling him of the fearful noises they had heard there in the dead of night, guns going off and dreadful pounding and not a soul about the place, and no one could convince her that a horrible murder had not sometime been committed there and for all the world, in that house they would not stay. So Jim got rid of his tenant.

The best part is still to come. Mr. Ayres owned the old "Dixon Gardens" east of town and was greatly annoyed by the young Hibernians of the neighborhood, who continually kept breaking into the house smashing the windows and destroying all that was destroyable. Jim's successful campaign flashed into his mind and he resolved to emulate his noble example. He got a dark lantern and late in the evening would let himself into the house, turn on the light and flash it about. To make matters still more sure, he asked an old Irishman in the neighborhood, who was in his office one day, if he had noticed anything strange about the house. He had not, and Mr. Ayres, swearing him to secrecy, told him all he had heard that the old man (who had formerly lived there and died) "*walked.*" Of course the startled old man told every one he met (as it was intended he should) the fearful story, and sure enough, that same night a strange, uncanny light was seen flashing here, there and everywhere through the old house. From that time the boys never troubled the house but took trouble to give it a wide berth. Not long after Mr. Ayres had an opportunity of selling the place and was congratulating himself on his good fortune, but before the transaction was quite completed, the man had heard the grewsome tale and would have none of it, although the hero of the exploit even humbled himself to confess to him the boyish pranks which he had been playing. It was all in vain, and Mr. Ayres lost the sale of the place and since has not *yearned* to follow Jim VanArnam's example in *any way*.

As I read over this paper which I have written, somewhat unwillingly it strikes me that it is a little (in parts) after the manner of "Peck's Bad Boy," or the "Danbury News" and I shall censure no one should the book be laid aside after a perusal of one or two of my stories. I have garnered them from the memory of various old settlers and they are well authenticated, yet I tremble at my boldness in presenting them to you, all unaccustomed as I am to writing, but "as ye are strong, be ye also merciful."

GRACE E. JOHNSON.

Some Early Homes of Dixon.

VERY late in the course of our preparation of material for this little book we were deeply pained to learn that the hand of death had been laid upon one of our most gifted contributors—well-known and loved in Dixon - Mrs. S. A. Bethea. To her had been assigned the pleasant task of preparing a chapter upon the pioneers of Dixon—but the story was unwritten, for death came too soon. To those who have been associated in this work there will always be a missing "number" in the promised programme, a vacant chair at our table. To all who read, there will be a missing chord in the harmony. Efforts to fill this blank have resulted in various shorter papers which will be read with interest, we trust, but at the eleventh hour it has fallen upon unworthy me to endeavor to picture to the friends of today some of the early homes of Dixon and their occupants. Both time and opportunity for gathering material for such a sketch have been inadequate, and no one can regret more than myself that hearty desire and deep interest cannot be equalled in results.

Many will discover (as Mr. Sabin Trobridge used to say in his S. S. prayers) "sins of o-mission and sins of com-mission," but they are not *willful* sins, and I trust they will be forgiven—and that those who see them will not fail to remember that they are all partakers thereof, since all have been asked, again and again to "lend a hand in the gathering of these "Recollections" and far too few have responded. All honor t the "few!"

I begin with the first home in the town—Father Dixon's log cabin, so often referred to in these pages which stood partly in J. M. Cropsey's lot, partly in Peoria street. It was a large "double cabin," the space between the two cabins (about twelve feet,) being enclosed and used as a dining-room in mild weather. Here Father Dixon lived for several years, but in 1837 he was living on the Cyrus Williams farm, in what is now "Highland Park" near where the homestead of the Williams family stood—the present site of Robert Fargo's house.

After a short time he went to the farm, now known as the Dr. Everett farm, where they lived until Mrs. Dixon grew too feeble to be alone; then they came to the home of his son James, in the small brick house opposite the Dement place, where in 1847 "Mother Dixon" died. The old cabin was again used as a dwelling house at one time and was occupied by the Loveland family. Here Emmeline Loveland was married to Smith Gilbraith, one of the original stockholders of the town, and one of its most promising business men Father Dixon's cabin was also used as a hotel, as a store, and was finally called the "Buzzard's Roost"—in 1840. I have not been able to learn its fate, but the probability seems to be that it was used as a part of Cropsey's blacksmith shop for a time, and then torn down.

James P. Dixon had a log house on Main street, and in a "lean-to" was the P. O (when it wasn't in Father Dixon's hat). Jude W. Hamilton had a little frame house near, which after several removals stood for a long time just east of the express office and was pulled down in 1876. This was the first frame house in the town, and was, probably, built by John K. Robison, and one of the sons of Father Dixon. John W. Dixon built the house on Ottawa street known as the Gilbraith house, lately occupied by Mr. Ingraham, but sold it to Mr. Gilbraith as soon as it was done, and built for himself the one next it, now owned by George McBride.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Kellogg with their little girl, now Mrs. E. B. Baker, went to New York on a visit in 1837, and on their return brought with them their neice, Elizabeth Sherwood, a young lady of eighteen, to spend a year with them and her aunt, Mrs. Dixon. We must believe the year, or the visit, a very long one, for the lady is still here. She was married in 1839 to John W. Dixon, at the home of her aunt at Kellogg's Grove, by the Rev. James DePui. They went first to the home of Father Dixon, on Dr. Everett's farm, but came to the McBride house within a year. After Mrs. Dixon's death they lived for many years in the house which Mr. Bovey used, until lately, for an office at his lumber yard, on Water street. As Mother Dixon died only six weeks before Mr. John W. Dixon, the double bereavement drew Father Dixon to his widowed daughter-in-law, and he made his home with her ever after. In the early '50's they came to live in North Dixon, on N. Jefferson avenue where Father Dixon died in 1876, and where Mrs. Dixon still lives with her son and daughter.

Elijah Dixon, Father Dixon's third son, never had a home here. He went when a young man to establish a stage route between Janesville

and Milwaukee, in company with Richard Loveland. Not long after this was accomplished he was seized with pneumonia and died at Janesville.

Father Dixon's fourth son, Franklin, died at the early age of sixteen. His memory is enshrined in the name of the pretty "Franklin Creek," which in turn gave the name to Franklin Grove. We learn that Father Dixon found the pretty stream when hunting one day, and not long after proposed to a party of relatives to go with him to see it. They were greatly pleased with the country and the creek, and when asked for a name Mrs. Kellogg said it "should be named for Frank."

Mrs. Dixon also lost two children, at Galena, whither she fled for safety during the Blackhawk war, and a beautiful daughter of three and a half years died of scarlet fever at Dr. Everett's farm, when there had been no other case heard of for many months. She was the pet and pride of the household, and her death was a sad blow to the family. The ice was going out of the river, and the water so high that the little coffin was carried at great risk in a skiff across the river to the cemetery, unattended except by those who rowed the boat. This was the youngest child, but of the large family only two, I believe, survived the mother, and not one was left to mourn the father's death.

Two stories so characteristic of Father and Mother Dixon have recently been told me that I give them here. The first is of a local historian who was "writing up" the Blackhawk war. He read some paragraphs to Father Dixon, which were more high sounding than exact, and quickly roused Father Dixon's spirit. He corrected the statement carefully, assuring the writer that "history should be exact, rather than pleasing, and he would not for one moment allow any such misleading inference to appear in print." But the young writer was so proud of his periods that in due time it came out in a local paper. The next time he met Father Dixon the old gentleman said quietly: "I see you did not make that correction; you can now take your choice: correct it yourself in the next issue of the paper, as much to your own credit as you can, or I shall do so, and if I make the correction it will be in no measured terms." It is needless to add that the correction was made without delay.

It is also said that Mother Dixon at one time entertained three ministers who did not disclose their calling until they were on the eve of departure—for which she severely reproved them—thus showing that a woman who could preside with such dignity when entertaining Indian chiefs, as to call forth their admiration, could also reprove unhesitatingly when she felt rebuke was merited. The ministers acknowledged the justice of her reproof, and promised never to do the like again.

The little house next the one where Mrs. John W. Dixon lived so long (on River street) was occupied for a time by A. T. Marphy, one of the early settlers of the town. Here also lived for many years the old ferryman, John Neimeyer, bnt in time it became the famous, or infamous "hole in the wall" where there was so much drinking. After serving a better purpose (as a store room for Lorenzo Wood's woolen goods) it was at last pulled down.

We turn from the story of Father Dixon's family to that of their dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Little. Mr. Little was one of the first merchants in Dixon, and with his amiable wife has been associated with the interests of the town for over fifty years.

Mr. Little was induced to leave his native place (Castine, Maine) through correspondence with a very dear friend, Joseph A. Wallace (a brother of Gen. Wm. Wallace), who came to Ogle county and was employed as a clerk in the store of J. B. Crist in "Oregon City."

Mr. Wallace wrote such glowing letters about the west, and particularly of the Rock river country, that he infected Mr. Little with the western fever, and in 1839 we find him writing to eastern friends in terms equally enthusiastic from "Oregon City." We quote from a letter addressed by him to S. K. Upham, in Castine: "Dixon, or Dixonville (as it is also called), is a larger place than this, and is a central point. The great Central R. R. through this state passes through (or will pass through) Dixon. It has been in progress at that place, but work is now abandoned for want of funds; will be continued next summer [1839). There is but store there now, of any consequence, and very poor goods. If we get our goods there in any season we shall do well. Our store room is the best in this section of the country, and I think it a much better place to sell goods than Oregon City. There never was a prettier place for a town, and within two years it will be almost a paradise." Mr. Little also says that he shall never forget the beautiful vision of his first glimpse of Dixon as he came down the river in the stage with Leonard Andrus from Grand Detour. He was also delighted to see what he felt sure was a church steeple on the river bank. He had heard Dixon called a "hard place," but here was evidence of another sort, he was sure. Alas! for the truth! What he supposed was a church steeple was the chimney of the old distillery on Water street, and the revulsion of feeling may be better imagined than described.

In December, 1839, a Mr. John M. Fish, of Alton, and J. B. Crist, of Oregon, formed a partnership for the transaction of the mercantile business at Dixon. Mr. Fish went to Alton to purchase dry goods, groceries,

and such other articles as then made up the stock of a western variety store. These were shipped up the Mississippi river and were to be landed at Savanna, but the weather became so intensely cold that the river froze over and the steamer could go no farther north than Tully, Mo. Here the goods were landed and the steamer returned to Alton.

The boundary war between Iowa and Missouri was in progress, and the Missouri troops being in need of such articles broke into the warehouse and took possession of the goods. Mr. Fish and Mr. Little had bought the goods which Mr. Crist added to the stock of the firm, and had sent them from Oregon to Dixon—taking into their partnership S. G. D. Howard—and assuming the firm name of Fish, Little and Co. Hearing of the seizure of their goods Mr. Fish went at once to Tully and replevined them, taking them back into the country about forty miles to Sand Hill. Not finding any prospect of getting them to Dixon before spring he decided to sell what he could where he was.

Messrs. Little and Howard were, meantime, selling the Oregon goods in the Gilbraith store on the corner of Hennepin and River streets, now occupied as a brewery.

The ice went out of the river in February, 1840, with a sudden rise of the water, which left great cakes twenty inches thick all along the bank, flooding the cellars and destroying twenty barrels of salt belonging to Smith Gilbraith in the store just spoken of. Mr. Little, being very anxious to learn the state of affairs at Sand Hill, purchased a skiff of William Peacock, fitted it with a sail, and accompanied by Isaac Robinson (landlord of the Rock River house, which stood where Paul Lord's wagon shop now is) started down the river. They came upon a gorge at Como, where the ice was piled four feet high, so they stopped for the night at a farm house. They tied their boat to a tree, carrying their baggage to the house. During the night the ice went out, leaving their boat high and dry, hanging to the tree. The remainder of their trip was very pleasant, and they entered the Mississippi at Rockingham, which stood directly opposite the mouth of Rock river. At Burlington, Iowa, they sold their boat, Mr. Robinson going on to New Orleans and Mr. Little getting passage by stage, wagon or skiff, as best he could, to Sand Hill. Here he found Mr. Fish in a little one-story log "store," where he had his goods arranged in a sort of sutler's style, and where he was also postmaster. They divided the goods and dissolved their partnership, Mr. Little returning to Dixon with his share. His partnership with Mr. Howard continued for some time but ended with Mr. Little assuming the whole business and building a large store on River street, which is now a part

of D. W, McKenney's livery stable. This drew so heavily on his capital that he closed his business and rented the store to Garrett, Seaman & Co., entering their employ as clerk. Mr. Little says: "It might show some of the young men what it cost in labor and sacrifice to develop a new country, to learn that for the rent of my store, the board of the two clerks, and my own services as clerk I received seven hundred dollars a year."

Some time after this Mr. Little formed a partnership with J. B. Brooks, of whom he says he was "one of the best business men and one of the best men who ever resided in Dixon"—and adds also "It is due to Mr. Brooks that he be brought to the notice of the readers of this history, for no man has ever done more to build up this town than J. B. Brooks—and no man has better represented the industrious, prudent, liberal, faithful, honest business man in this community than he."

"This generation has no idea how much it is indebted to him that Dixon was enabled to pass, with so little disaster, through the financial embarassments of the state and country." It is the pleasure of many friends to notice that his son, Dr. H. J. Brooks, inherits the traits of his father.

In October 1840 Mr. Little was married to Eleanor Cobb, of Bangor, Me., and the young couple immediately started for their western home, intending to reach it in time for the groom to cast his first presidential vote for Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, but the steamer in which they took passage from Buffalo to Chicago encountered a terriffic gale off Thunder Bay and was compelled to return to Detroit, where her passengers awaited the coming of the next boat a week later.

Their first fifty miles out of Chicago was made in a four-horse coach, but after being duly "sloughed," the passengers were transferred to at wo-horse lumber wagon, in which Mr. and Mrs. Little rode on a carpenter's tool-chest. At Oregon they were again placed in a coach and had a more comfortable ride the last part of the journey, through scenery as delightful as that romantic route still affords. They went first to the old "Western Hotel," (now ',Huntly House," on Hennepin street,) then kept by Geo. A. Hawley, from Baffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Little's room was directly over the bar-room, and heated by the pipe from the bar-room stove; we may imagine it was far from pleasant, so that she prized the more, the kindness of "Mother Dixon," who took the young stranger to her home whenever Mr. Little was absent on business, and by every charm of her warm motherly heart strove to dispel the loneliness which might else have been hard to bear. There were other dear and kind

friends, too, for says one who has told us much of that time: "Dixon in its early settlement was favored with the society of many refined, cultivated families, many devout, active, christian men and women," and another adds: "It seems to me that the porportion of such was larger than it is now."

It was no doubt largely due to the influence of "Mother Dixon" that Mr. and Mrs. Little became members of the Baptist church in 1841, in which communion they have been devout and faithful members ever since. Mr. Little says: "All the various religious services were held in the same old school house at that time, but there were grand sermons, fervent, effectual paryers, and sweet songs of Zion that have echoed in the heart of many an old settler ever since."

After a time Mr. and Mrs. Little commenced housekeeping in a little house of one quite large room, a bedroom so small that it was impossible to shut the door without getting behind it, a pantry, and a hole beneath which did duty as a cellar. This house stood on the corner of what is now Galena avenue and Second street, where Mrs. Lewis' milliner's store is. In this small compass they lived and boarded the two gentlemen who aided Mr. Little in the store, P. M. Alexander and Mr. Howard, and no one can doubt the testimony of an eye-witness that it was "tidy, homelike, and comfortable."

Their next home was a part of the large building, comprising both store and house, on Water street, referred to before. Here Mrs. Barge remembers going to see Mrs. Little's first baby and the delight with which such arrivals were always hailed. At this home, too, first entered Dixon society another familiar personage as a member of Mrs. Little's family, whose lasting devotion to them is but one of the many evidences of a noble character—Adam Schiere; but we leave a "story" of Adam to another pen.

In 1841, too, Mr. Little entered into an agreement which we copy for the benefit of young men who feel that their services are not duly appreciated or remunerated or consider success a consequence of a large salary. It states that "The said Little agrees to pay the said Alexander one hundred dollars in such merchandise as he may want, at twelve and a half per cent advance from cost, and the remainder of the hundred dollars over and above the amount in goods he may want, the said Little agrees to pay him in good par money. The said Little agrees also to board the said Alexander and pay for his washing. And the said Alexander on the other part agrees to discharge the duties of clerk in the store of said Little, to devote his time to the said Little's interest, and to do all

that may be required of him by the said Little, which may be reasonable as clerk in his store for one year from the first day of September, 1841," duly signed by J. T. Little and P. M. Alexander. Of Mr. Little's business connections at a later date we have already written. He spent some years in the nursery business when the confinement of a store told upon his health, but is now living in town again. Age has silvered his hair and enfeebled his steps. Mrs. Little's sweet face is touched by the same gentle artist, but their hearts are still warm with affection for the home of their adoption. Mr. Little says: "I am now an old man, and have seen Dixon become a thriving manufacturing city, with first-class educationol facilities, superior church privileges, and a thriving, energetic population, and though I myself have suffered many reverses of fortune and am, consequently, unable to help pecuniarily in building up the city, I still feel deeply interested in its prosperity and bid it 'God speed' in every laudable enterprise."

There was little choice of labor in those days, but there was no aristocracy but that of worth—so "labor and capital" were not the vexed questions they are now. P. M. Alexander worked for Father Dixon several months when he first came—on his farm. Then he came back to town and he and Richard Loveland were employed by Mr. Gilbraith to cut timber on the island, which they sold for $1.25 per cord. They also sawed and split some of it for Dr. Everett for fifty cents per cord.

His business connection with Mr. Little, which was the beginning of his mercantile life and the foundation of his success as a merchant, was spoken of a few pages back. In 1847 Mr. Alexander brought his bride to Dixon—Eliza Howell, a sister of the late G. L. Howell. She is said to have been a very quiet, retiring person, yet a delightful companion to those who were privileged to know her intimately, and a devoted christian. She brought with her the first piano in the town (the one at Hazelwood being, probably, the only other one then in the country), and we can well imagine that her musical ability was fully appreciated in the little community. She was a woman, too, of rare self-possession and moral courage, as a single instance will show. At one time her husband had been ill for many weeks, his disease baffling Dr. Everett's skill to such an exent that he told the young wife that the remedy he was about to prescribe was his last hope. If that failed there was no chance for her husband's life. Instead of yielding to tears or faintness she returned to the sick room with such a serene face that her very presence inspired hope and so cheered her husband that his recovery dated from that hour. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander spent nearly nine years in Mrs. Brooks' home,

then built a house on Water street (then the principal street of the town). They lived to enjoy the fruits of their patience and perseverence in their beautiful home in North Dixon for many years, but Mrs. Alexander's life went out with so many others in the terrible "bridge disaster" of 1873. Mr. Alexander is still among us—honored and esteemed. His story is a good lesson to the young men of the present day.

Judge Heaton, whose name has been referred to several times in these pages, lived early in the "forties" on East First street. His wife was a most amiable woman, and one whose memory the few surviving women of that time cherish with great affection. She was thrown from her carriage and killed at the steps of the old Methodist church (now J. W. Kent's home on Second street), her babe, Mary, being saved and cared for for some time by Mrs. Everett.

Judge Heaton later married Mrs. Lucinda McComsey, who survived him several years. She was a most motherly, kind-hearted woman, beloved by all her associates and remembered in many a Dixon home for her thoughtful kindnesses and her cordial hospitality. Her home was in the house now occupied by Dr. Garrison, but either at their marriage or soon after Judge and Mrs. Heaton moved to the pretty cottage on Third street so long associated with their names and faces, where they made a happy home for their group of children, and a pleasant assembly point for their young associates.

The first blacksmith's shop was on Main street, and the first smith lived in a part of the same building. In 1839 he was succeeded in business by Horace Preston, a brother-in-law of Judge Wood, and long a well-known citizen of Dixon. He worked at his trade here for fourteen years, then went to his farm near town. His daughters are still living here, but he and his gentle wife (a sister of Judge Wood) have joined the great multitude beyond. He built the brick house still standing on Peoria avenue near the corner of Main street where Col. and Mrs. Cyrus Aldrich lived for a time, afterwards in a house near the Main street arch, built and occupied for many years by Judge Wood. The Colonel was in the land office here and widely interested in the sale and settlement of lands about Dixon. Mrs. Aldrich was a woman of superior rank, cultivated and refined, and one who entertained most delightfully. I well remember the delights of her hospitable home, and the childish awe with which I listened to her conversation with people who were to me almost too great to venture to address in any ordinary manner, chief among them Bayard Taylor. They removed to Minneapolis, where the Colonel died some years ago, and where Mrs. Aldrich is still living. In the house where

they first lived there lived in after years another couple of whom some mention should be made, though they are not strictly old settlers of Dixon—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Harsha. They were Illinois pioneers and well-known all through the northwest part of the state. Mr. Harsha was the first pastor of the Presbyterian church in Dixon, and with his noble wife, is still remembered and loved by many both in and out of that communion. His interesting contribution to our book makes this reference an entirely proper one, and their pioneer experiences as missionaries to Northwestern Illinois would add greatly to the interest of our book if Lee county could claim them all.

Another house long associated with the history of Dixon stood on Galena avenue, near where Mr. J. H. Todd's store now is, and was occupied by J. B. Brooks, and here many of the old settlers boarded for years.

Otis Eddy lived just above this place, about where the "Round Corner Block" is now, in a house which was moved to Hennepin street, and owned for many years by Hiram S. Mead. Indeed the "residence portion" of the town was clustered about the corner of Main and Galena streets, while the business street was on the river bank. When Mr. O. F. Ayres built the stone store, which has since been replaced by the Schuler block, many thought him very unwise to build so far out of town, and ladies dreaded to walk down across the slough to see Mrs. Heaton because pigs and fleas were so numerous in the warm sand of that quarter.

Judge Wilkeson also lived on Galena street, but further down, quite near the corner of River street. His family are spoken of as evincing refinement, intelligence and culture, as well as more wealth than most pioneers. He was a son of Judge Wilkeson, of Buffalo, a very able man and one of the original stockholders of the town—five in number. The others were Col. Wight, of Galena, Father Dixon, Smith Gilbraith and James Boyd, of Princeton.

It is very greatly to be regretted that the name of the streets in North Dixon, given them in honor of these early and prominent settlers, should have been changed—thus, in time, effacing them from the memory of the town.

Judge Wilkeson built the first saw-mill in the county, at the foot of Peoria street, but it was used for this purpose but a short time, being soon converted into a distillery, the chimney of which so deceived Mr. Little on his approach to the town.

The first brick business building was put up by James and Horace

Benjamin in 1346, just where Horton's drug store is now. They built one-half and A. T. Murphy the other.

D. B. McKinney built another soon after, nearly opposite.

Nearly opposite the Brooks home, on Galena street, stood a neat and (then) roomy brick cottage, the home of E. W. Hine, who was a tailor, but afterward studied law and was for a long time Recorder of Deeds and J. P. Many of us still remember the house, standing in the oncoming rush of business blocks, like an estrayed and frightened child in a street parade. Mrs. Hine is spoken of as a very lovely woman. She, with her husband, son and daughter slipped so quietly away to the beyond, that they might have been forgotten by the next generation had they not written their names with such as Rockefeller's and Peabody's as public benefactors. The names are in smaller capitals to our eyes, but to Him who "sees not as man seeth" who can say their gift was less than the largest, since it was their all? They gave their home to St. Luke's church, and a fine business block (occupied by J. H. Morris & Son) has taken the place of the old house, bringing a valuable addition to the income of the church.

There is a record in the county histories to the effect that an Episcopal church was organized here in 1837, but it seems impossible to add to this any particulars, and difficult to trace even this to a firm foundation. But from a document yellow with age, entitled "A Record of the Proceedings of St. Peter's Parish in Grand Detour," we learn that on April 8th, 1847, at six o'clock p. m., a meeting was held at the house of S. M. Harris, where forty-four persons, whose names are given, signed an agreement to "associate themselves together under the name of and style of St. Peter's church." And there is no reason to doubt, as an old settler tells us, that the corner stone of the Episcopal church in these parts was the faithful devotion of Mr. and Mrs. House. With their names we find associated those of Paine, Harris, Cotton, Cumins, Bosworth, Pankhurst, Andine, and others, and they should be honored by some nobler record than these simple lines, yet are they "writ on high." Of those who met on that memorable evening only one is still among us; a "mother in Israel" beloved and honored by all the church—Mrs. Laura C. Paine. Some are gone to other homes, some swell the ranks of the Church Triumphant and some alas! have forgotten their pledge.

The Rev. James DePui, an Episcopal minister, came to Dixon 1837, and both Father and Mother Dixon were so anxious that some minister should settle here, and became so warmly attached to Mr. DePui that they offered him his choice of a lot, if he would stay.

He chose to locate in North Dixon, and built a house (now owned by Mr. Kitchen) on the block where Mr. Parsons now lives. When the town was laid out, the street line came so near his house and well that Father Dixon made his block four hundred feet instead of three hundred. The people were evidently much gratified by Mr. DePui's decision, for Mrs. Dixon says the first donation party ever given in the county was made for him soon after he moved into the house, before it was entirely completed. Mrs. Dixon, then Miss Sherwood, and her future sister-in-law, Mary Dixon, came over to stay all day, and help Mrs. DePui with the dinner. The people came from far and near, through the whole day, bringing with them gifts of such as they had, all cheerfully given and all acceptable.

There was so many hams that Mr. DePui's little son, who saw them hanging in the unfinished chamber, was utterly dismayed, and told his mother they "would have to eat ham all the rest of their lives." After all had departed and the family were preparing for the night, a loud rap sounded on the back door; on opening it they found the last donation, but no sign of the donor. It was a wash tub, wash board and broom.

Farther down on Main street was a house where lived one of the best of the "Old Settlers"—one who has robed for the first and the last time, more of our fellow-citizens than any other one person—Aunt Sally Herrick. She persistently refuses to be made the heroine of any "story"—but "her works do follow her," and she will be lovingly remembered as long as Dixon has a history. She went among the sick and afflicted, dressing a child here, making a bed for a weary sufferer in another place, carrying gruel and broth to those who had poor appetite (or little to satisfy it), calling the attention of the well-to-do to the needs of the poorer, and all so quietly that it was as if it had been done by some unseen hand. Not infrequently she stood by the sick bed while Dr. Everett went out to get suitable bedding to make a comfortable place for a sufferer, and then leaving him she would go home, or elsewhere, for fresh underwear for the patient, and, perhaps, for a poor, unwelcome baby. One old settler says: "If any pioneer woman deserves to be mentioned it is Aunt Sally Herrick, for she went among the rich and poor, night and day, without thought of herself until it seemed as if the people could not have lived without her." She lived first in a house on Main street, but soon after her husband bought a shop (he was a carpenter) and she begged to be allowed to "fix it up." He said it "was all right now," but before he realized what she was doing, she had whitewashed walls and ceiling, partitioned it with white cloth, and made of the old building the most tidy,

cheery home imaginable. "And I was the proudest woman you ever saw!" Aunt Sally says. Here they lived until Mr. Herrick built the house now owned by Mrs. Worthington; from there they moved to the home where Aunt Sally now lives on West Third street, which was so far out in the country that her husband thought she would not be so completely at the call of all the new babies and recent mourners. The first night in the new home he felt quite a sense of security but before midnight there was a rap, and a request to go to a friend; the second night there was another call, and the third still another, so Mr. Herrick finding there was no safety in distance, like a wise man held his peace.

To Mr. Herrick the town owed its first hearse. In the earlier days the coffins were carried upon a bier, by the bearers, up the long sandy road to the cemetery. Then they used a light open wagon, but Aunt Sally said she "got so tired seeing the corpses she had dressed with such care, shook up in that wagon" that she gathered funds from all possible sources for a hearse. When it came it had no trimmings or curtains, so she added these herself and fitted it up in the most becoming style. It must have been a comfort to others beside Aunt Sally to see the bodies of dear friends carried in the more suitable vehicle,

Up the river Col. Johnson built the house now known as the Van-Arnam place, but called in early days the "Steamboat Hotel" because it was built with a long central room, with bedrooms each side, after the manner of steamboats Col. Johnson also set out the beautiful row of maples along the river bank below his place, which add so much beauty to our autumnal landscape. His daughter was the wife of Dr. Nash, who came here the same year his sister, Mrs. Sally (Nash) Herrick did, 1142. Dr. Nash practiced medicine here for some years, but finally, in company with Silas Noble built the Union Block, in which he opened a drug store, which he kept for several years and sold to B. B. Higgins. Dr. Nash built the house in which D. W. McKenney now lives, and Silas Noble the one owned for so many years by Mrs. Ruth Porter.

Col. Johnson did not stay here very long, and the next occupants of his house were a couple to whom Lee county, indeed Northern Illinois, owes much—the Rev. and Mrs. Luke Hitchcock. As pioneer preacher and presiding elder, Mr. Hitchcock travelled all through these parts. Always a devoted Christian, an intelligent citizen and a faithful friend, there are men and women scattered abroad over many states who will rise to bear witness to the noble record of Luke Hitchcock and his wife.

Mrs. Hitchcock's sister, Mrs. O. F. Ayres lived in a small house, still standing, just above the home of our venerable ex-drayman Dan Bresna-

han, and her boys used to run across the hill to play with the "Judson boys" when the Rev. Philo Judson lived in another little house, back of Col. Johnson's. Mr. Ayres was also a minister, but owing to feeble health never took charge of a church in the west. However, if the records were searched, they would doubtless prove that he married more couples and attended more funerals than any minister in Dixon. Mrs. Ayres survived her husband many years, and has been much interested in the gathering of these "Recollections," and we hoped would add something to these pages.

The announcement of her death as I near the completion of this paper brings to mind the last time we met. It was a pleasant evening party at the home of her son D. B., and as a group stood about her she most feelingly referred to pioneer days, when she had known the mothers of many present. As we said "good night" she said "good nights would be sad, were it not for the thought of good mornings" and one added "yes, 'good mornings' in the Father's House."

I have spoken of Judge Wood's house in another place, but Judge Wood himself should have more extended notice, since he was one of the first lawyers in Dixon, and held almost continuously some legal office, from the time he came here in 1842 till his death a few years since. His first wife was a sister of Alonzo Maxwell, a beautiful little woman and the mother of four children. His second wife was a true second mother to them and a woman of most lovely character. Her death, near the time of business reverses left him a saddened and broken-spirited man, so it is hard for those who knew him in late years only, to realize his true worth.

Daniel and Christopher Brookner came here in 1837. Daniel lived in a small house not far from the Washington house, now occupied by Mrs. Hayes, and he, with his wife and son were among the victims of the cholera epidemic. Christopher had a cabinet and furniture store. He came to this country from Germany in 1834 and to Dixon in 1837. He is said to have sought the comfort of domestic life rather than the strife of public contest, hesitating to push himself into prominence, but his industry, reliability and integrity gained him the respect and esteem of all who knew him. In 1846 he married Miss Jane Robinson, who had recently come here from Oberlin, Ohio, with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Weed. They were married in the house where they afterward lived, where the bride then boarded with Mrs. Alonzo Mead. The wedding was early in the morning, for the bridal party were to drive to Rockford in a sleigh. One of Mrs Mead's family remembers how in the efforts of the children to get a

peep at the ceremony through a stove-pipe hole, somebody nearly fell through, and how "old maid Cummins" (as the veteran school ma'am was called when her back was turned) vainly tried to restore order and quiet. Mrs. Brookner remembers that there were only two or three houses on the north side of the river, and that she had seen deer skip from the south bank to the island through the clear, shallow water.

Mr. and Mrs. Brookner lived in a small cottage where Mr. Gaffney's livery stable now stands on East Main street. They built their pleasant home in North Dixon in 1861.

Up to 1849 or '50 there were no houses, except those named heretofore, the old log "block house" (about where Mr. Schatzman's house is now) in North Dixon, and an old "store" a little above. About that time Mrs. Baker built her house, and Judge Eustace, one of the most promising young men of the town, the house now owned by Jas. B. Charters, and then North Dixon grew rapidly. From one of the family we have the following:

"This chapter would not be complete without a brief mention of the McKenney family, of which eleven children, (ten sons and a daughter) with one exception made Lee county their home. The first arrival here was D. B. McKenney, who came in 1835. In the spring of 1836 his father, Peter McKenney, came from Canada to join him, bringing with him his wife and two daughters, Eliza Ann and Catherine. 'Aunt Rhoda,' his wife, was one of the most amiable and kind hearted women ever known. She is said to have had a kind look and pleasant word for all, and no old settler refers to her without some term of respect and affection.

The next fall Daniel, Robert, John, Frederick and James came, bringing their families, excepting the last two. Frederick soon after married Catherine Clute in Schenectady, N. Y. "Uncle Fred," and "Auntie Fred" were the endearing names by which they were well known; both are now dead, leaving two sons and two daughters to mourn their loss. James was married on New Year's Day, 1840, to Harriet Whitney, a daughter of Col. Nathan Whitney, of Franklin Grove. He died many years since, leaving four daughters. Frederick and James carried on a grocery business until 1849. They used to tell many interesting stories of their trips to Chicago to buy goods—of sloughs with no bottom, and streets in Chicago where they had to have help to pull their wagons out of the mud with great chains. With the family of Robert McKenney came Daniel, Eliza and Caroline Davis and two helpers, Susan Alway and Wilmot Brown, both of whom found husbands and settled in Dixon. Eliza Davis died during her first year here, being too frail to endure pioneer life.

Caroline married James Benjamin, leaving at her death a family of five children. Uncle Peter and his son D. B. kept the Dixon house, (which they built) for a number of years, selling out to Henry McKenney, who came with Richard from Canada, bringing with him his wife Eusebia Nash, afterward Mrs. Perry. Matthew McKenney also came at this time and died here, many years since. Richard McKenney bought a farm at Hickory Grove, where he died. The other sons, except one, and the daughter, afterward joined the family here and settled in this vicinity.

I cannot close this paper without referring to the deep impression I have received in the talks with the few remaining pioneer women of Dixon and vicinity, on the subject of their early experiences, many of which are too sacred and personal for even these pages. There is no more convincing proof of the reality of Christian fortitude or the worth of Christian character than the story of their pioneer days. They had little idea of the career of latter-day women, but they had all the elements of character which today would have given them a high rank in any position where circumstances would have placed them. They had the spirit which inspires the true soldier, and though they did not command armies or conquer visible foes, they organized forces far less amenable to discipline, they fought desperate battles uncheered by martial music, and conquered enemies more unyielding, gaining for their daughters a peaceable heritage of civilization which these annals will, we trust, enable them to more fully appreciate.

SEPHIE F. G. SMITH.

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Our First School House.

BY DR. OLIVER EVERETT IN 1880.

(Inserted by special request.)

IN looking over, recently, some old papers, I came across the subscription paper for building the first school house in Dixon, and have thought that it would not be without interest to many of our readers. This paper was got up in January, 1837, and contains many names familiar to the old settlers. The subscription paper read as follows:

We, the subscribers, agree to pay the sum severally attached to our names, for the purpose of erecting a school house in the town of Dixon. Said school house shall be for the teaching of Primary schools, and shall be open for religious meetings of all denominations, when not occupied by the schools.

Said house shall be one story high and at least forty feet by twenty on the ground, and shall contain two rooms which shall be connected by a door or doors, as may be thought proper.

The subscribers shall meet on Monday, the 20th day of February next, at 6 o'clock P. M., and choose three trustees to superintend the building of said house. The trustees shall have power to collect the money subscribed, contract for and purchase material for said house, and employ workmen to do the same. They shall see that it is done in a plain, workmanlike manner; so far as the funds shall warrant.

NAME.		NAME.		NAME.	
Jas. P. Dixon,	$25 00	John Snyder,	5 00	Horace Thompson,	5 00
Oliver Everett,	25 00	H Martin,	5 00	Mrs. R. Dixon,	30 00
John Wilson,	25 00	W. P. Burroughs,	15 00	L. D Butler,	5 00
Caleb Talmage,	20 00	John Dixon,	20 00	M L. Dixon,	5 00
J. B. Barr,	10 00	I. S. Boardman,	10 00	Mrs. A. Talmage,	5 00
Samuel Leonard,	5 00	A friend,	5 00	Mrs. M. H. Barr,	10 00
Jacob Rue,	5 00	M. McCabe,	10 00	J. Muphey,	10 00
B. B. Brown,	5 00	Allen Wilcy,	10 00	N. W. Brown,	5 00
Samuel Gatten,	5 00	J. W. Hamilton,	5 00	S. M. Boyman,	10 00
Edwin Hine,	5 00	Geo. L. Chapman,	5 00	John Richards,	10 00
Elijah Dixon,	15 00	W. H. Rowe,	10 00	C. F. Hubbard,	5 00
Hiram P. Parks,	10 00	J. W. Dixon,	10 00	W. W. Graham.	5 00
John Q. Adams,	00 10	E. W. Covill,	25 00	T. L. Hubbard,	5 00
(Expunged)		E. A. Statia,	5 00	John Carr,	5 00
Seth D. Brittain.	20 00	S. W. Johnson,	10 00	George Kip,	5 00
If he settles here.		Robert Murry,	10 00	Wm. Graham,	5 00
Lemuel Huff,	15 00	Sam'l C. McClure,	15 00		
Alanson Dickerman	$ 5 00	Mrs. E. N. Hamilton,	15 00		

It will be noticed that many of the subscribers were persons living some distance in the country, and of those who came to the country during the next season. The reason that Father Dixon's name was not at or near the head of the list is that he was away that winter in Vandalia, the the capital of the state. It may also be noticed that the matter dragged somewhat, as such enterprises often do, and the ladies took it up, Mrs. Dixon giving the largest subscription on the list and Mrs. Hamilton a generous amount. Again it may be noticed that one John Q. Adams, not our present John Q. Adams, but an unworthy bearer of a great name, in subscribing put two 00 where the dollars ought to have been, making his subscription but 10 cents. When his attention was called to it he said it was just as he intended to have it. His name was dealt with as was fashionable at that time—it was expunged.

The old school house was built during the summer of 1837 of the size and frame specified in the subscription paper, about twenty rods west of the cemetery, on or near lot one, block sixty-nine, now occupied by Harry Smith. It was built perfectly plain, without a cornice, and enclosed with undressed oak siding and a hard wood shingle roof. The inside consisted of two rooms, one six feet by twenty extending across the end of the building, serving as an entrance way or vestibule to the main room, which was twenty by thirty-four feet, with three windows on either side and one at the end of the room opposite the entrance. It was plastered on the inside with a single coat of coarse brown mortar, and was warmed during winter with a wood fire in a large box store. In 1839 it was moved down on to the north end of lot five, block seventeen, on the east side of Ottawa street, just south of the residence of Dr. Nash, now occupied by Daniel McKenney, fronting to the north upon the alley. There it remained for several years, and was used for school house, meeting house and court house (the first three terms of the Circuit Court of Lee County were held in it). Elections and political meetings and conventions were held in it, and it was always used for whatever other purpose the people might congregate.

The old school house was very plain, rough and uninviting to look upon, but there are many recollections associated with it which are always dwelt upon by the early settlers with great interest, and should make the memory of it dear to the people of Dixon It was within its rough brown walls that the venerable and revered Bishop Chase, then Senior Bishop of the American Episcopal church, first preached to the scattered members of his fold as were hereabout, and broke to them the bread of the sacrament, and where Rev. James DePui, a man of rare culture and gentle

and genial social qualities, preached for more than twelve months. It was there that the Methodist and Baptist churches of this place were formed and nurtured in their infancy.

The Rev. Dr. Hitchcock and the Rev. Philo Judson, who for nearly half a century have been among the foremost laborers in the great and beneficent organization to which they belong, then in the vigor of early manhood, each preached his two years there. The Rev. Thomas Powell, a devoted missionary of the Baptist denomination, well known among the early settlers of no inconsiderable portion of the state for his indefatigable and faithful service in the religious interest of the people, then often living remote from each other and either destitute or but poorly supplied with competent religious teachers; often held services in the old school house, and officiated at the formation of the Baptist church of Dixon. Also the Rev. Burton Carpenter, the remembrance of whose labors here is cherished by many of the old settlers, and who, in the high standing he afterwards attained in the denomination to which he belongs, and in a life of great usefulness in another part of the state he has not disappointed the expectations of his early friends; commenced his labors in the ministry and preached about three years in this same old school house. During nearly the whole time religious services were held in the old school house, the Methodist and Baptist congregations occupied it alternate Sundays, the Methodist clergyman preaching at Inlet Grove or Sugar Grove, and Mr. Carpenter at Buffalo Grove the intervening Sabbaths.

In the spring of 1840 there was a convention of the Whig party of the Jo Daviess representative district, which embraced the whole northwestern part of the state, held at the school house, and Thomas Drummond, known in this generation as Judge Drummond of the United States Court at Chicago, then a young lawyer of Galena, was nominated as a candidate for member of the House of Representatives in the State Legislature. He represented an extent of territory now constituting nearly two congressional districts. Among the teachers in the old school house was the late lamented W. W Heaton, whom the citizens of Dixon have seen rise by his industry and legal acquirements from the school master's chair to the bench.

In the beginning of the year 1843 the Methodist church was finished and dedicated and the court house was so far completed that the courts were held in it and was used for religious and political meetings, and the old school house fell into comparative disuse.

Our Schools at an Early Day.

DURING the first few years after the settlement of the place there were, of course, no schools, as there were not a sufficient number of children to support one, but Mr. Dixon kept up a family school, more or less regularly, for the education of his own children, and employed for this purpose a young lady from Bureau county, by the name of Butler. This was the only school taught in this region until the year 1838. The previous year the citizens here erected a school house on a spot not far from where Mrs. Truman now resides, and the first school was opened in 1838 by Mr. Bicknell. It was small and supported by individual tuition fees. For the next two or three years this school house was used for a variety of purposes, being the only public building in the town.

In 1840 Mr. Bowen was in charge of the school for a short time, but by his own indiscretion shortened his stay. Concerning his ability as a teacher I have been able to learn but little. One incident, however, will serve to show why he did not prolong his term He one day gave notice that he wished his pupils to come early the next morning, as he had a great natural curiosity to exhibit to them. Mr. Bowen then prepared to fulfill his part of the contract, and the next morning he climbed up through the scuttle and located himself there in the character of a bear, making all kinds of grimaces in close imitation of that exceedingly beautiful (?) animal as the pupils entered. Boys were boys then, as now, and ever will be, I doubt not, and were not slow to seize so good an opportunity for some fun. They accordingly pronounced him a bear indeed, and forthwith commenced an attack upon the savage animal with clubs and poles, so that poor bruin was unable to descend and again assume his human form. This gave rise to so much ridicule and sport that Mr. Bowen could never recover his pedagogical dignity, and was finally compelled to abandon the school.

In the winter of 1841-42 W. W. Heaton, then a young lawyer, taught the school, receiving, like his predecessors, compensation for tuition, and this not always in money, as corn, pork, potatoes, or any other product

that could be used in a family, were gladly given and received for the labors and trials of the teacher. In this time the number of pupils had largely increased, so that in number and efficiency the school was now quite creditable. Among those attending school that year were: Orlando and Jane Ann Herrick (Mrs. H. T. Noble,) George Foot and Mrs. D. B. McKenney.

Mr. Heaton's path seems to have been no smoother than that of the teacher of the present day, and corporal punishment was not discarded then, any more than now, as the following will show. Having severely castigated one of the boys, the father became very much enraged, and made bitter complaints to O. F. Ayres, then one of the school directors, and threatened to wreak summary vengence on "that little stripling up there in that school." Such direful calamity was, however, averted through the intercession of Mr. Ayres, and the exasperated parent has ever since been a firm friend to Judge Heaton. The Judge's disciplinary powers were excellent, as some other of his pupils can testify from sorrowful experience.

About this time a dispute arose as to the title of the lot on which the school house stood; the party claiming the lot also insisting upon holding the building. This view of the matter was not at all pleasing to the tax payers of the district, and not having the utmost confidence in the promptness or justice of the courts, they sought a solution of the difficulty by a more summary process. They determined, while night's sable mantle was drawn over earthly scenes, that, by spiritual or muscular power, or both, they would cause the said school building to remove from this disputed territory to a more secure abiding place. John Hogan, Esq., now ex-member of congress from St. Louis, originated, planned and conducted the enterprise, aided largely by A. L. Porter, who as all know, was well calculated to assist in such work. N. G. H. Morrill was on hand to superintend the special work of removal, and then exhibited the same skill in the business that he has shown so many times since. On that memorable night he took some of his first lessons in the business of removals, which he has since followed faithfully to the present time. Mr. Heaton was roused from his midnight slumbers to be present, and see that the business should be done in a strictly legal (?) manner, and many of our citizens yet remember the gentle tap at their windows that night, and the mysterious whisper, "We're all ready!" and with the alacrity of veterans they obeyed the call. The expedition, under charge of the above named officers, and with full ranks, proceeded in the stillness of the night to the scene of conflict. No rattle of the drum, nor

roar of cannon stirred the midnight air, as with the firmness of desperation they proceeded to accomplish their design. But when the building slid over the line of the disputed lot and was landed securely on undisputed soil, the evening skies echoed to three hearty cheers from the victors. The morning sun looked down upon the scene and saw the building quietly resting on peaceful soil, where it was used for some time thereafter for school purposes. It was afterwards removed to the lot now occupied by S. S. Dodge's jewelry store, and having been used as a grocery, hardware and drug store, was finally consumed in the great fire of 1858.

Miss Ophelia Loveland, (Mrs. J. B. Brooks) taught the school during the summer of 1843, while the school house stood on the lot now occupied by the residence of D. W. McKenney, which was its stopping place at the time of its nocturnal journey. The district then included both sides of the river, and extended up the river as far as Mr. Fuller's place, and yet the school numbered but about twenty-five pupils. Among these were Miss Helen Williams (now Mrs. Mulkins), and Miss Elizabeth and Master James Ayres. One boy, still well known in this city, was punished severely for swearing, but his after habits plainly demonstrated that corporal punishment, at least one dose, is not a complete cure for profanity. An amusing incident occurred that summer among the little boys. Frank Dixon, son of John W. Dixon, on his way to school one morning, found a small piece of tobacco which he carefully deposited in his pocket and took with him. At recess he called all the boys around him and told them he had something good which he would divide with them. He accordingly did so, giving a small piece of the treasure to each one of the boys except his little brother Elijah, telling them the men said it was good, and instructing them to chew it well, and swallow all the juice. The little fellows followed his example and advice closely, and very soon after recess began to ask to go home, complaining that they were very sick and didn't know what made them so. The truth was finally ascertained from Little Elijah Dixon, who alone was able to give a clear statement, and the sick ones were sent home for medical treatment. Frank, the leader of the enterprise, has never since found it to his advantage to use tobacco. During these years the school was frequently taught by ladies. I have obtained the names of Miss Elizabeth Johnson, (Mrs. J. R. Nash), and a Miss Curtis, sister of Mr. Seavy, of Sugar Grove, and Mrs. L. A. Ramsay.

During the winter of 1843-4 the school was taught by Lorenzo Wood, (Judge Wood, of this city.) There were in attendance at the school that

winter a very interesting class of young people, several coming in from the country around, so that this winter's school is rembered with much satisfaction by many of our citizens, because of its pleasant associations and the thorough instructions given by the teacher. Among the pupils names are found those of Miss Sybil VanArnam, (Mrs. E. B. Stiles), and Mrs. A. R. Whitney, of Franklin Grove.

Between the years 1346 and 1849, the school was taught by Mr. Cross and Mr. James Lumm. Of the former I have been able to learn but little; he taught a portion of the time in the public schools. He was somewhat deformed, his hands being somewhat drawn out of shape by rheumatism and the universal testimony of the boys was that his fingers were apt to become so bady entangled in their hair that it was not only very difficult but very painful to disengage them. His school was fair, however, considering the conveniences, or rather inconveniences by which he was surrounded. In 1847 James Lumm took charge of the school. He was very rigid in his discipline, and in his efforts to bring the school up to his standard in point of order and efficiency he met with much opposition and many complaints were made to the directors, but the general feeling of the community was largely in favor of the school, and the interest in school matters seemed, during Mr. Lumm's administration, to increase steadily. He was an amateur in natural history, and during his stay in Dixon devoted considerable time and labor to the preparation of specimens in the various departments of this science. Dr. Everett, of our city, whose collections of Geological, Botanical and Ornithological specimens is among the best private collections in the state, was assisted by Mr. Lumm in its preparation. When Mr. Lumm removed to Oregon, on leaving Dixon, and while pursuing other business, he still coutinued his pastime. Several years after he had gone west, one of his old friends from Dixon sought to visit him at his home in Oregon. After making many inquiries concerning him, he was directed to a humble cabin in an obscure place, to a man who spent most of his time among bugs, birds and animals. He went there and found his old friend surrounded by his gathered specimens, embracing the various species from the tiniest insect to the huge grizzly bear. This collection Mr. Lumm afterwards took to California and sold for thirty thousand dollars. During these years, from 1842, Mr. O. F. Ayres and Dr. Nash were elected and re-elected year after year to the office of school directors and bore the burden and labors attendant upon the oversight of schools in a new country, in a praiseworthy manner.

In 1848 Mr. Kay was employed to teach; he was a man of singular com-

position and imparted considerable of his singularity to his school. He was finely educated and possessed a remarkable power of illustration, making difficult points very clear to his pupils, while on the other hand he was extremely visionary and impratctical in many things. His success as a teacher was not remarkable, as his eccentricies predominated and exhibited themselves very prominently in his administration of school affairs. He sometimes left the school to go down town for business or pleasure, locking the children in, and as may be imagined, the school-room presented a scene highly gratifying to lovers of fun. Once when a boy made his appearance at school with a cigar in his mouth, Mr. McKay very cooly appropriated the contraband weed to his own private use, and composedly smoked it in the presence of the owner and the rest of his pupils.

During the years 1851 and 1852 the school was under the charge of Col. H. T. Noble; he was employed most of the time on a salary of forty dollars a month. Even as late as that time the public sentiment concerning school matters was very loose, and the material and conveniences for a school extremely crude. The old school house has been abandoned and a new stone bullding erected in the rear of the Nachusa house, since replaced by Mrs. Burke's residence. The school house was very loosely built and being heated by a fireplace in oneend it was very cold in winter, and one lady still remembers with great distinctness tnat she froze her heel in that school room one cold day. But with all these disadvantages, though the energy and tact of Col. Noble, the school was by no means inefficient, and the recollection of those days brings pleasant memories to many now residing in this city. Among the older pupils at this time were Mrs. H. T. Noble, Mrs. Soule, Mrs. Hollenback and Mrs. B. F. Shaw. The loose ideas prevalent in the community concerning school discipline rendered it very difficult to maintain anything like proper order. A refusal, on the part of the teacher to allow the pupil to roam about the schoolrom *ad libitum* or sit with such of his schoolmates as he might choose, was considered sufficient cause for leaving school, and in very many cases the parents upheld the child in this spirit of insubordination.

The school becoming somewhat too large for the small room in which it was held, a primary department was started in the spring of 1852 in the court house, under the charge of Miss Jane Ann Herrick. During Col. Noble's administration the location of the Illinois Central R. R. through Dixon was decided upon and great excitement prevailed throughout the town and vicinity. Col. Noble, in his enthusiasm, went to his school-room and in a stirring speech announced the glorious event to his

pupils and in the height of his anticipations promised them all a ride on the R. R. "clear through to Mobile." Many of the pupils are still awaiting the ride anxiously.

Another little incident occurred that seems worthy of record. John Gilbrath, then quite a lad, frequently obtained permission from his mother to return home at three o'clock, but one day she refused to give his usual written note to the teacher, and on his way to school he applied to J. B. Brooks, then a merchant in the place, for one. Mr. Brooks being busy, Mr. Alexander, then a clerk in the store, said he would write it for him. He did so, and handed the note neatly folded to Master John who, with a light heart and smiling face, tripped into the school-room and presented it to his teacher. Mr. Noble read it carefully and burst into a loud laugh. "John," said he, "do you know what this is?" "Yes sir, it is a request for me to be dismissed at three o'clock." I think you are mistaken. It says: 'Here is a boy who needs a flogging—and if you don't give it to him I will.'" Johnnie "slid."

C. N. Levanway, then a young law student, taught the school in the years 1852 and '53, continuing still in the old stone building, the school remaining much the same in the character of the instruction and number of pupils, as during the preceding years. Mr. Levanway afterward settled in this city as a lawyer, and so continued until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he enlisted in the 34th Illinois Regiment. He was elected Major and served nobly the cause he loved, and was killed while ordering his regiment to advance, at the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

F. A. Soule succeeded him in the principalship of the school, still teaching in the old stone building, with nothing special in the character of the school to distinguish it from that of the few previous years.

In 1853 William Barge assumed control of the schools, and continued in charge until 1859. Under his direction and excellent management, the school took the form, character and efficiency of a graded school. He taught a portion of the time in the same old stone building, but that was finally abandoned and the school transferred to a building known as the "Land Office," now used by S. A. Vann as a residence. The old stone building having become wholly unsuitable for school purposes, the school directors were compelled to rent such rooms as they could find, and some of the time they were unable to find any. Under these circumstances it became necessary to provide a larger and better school hous. [Several public meetings were held and after fully discussing the matter it was decided to go forward and build, and the result was the erection of the "Uuion School Building" on Peoria street, in 1855, at a cost of $6,000. The place

now occupied by J. C. Ayres' house. This building, through the presistence of Mr. Barge, was furnished with Chase's patent school seats, believed to be about the first patent school furniture ever introduced into the state, the old wooden desks then being in use in Chicago. The schools now, owing to the better accommodations furnished, and the improved methods of teaching adopted, made such marked progress that they merited and received the cordial support of the community. To Mr. Barge must be accorded the honor of organizing the first graded school ever taught in our city. As soon as the new building was ready for occupancy it was filled, and the school was recommenced with a new impetus. In 1858 a high school department was established in the Methodist church building and A. H. Fitch was elected principal.

A, M. Gow, in 1859, was employed as superintendent of schools, and James Gow was principal of the high school. The school then consisted of five departments and had an enrollment of about four hundred. These gentlemen continued in charge of the school until 1862, when the writer was elected to act, at once as superintendent of schools and principal of the high school, in which capacity he has labored twenty-one years. There has been a constant increase in the number of pupils since 1864 and the buildings owned and occupied by the district being found too small, for two or three years rooms were rented in various parts of the city to accommodate the new departments which it was found necessary to form.

In 1867, however, it was determined to erect a new school building which should be suited to the wants of the school in size, plan and appearance. By a vote so nearly unanimous as to show the general feeling in the community in favor of good public schools, the directors were authorized to borrow money on the bonds of the school district to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, to be appropriated to the erection of a good school house, and in September, 1869, we were permitted to enter our new and elegant building Very great credit should be awarded to the gentlemen then composing the Board of School Directors, Messrs. J. A. Hawley, H. D. Dement and David Welty, for the faithful manner in which they performed their duties, especially for the economy which they practiced in extending the funds in the erection of the building. I have traveled considerably through the state, have examined many of the best school buildings, and am convinced that we may challenge the state in having the best buildings, for the money, within her borders.

The later history of our schools is sufficiently familiar to make it unnecessary to record it here. The schools on the north side are of too recent date to be numbered among the pioneers.

E. C. Smith.

The Township of Harmon.

Recollections of Harmon.

HARMON, in the southwest part of Lee County, was settled in 1853, and while to the elder residents of their parts of the county it would seem absurd to call this an early day, to those who participated in that event it was a grim, hard reality, savoring much of heroism, and bringing out the stern qualities of human nature that are characteristic of the homesteader and early settler.

Permit me to say that the homestead laws of our country developed a class somewhat like the gypsies. Homesteading was simply done for gain. A man was John Smith in Nebraska and Tom Brown in Kansas, and as soon as the real settler followed and bought him out he "moved on," simply "squatting" for gain, devoid of the homing instinct.

Lee County was settled before the enactment of the homestead laws by people who came west to obtain lands to live on and make homes of. These people were sturdy and law-abiding, bringing their religious and coscientious practices of right and wrong with them. Both the early settler and the homesteader are great civilizers, and endure hardships of which those who follow later have no conception. Such people are the "salt of the earth."

In 1853, John D. Rosbrook, with three sons, came from Niagara County, New York, and settled at the "Lake," a clear body of sparkling water covering nearly forty acres on quite a rise of ground in what has since been known as Harmon Township. For nearly a year they "kept bach" in a small house. There was not a habitation in sight, the nearest dwelling was eight miles away, and for years this Rosbrook place at the lake was known as the center of the settlement, and the points mentioned diverge from there.

The following spring the two remaining sons came. At that time there were no traveled highways, but simply a trail across the prairie, crooked and deviating as it wound around the sloughs.

A mile to the northeast of the lake there was a large sand hill where the wolves used to congregate, brought there by the dead bodies of ani-

mals that had been hauled there from the places where they had died. Their fighting and weird, mournful howling in the cold winter nights was appalling, and to a boy eight years old, lying awake shivering in the starlight and gazing from a chamber window across the snow towards this nightly visitation of grim and grizzled prowlers, it was a source of lonesome homesickness; and a fervid prayer for redemption from such a scene of desolation, together with a flow of tears of pure wretchedness, were usually the last things of consciousness before slumber.

Breaking prairie was of the first importance. Five yoke of large oxen were hooked to a plow sixteen feet long, turning three feet of sod - two rounds a mile long making an acre. The driver of the oxen walked beside the team in the prairie grass, with a long gad or pole with a short lash, a very convenient whip to reach any laggard in the string. George Rosbrook held the plow that turned the first sod in Harmon township. Snakes of all kinds would crawl up on the newly turned sod to lie in the sun. At the approach of the breaking team they would scurry away through the grass, and the driver was often tripped up by blue racers, five feet long, coiling around his bare ankles. One day six large rattlesnakes were killed by the driver of that breaking team. Corn, potatoes and melons grew in abundance on the newly turned sod, without cultivation.

Robert Tuttle came with his family from New Hampshire in 1853. He settled in Knox County, about two hundred miles south. He was a large, strong, stalwart man and had followed the life of a lumberman in the pineries. Leaving his family in Knox County he started afoot toward the pine woods of the north. He came on foot to Dixon, Ill., where he was taken sick and after a very short illness died. Henry Stores, a resident of Lee County, drove with a pair of horses to Knox County after Mrs. Tuttle, and she arrived at the bedside of her husband just previous to his death. Mrs. Tuttle was a sister of Mitchell Rosbrook, and in 1854 she, with her family of five children, settled in Harmon township, building quite a good house for that early day.

Afterwards, by the persistent efforts of this estimable lady, a private school was kept in this house, and the writer has seen deer shot at from the window of that school room as they were feeding on the prairie a short distance away. Some of the grandest dances of the early days were held there. Oliver Wagner often furnished the music, and frequently rapping his violin with the bow to call attention, like an autocrat he would order all to their places, and after soundly berating them, personally and collectively, for mistakes, and again cautioning the boys to "dance on their toes," would command, "All forward again."

In the same year came Thomas Sutton with a large family from the State of Ohio, who settled one mile to the south of the Lake. There were nineteen children in this frmily, and Sutton has often been heard lamenting that there were not an even twenty. One child, Pat, died at the age of eight years, and the wails of anguish and despair that went up from the stricken household were heartrending. Shortly after the death of this boy a circus came to Amboy, and Sutton with the whole family on a hay-rack started for the town. When asked if he was going to the show he replied, "*Yaas*, the *youngsters* might die and never see a *sarcus*." They stayed to both afternoon and evening performance. Some of the older Sutton boys had been flirting with "corn juice" during the day, and as the evening show was a repetition of that of the afternoon, they hilariously entertained the audience by proclaiming before each act what it was to consist of, and to "watch sharp now and see this yer lady jump through that yer hoop."

In later years the male portion of the Sutton household imbibed freely, and one night at eleven o'clock two of the boys brought up at the home domicile with a lumber wagon, to which were hitched a pair of reeking horses, the boys having lashed them in a fury most of the way from town. Sutton took them in hand and gave them a great lecture on the evil of their ways. He told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves, that they were bringing their father's gray hairs—he was gray at thirty—down with sorrow to the grave. He scolded them off to bed, and ordered two smaller boys, who had gotten up during the din, to put away the horses and bring "that yer." "That" proved to be a gallon jug, and two hours later, when Sutton called the two sodden boys from their beds to fiddle for him while he danced—and dance he did till sunrise—he humbly begged their pardon for having scored them so. Corn was one of the flourishing products of the soil, and we are thankful that under its exhilarating influence a feeling of forgiveness, if not of consistency, was resultant.



In 1854 Mitchell Rosbrook came from New Hampshire with a wife and six children. They were typical of those Yankees who have been successful in preserving the new England accent, very little of the flat,

Western enunciation being noticeable in their speech, even at the present time. This Mitchell Rosbrook was a devout man and founded the first Sunday School in Harmon, it being very successfully conducted in John D. Rosbrook's granary.

Mitchell Rosbrook and his wife, above mentioned, George Stillings and the Tuttles, were all born and raised at Lancaster, a wild part of New England within the shadow of the White Mountains, so they had been hardy pioneers before their advent to this country. Mitchell Rosbrook built the first house ever built on Mt. Washington. It was built for a hotel in the "Notch" of the White Mountains, and all of the wood material in its construction was "packed" on the back of mules up a steep and devious trail along the mountain side. They would take a few boards and strap them on to each side of the mule with the rear ends of the boards just touching the ground, and in this way carried the lumber for miles up the mountain. It was a herculean task and required much labor and even suffering on the part of Rosbrook and his wife. Tourists visited the top of the mountain every summer and stopped at this mountain house to get dinner. Mary Tuttle, now the wife of George Rosbrook, then a girl of seventeen years, was cook at this hotel. In one day she cooked one hundred dinners. Since that time several magnificent hotels have been erected at this point and it has become a great summer resort, but the old Rosbrook house still stands and is pointed to as a landmark of the pioneer days.

Mitchell Rosbrook and his family lived for two years on the farm of Dr. Gardner after they came west, and then settled in Harmon. Mrs. Rosbrock assisted in making the wedding outfit for a daughter of Dr. Gardner, the present Mrs. James A. Hawley. Thirty-one years later Mrs. Rosbrook assisted in making some of the wedding apparel for the daughter of the bride she had helped to robe before, the present Mrs. Powell of Council Bluffs, the daughter of James A. and Mrs. Hawley. So Lee County can point with pride to Mrs. Mitchell Rosbrook as one of the pioneer women of this country, both before and after her advent here. She still lives and is much respected by all who know her, and is known far and wide as "Aunt Mary."

The first two elections of officers of the township were held at the house of Mitchell Rosbrook. Jim McManus was elected supervisor, Rosbrook town clerk and George Stillings constable. The crowd gathered in the morning and wrestled or pitched quoits until night. Election day in Harmon has always been a day of festivities. The second year there was opposition to Rosbrook by Geo. P. Weeks also running for town clerk.

Mrs. Rosbrook cooked and gave a free dinner that day to all that came and was rewarded by her husband being defeated for the office he was so anxious to obtain. When the votes were counted at night Rosbrook informed the crowd, with no inconsiderable anger, that they could after that date hold their election elsewhere.

In the winter of 1856-57, Austin Balch with his wife and two children came from New Hampshire. John D. Rosbrook and two sons were in Dixon that day with a team, and the Balch family were taken out to their relative, Israel Perkinss. On the way they became lost in a snowstorm and brought up at the house of Reuben Trowbridge near Eldena. Mr. Trowdridge had but recently married, and the kindness shown to the careworn, homesick and heartsick Mrs. Balch and her colicky boy of three years, by his sweet-faced young wife, will never fade from memory.

It was no uncommon thing to get lost on the prairies; indeed, it was quite a feat to avoid it, and required much skill and no small amount of practice to ride or drive five or ten miles in the night across a trackless prairie and not get bewildered. One wet, foggy, Christmas night along about in "60," a party of young people started to go to Mrs. Brill's to an oyster supper. On the way another party of young people were overtaken who were going to the same place. At once there was a horse race, both drivers lashing their horses furiously. Presently one team ran out into a large slough and mired down. The boys were obliged to wade out in the water and broken ice to unhook the horses and let them plunge out as best they could. Then they all pushed and pulled at the wagon in concert but could not move it. Then the girls were carried ashore—all but one; she was very heavy and no one dared to attempt to carry her. A council was held on the shore, while our teeth cracked together and our clothing stiffened in the wintry air. Finally Henry Bremer, the strongest young man in the party, averred that he could carry her. He waded in, seized her and struck out. When about two rods from the shore he slipped on a piece of floating ice and, realizing that he would fall, attempted to throw her ashore—of course she "lit" in the water. The wagon box was then taken off and towed ashore, the wheels taken off and the wagon taken ashore in pieces. When a start was made all were bewildered and lost and at midnight they found themselves back where they started from. A fresh team was hitched to the wagon and at two o'clock in the morning they arrived at Brill's. Mrs. Brill had been recommended as a fine cook of oysters. She certainly did cook them well—she began boiling them at nine o'clock in the evening and cooked them until we came.

As the saying goes, "the latchstring always hung out." Houses were not locked at night nor in the absence of the occupants. Frequently the settlers on coming home after night have found a roaring fire in the stove and people sitting around and enjoying it, whom perhaps the owner of the dwelling had never seen. Explanations would be in order, and usually it was a case of being lost on the prairie, and in wandering about they had discovered the house and simply made themselves at home until they could get their proper bearings for a new start. Often we would hear men hallooing out on the prairie in the night, and would say to each other that some one was lost. Putting the light in the windows we would go out and call in return, and usually would find them; but sometimes their voices would fade away, they not being able to hear us owing to the direction of the wind. Some people would get lost more easily than others.

There were many jokes about old man Brill being so easily lost, and it was said that in going home after night he always got lost and often slept in his own straw stack not far from the house; indeed, Andrew Custiss said that if Brill went out after a pail of water in the evening he probably would not find the way back to the house, but could always bring up at the straw stack.

There was a raffle for turkeys one night at Brill's, four of the players putting in twenty-five cents each, making a dollar for each turkey, the high man winning the fowl. After a while those not winning went home by two's or three's, the winners remaining and "sawing off" with each other. When they were ready to go home not a turkey was to be found, those who had departed early having passed near the turkey roost. The following day Brill, who was quite a hand to visit, called at a house two miles away where there were eight men, aged from twenty-five to thirty, "keeping bach." They were a jovial lot of fellows, always cutting up all kinds of pranks and literally "made Rome howl." When Brill arrived there there were two of his turkeys in the oven and the men were preparing for a great feast. Knowing Brill's tendency to always open an oven door so as to warm his feet in the oven, they kept a man on each side of the stove to fence him away. Brill sat and visited all day. They tried to entice him out to the barn to show him a new horse they had traded for, but he would not budge. He still sat there and as the weather was cold they had to keep up a roaring fire. They had no dinner and as no preparations were made for supper, at dark Brill went home. On opening the oven door, it is said, the turkeys were about as large as a couple of jack-snipes; they were thoroughly cremated.

About this time came Patrick Grogan with a family of small children. Grogan was a jovial, lazy kind of a character, brimming over with fun and good nature, and enjoyed nothing more than to play the "Arkansaw Traveler" on an old three-stringed violin, while two of his barefoot children danced a breakdown by the hour. Or perhaps he and his sweet-faced wife, with a little child tugging at her breast, sang old-fashioned songs around the glowing embers of a fireplace in their log house. The firelight, flitting across their faces, both in sweet content, with their poverty, made a sweet picture of home life and wretched happiness, if I may use such a term, that will never fade from the memory of the silent boy who often sat and watched them, and who as a man has often wished he might exchange years of his life for part of Grogan's placidity.

Thomas Sutton also lived in a log house. In those days there were royal oaks in Palestine Grove to be had by taking, or more plainly, stealing them. Sutton's father, old Uncle Joe, lived with him and was a queer character, with a comical Irish touch in his speech, a love of home-raised tobacco in his heart, and a "showing" around his mouth. He had seven mongrel dogs, all of different breeds, from a small "Fice" to a large, vicious female bulldog. These dogs were always with him, and followed him in any neighbor's house he chanced to visit. They were a terror to the residents of the community, as well as to the cattle that roamed at will on the prairie. The cattle would at times feed up near to the growing crops, and as there were no fences, "Uncle Joe" being on the watch would call, "Her, Fice! her Tinker! yer Watch! hi, Bull! you, Tige! come, Ginger! run them out o' that! Pluck them well, Tinker! Pull the lugs off 'em, Watch! Put them to h-e-l-l!" the last sentence ending in a high keyed shriek that we have often heard a mile away. The cattle were in great terror of these dogs, and soon came to know that voice so well that they would raise their heads high in the air, and with their tails over their backs run as if for their lives. The bulldog has frequently been seen to leap up and seize the tail of an ox close to the body, bite it off, carry it back and lay it at the feet of "Old Joe," who never failed to praise the act and to gloat over the trophy. Bull guarded the old man jealously, and many of the residents of the neighborhood were bitten by her. She would never attack a person watching her, but would steal around behind one, snap and spring away. She was the most treacherous and vicious dog Lee county ever contained She was low and heavy, of a dirty brindle color mixed with a little yellow, her tail was cut off close to her body, and her legs were strong and very wide apart. Her head was carried low down to the ground, her eyes

were bloodshot and never left your face, while her lips hung down, showing a cruel set of the whitest of teeth and the blood red gums below. She was always dreuling at the mouth, and her sinister look always meant mischief. A person's only safety was in being pivoted so as to whirl and keep her continually before him.

As the years passed other settlers came and "Uncle Joe" used to visit at a house occupied by a man named Spangler, who had a house full of grown sons and daughters. Delia, the eldest daughter, was housekeeper, and was often provoked by "Uncle Joe" missing the ash box and spitting on the stove hearth. After months of patience she declared she would wash Uncle Joe's face with a dish rag the very next time he spit on that hearth. Everybody laughed, nobody believed her. But one blustering day when he was in the interesting part of a fight he had once had in Limerick he missed the ash box, when without an instant's warning the robust daughter of Spangler seized him around the neck with the left arm and for about two minutes scrubbed his mouth vigorously with the dish cloth. He was white with rage but stalked away, and the last time the writer saw "Uncle Joe" was on that darkest of days for the nation—when standing on the north bank of the Lake, his voice raised so that he was heard distinctly nearly half a mile away, he devoutly thanked God, again and again, that "Owld Abe Lincoln" was shot. Such was the difference of opinions even here in our Lee county.

In 1856-57 settlers came thick and fast. Joseph Julien, a brother of Antone and John Julien, settled a mile to the southwest. At threshing time Mrs. Antone Julien always came from Dixon to assist in cooking for the threshers, and the wonderful meals this lady prepared were the talk of the neighborhood. The threshing time at Joe's was always looked forward to with keen delight by about a half dozen of us hungry youngsters who loved her sweet, gentle manner even more than her cooking, and each one was sure of a recognition from this sweet faced woman. And to this day the writer never meets her or walks by her home without a feeling of glad thankfulness for the sunshine she scattered along the way, so lasting are influences in our early life.

E. A. Balch, C. H. Seifken, Israel Perkins and James Porter, with their families, and George Stillings, Charles Carby, "Yankee" Tuttle and others were among the early settlers.

Two brilliant young men, accustomed to good society and luxurious homes, with some money, but no knowledge of farming, came from the city of Boston to make their fortunes in the new "Eldorado." They quickly became the prey of the neighborhood, and many of the spavined,

worthless horses and unruly oxen were tethered around their place on Sunday, and usually sold to them at large prices. John D. Rosbrook often lectured them for being so easily separated from their money, and cautioned them again and again not to deal with certain unscrupulous neighbors. Owing to their want of knowledge of farming their crops were a failure, and in the fall they were obliged to send home for money to return with. They abandoned the house and land, which was known for years as the "Boston" house.

Henry and Louis Isles, the sons of a very wealthy German family of New York city, were taken from the study of a classic course at home and sent here to learn to farm, and to harden their muscles with rugged work. Both were graceful and courteous in behavior, and their fine conversational powers left with us a sweet remembrance of them in after years. They worked by the month for John D. Rosbrook, and manfully stood up to what to them must have seemed herculean tasks, while their blistered hands often gave us the heartache. One summer finished their apprenticeship.

One mile to the east lived, for a year, the Robinson family. Moses Dillon, the now flourishing business man of Sterling, was a stepson of Mr. Robinson. "Mose," a little fellow in checked aprons, spent many of his hours at the Lake farm; and Mary, the wife of George Rosbrook, often gave him cookies to pick up chips for her. "Mose" told the writer not long since, that he had traveled wide, and eaten many toothsome dishes, but no morsel ever passed his lips that was as good as Mary's cookies. He showed the same ability in picking up chips as in his business career. Even in that early age "Mose" was a "hustler."

Sammy Robinson, a nephew of Mr. Robinson, taught our country school. He was very small, about five feet high, and weighed, it would seem to me, about eighty pounds. At the breaking out of the war he went into the army and was pushed through to the front. One day in summer a party of twelve soldiers were sent out foraging, and donning anything but the army blue, they passed boldly into the Confederate lines. Coming to a railroad track they followed it for miles, when on turning a sharp curve they found themselves in the midst of about a hundred confederate soldiers loading ties onto a railroad train. They at once went to work assisting in loading ties. The overseer of the squad gruffly asked what they were doing here. The leader answered, "Detailed to help; this work must be pushed." With no conversation, but all senses on the alert, the northern soldiers watched each other. During the work, at a signal from the leader, they suddenly took possession of the train. Some

started the engine and the rest fought the confederates off so they should not board the train. The train was run northward a few miles and then it was stopped while the boys placed ties on the track behind it in such a manner as to ditch the following train. But the train in pursuit was run by a fellow with nerves of steel, and, never hesitating at these obstructions, his train kept the rails, knocking the ties like kindling wood from the track. In the chase the captured engine was run into another squad of confederate men. The engine was abandoned and a break made for liberty; but they were captured, and Sammy Robinson with the rest of the twelve suffered for this foolhardy trick by being hung by the neck until they were dead. A history of this escapade has previously been published. I have simply brought it in here to show that one of this party was a former resident of Harmon.

In those days Dixon was our market town, all farm products were hauled there. Between our settlement and Dixon were several sloughs, one of which was a terror to us, and was known as the "big slough." It was more than half a mile wide with water nearly all the way across, and a deep plunge in the middle, where we always expected to get stuck in the mud. Carefully looking back to that time, I cannot remember an instance in which we were disappointed.

On the Fourth of July two of the Rosbrook boys started for Dixon at daybreak with two yoke of oxen and a small load of hay. They had been three days in cutting the grass with a scythe and raking it up with a hand rake. When crossing the big slough the wagon settled to the hub, and the oxen mired down. Most of the hay had to be pitched off before the oxen could draw the wagon out. They arrived in Dixon at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon and sold what hay they had left for seventy-five cents. They started for home at 4:00 o'clock, their conversation touching but lightly on patriotism. Indeed, as it is now remembered, they considered Washington's act in saving the country rather insignificant, and in regard to their locality, wholly unneccessary. We had often heard Lyman Rosbrook, who had lived in Lee Center many years before this time, tell of the hardships experienced by the early settlers in hauling grain to Chicago, but we doubted if their trials were any greater than were experienced years afterwards in the shorter haul to Dixon.

Prices of farm produce were low in the early days; eggs, four cents a dozen; butter, six cents a pound. Thomas Sutton once hauled two loads of an excellent quality of barley to Sterling. The buyers offered eight cents per bushel for it. Mr. Sutton not being satisfied with the offer hauled it to Dixon, where, after being at the expense of staying all night

he sold the barley for six cents a bushel. Whiskey was ten cents a gallon, and other—so called—necessities were correspondingly low. Whether or not those were "Free Trade" times, the writer is not prepared to state—but pardon me; this was in the days of Buchanan.

Game of all kinds was very plentiful from 1855 to 1875. Charles K. Shellhammer has shot in one day, one hundred geese (a farm wagon box full). Kipp, a hunter from Dixon, shot sixty-six Mallard ducks at one shot. A drove of thirteen deer were chased by men on horse back by our place one day, and five of them killed after a run of several miles, but a pair of beautiful sorrel horses belonging to George Stillings were ruined in the chase.

This George Stillings was a great wrestler and quite a good jig dancer. He was so fond of dancing that a quick tune would at any time or place bring him to his feet for a break-down. He wandered away, and our neighborhood entirely lost track of him for more than thirty years. One evening, since the commencement of this article, there walked into our house a short, strong man, elderly, and gray as a rat. It was Stillings. Two of my sons now grown to early manhood were playing a mandolin and a guitar. They soon struck into "Money Musk," and then the "Devil's Dream." At the slightest hint from me Stillings, despite his sixty years of rugged life, was on his feet, and danced as lightly and airily as of yore to the great delight of my family.

Ferris Finch, Wellington Davis, Jerome Hollenbeck and Lon Herrick often came out on the prairie hunting, and usually made their headquarters at the farm by the lake. We have known them to shoot in one day two hundred and fifty prairie chickens, many of them being shot from the carriage as they were driving over the prairie. One day after dinner Wellington Davis, who had drunk most of the milk punch that he had brewed for the crowd, was still sitting in the house by the punch bowl; Ferris Finch drew the charges of shot from Davis' gun when the latter was not looking, and then offered to bet him a dollar that he could not shoot two swallows in succession as they were flying around overhead. Davis, who was game and a crack shot, immediately accepted the challenge. The sight he presented in whirling round the yard (one leg being about six inches shorter than the other), endeavoring to get aim, was very ludicrous. He, of course, missed both shots and immediately handed over the dollar, but he then wanted to wager ten that he could shoot the next two. The explosions of laughter that followed convinced him that his gun had been tampered with and he offered to whip Ferris Finch, to the great amusement of Herrick and Hollenbeck, who were lying on the grass shouting with laughter.

In 1867 an insane woman wandered from near where Walton is out into the swamps and was lost. During the winter several hunting parties were organized to hunt for her. In those days everybody possessed or borrowed a good saddle horse. There were many expert riders and fleet horses in the vicinity. Shortly after the start, one day in February, a wolf was sighted, and everybody cut loose for a run. Within a mile all gave up but two horsemen. In three miles the wolf disappeared in the tall grass and some deer tracks were discovered. These were followed several miles, when by certain signs we knew we were close to the quarry, and rightly conjectured that the deer were in some heavy swamp grass half a mile to the westward.

The saddle girths were tightened, conversation was held in whispers, while the horses rubbed their noses together, pricked up their ears and gazed excitedly toward the tall marsh grass, and pranced around over the snow. The mare nipped at the ear of the stalwart gelding, who stood out in bold relief against the fast approaching sunset. He seemed as if carved in stone, but the play of his muscles beneath the surface gave token that he understood the nature of our preparations and was anxious for the fray.

Then we mounted, and with tightly grasped rein, they were sent like a ball from the cannon's mouth straight to the westward, and the two best running horses in that part of Lee county were exerting every nerve and sinew to push their noses past each other, when about forty rods ahead of us, out of the long swamp grass, sprang nine deer. To those who have never seen wild deer run the sight is indescribable. They leaped up from the ground twenty feet and appeared, from a short distance, to come down where they went up; but really they covered a distance of from thirty to thirty-eight feet at each bound. They went up with head, legs and flanks stretched to the utmost; not a muscle moved while in the air, and it gave them the appearance of a flying squirrel or a great monstrous bat. They were dark brown as they went up showing the back and head and stiffened legs; they were white as they came down, showing the under side of the body only. They leaped in different directions, and as some went up while others were coming down from those terrific bounds, the sight was thrilling and awe inspiring. And afterwards, when riding at bare-neck speed, right in among them and close up to a monstrous buck that was perfectly frantic with fear and desperation, it become not only exciting but very dangerous.

It was an experience that but few people will ever have; a sight that only the great minority will ever view; and the remembrance of that

thrilling chase will never fade from the minds of the two riders who rode at such a terrific clip across the bogs and snow, in the Winnebago swamps near Palestine. George Berlin succeeding in killing a fine buck after a hard chase for miles,—the only deer captured that day. Berlin was riding a race horse valued at three hundred dollars, belonging to Charles Sheilhammer. After that day he was worth about fifty dollars; but Berlin was more famous than General Grant.

The woman was found the next spring, by the cattle in the large herds bellowing and pawing around the place where she lay.

The herding of cattle in those latter days was a great industry; some herds contained as many as three thousand head of cattle. The charge was about a dollar and a half per head during the season. The expense was simply the hire of two men to guard them.

Sandhill cranes were more plentiful than bees among the clover blossoms, and it was not an uncommon sight to see a thousand acres covered with them. Their playful antics were interesting and amusing: they would gather in squads of four or five, form a square, or nearly so, about six feet from each other. The old, or gander crane would utter their peculiar plaintiff call, when all would leap from the earth about six feet, bounding over and under each other, and all calling their loudest, while each tried to get the place occupied by some other. A veritable "Pussy wants a corner," as we see the children play it now. A sandhill crane stands nearly as high as a man; its color is a bluish gray. When gathering in large bands in the fall, preparatory to migrating, their appearance was like that of a large drove of sheep. They came in the autumn and usually remained two or three weeks. One day early in the fall, when only a few cranes had been noted flying away up in the air—a crane will soar to a height to which an eagle never goes, and will stay up an hour without a movement of the wings—the younger Rosbrook boy, then quite small, heard a crane calling and knew by the sound that it was in a melon patch in the middle of a cornfield. Softly stealing through the corn, he spied near the opening the head of a crane and knew by its attitude that it was alarmed and about to fly away. With careful aim at its head, the only part visible, he pulled the trigger and took a couple of somersaults, as he always did when he shot that gun. Gathering himself up he was mystified to see the crane fly away. He could not understand it, as he knew the aim was good, and former experience had taught him that every thing went down before that gun when the aim was right. He went over to the melon patch before starting home, and there in their death struggle, were three cranes! one of them shot through the head; there had been four of them in the flock, and three of them in line.

Wolves were fleet of foot and could run away from the fastest horse or dog. But George Rosbrook, when riding "Little Billy," a famed saddle horse, after cattle one day, saw and gave chase to a wolf, which after a hard run, he succeeded in killing, with no other weapon than an iron stirrup, swung by the stirrup strap.

At one time on the Rosbrook farm at the Lake there was a tame crane, a coon and a wolf. The crane had been found when small on the prairie. The coon and the wolf were captured when small, and were from litters that were dug out from holes in the ground.

All of these pets showed their ingratitude. The crane flew away, and the wolf began catching tame chickens and was chained in the yard. One day Mary, the wife of George Rosbrook, took some scraps that were left from the table out to the wolf. After eating part of the food he went inside his kennel and lay with his head between his paws, watching the chickens as they came near to pick up the crumbs. Suddenly he sprang out and caught three of them at once. Mary who was watching from the door, ran out to save the chicks. Grasping the wolf by the neck, she choked him until his jaws relaxed and the chickens dropped out; but they were quite dead. As she released the wolf, she was rewarded by his biting her quite through the hand. The coon had been busy for the past month tearing down corn at night and eating the young roasting ears. During the day he was the meekest and best behaved coon in the world, but at night he would make as much noise tearing down corn as a small drove of cattle. And so the wolf and coon both went one day to help swell "Forepaugh's Great Consolidated Show."

In 1856, five thousand head of immense Texan steers were driven past our house on their way to Chicago; the summer had been consumed on the drive. Many of them would measure seven feet from tip to tip of horns. Near the lake the owner turned them into a fine field of corn of one hundred and sixty acres, and then calmly rode off to find the owner and bought the entire crop at the settler's figure. It 1857 two thousand very large, fat hogs were driven past our place toward the southwest. The owner claimed to have bought them in Milwaukee and was driving them to Missouri, which we thought a strange proceeding.

I would like, if it were not encroaching, to mention some of the early days of Dixon, the days of "Rough and Ready." Hiram Ruff, nick-named "Rough and Ready," was a queer character. He was small, wiry and quick, and a genuine sport.

In those days Myron Bryson frequently drove the omnibus for the carrying of passengers from the Nachusa house to the depot. "Rough and

Ready" had a fruit stand where Boltzenthal's cigar store now is. Bryson would say something to him which always seemed to anger him and old "Rough" would throw apples at the driver from the time the omnibus came in sight until it turned the corner, jumping up and down on the sidewalk and yelling with rage in the meantime. Indeed, the rattle of 'bus coming down the street was a signal for all of the small boys to spread out in fan-shape from where Edward's coal office now is around to Mangus' feed shed and "take in" the apples on the fly, as they came sailing through the air. Apples were very scarce in those days, and "Old Rough" usually threw away about a peck every time the 'bus went by.

Intending to confine my remarks to Harmon I ask pardon for this digression.

I am warned by the accumulated manuscript before me that no inconsiderable space will be occupied in its publication. If the twenty odd towns in Lee county contribute as voluminously your book will certainly have the advantage of immensity. Before laying my pen aside I wish to offer an apology. Doubtless many persons are left out who are deserving of mention. In other places errors as to dates may have crept in. There are paragraphs that may reflect slightly on some persons particularly mentioned. To those I humbly apologize, and add that in my heart I have only the feeling of "good will to all."

C. J. ROSBROOK.



ONE OF THE PIONEER FARMERS.

The Township of Lee Center.



MRS. ADOLPHOS BLISS.

Lee Center.

"IT will be be obvious to anyone at a glance that God has not made any such thing as a complete remembrance of past ages possible. He writes oblivion against all but a few names and things, and empties the world to give freer space for what is to come."

In writing a sketch of this particular part of God's heritage we have drawn largely upon the memories of the oldest settlers, their sons and daughters, for stories which contain all the fascination of personal experience and personal encounter.

We have striven for accuracy in dates and locality, without which history is but driftwood in the tide of events. In our search for ancient landmarks we hope not to be so entirely surpassed as was a certain English gentleman who was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British museum which was owned by Cicero. "Oh, that's nothing," retorted the Yankee, "in the museum in Bosting, they've got the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark.'

When our grandparents raked the ashes over the glowing coals upon their hearthstones, and retired to dream of the sons who had gone to the new country to make for themselves a home, they could not then realize what a garland of honor already encircled their heads, or what a sceptre of power awaited their hands, for we hold that he who makes the opportunity of discovery possible to another, himself refraining from the gratification thereof, justly deserves the conqueror's meed. All honor then to those who "remained by the stuff" and kept the hearthstone warm and bright for those on the frontier.

It is with pleasure that we present the name and face of Mrs. Adolphus Bliss to the readers of this sketch. She was ninety-three years of age on Valentine's day, the 14th of February, 1893. She, with her husband, settled in what is Lee Center township today, in May, 1834—the first white woman in the present township and the second white woman in the county. Here she lived one year before she had a neighbor nearer than Dixon. Our informant, her son, Mr. Volney Bliss, says "We have

lived in three counties without moving," referring to the three names, Jo Davies, Ogle and Lee, which have been given this county.

Near Mr. Bliss' home two hundred red men were in camp, awaiting payment and the repairing of their guns before their westward march. John Fosdick was a blacksmith and gunsmith and was employed by the government to repair their guns. These Indians were peaceably inclined, but nevertheless they must have struck terror to the hearts of many a woman by appearing in the most unexpected manner. One of the early settlers, Mrs. Ira Brewer, was sitting alone in her log cabin one day when suddenly the window was darkened and looking up she saw Indian faces crowded so thickly together that the light was entirely obscured. Another one, Mrs. Lewis Clapp, was frying doughnuts in her kitchen when a number of Indians with their chief walked in and ranged themselves around the wall. The woman did not scream, she greeted them with a calm exterior, finished frying her cakes—I imagine it did not take long—and then proceeded to pass them. But the chief relieved her of this hospitality by deliberately emptying the entire panfull into his blanket.

These first settlers realized another's need as their own, and protected or respected the rights of each other at the peril of life sometimes. Of course there were exceptions to the rule, where individuals allowed the desire for possession to rule them, else, the need of an association for the adjustment of claims, called "The Grove Association," would have been unnecessary. Mr. Ira Brewer kindly furnished me with the original documents of this association. We handled the worn and yellowed papers with exceeding care, for they embodied the very nucleus round which our laws enwrap themselves.

Dated, Inlet, Ogle Co., Ill., July 10, 1837. We read the following preamble.

"The encouragement which Congress gave to the pioneers of this country stimulated the present inhabitants to sacrifice property and ease and commence a long and fatiguing journey in order to better themselves and their offspring; not only the fatigue of a long and expensive journey, but the privations to which they were exposed in consequence of the scarcity of the comforts of life and the exposure to the inclemency of the weather in an open log cabin. Everything considered, we think it no more than right, just and honorable that each man should hold a reasonable claim, and at the land sales obtain his lands at Congress' price.

Therefore, We, the subscribers, feel willing to come under any rules and regulations that are warranted by honor and principle in regard to our honest claims.

"*Therefore*, We establish a few rules and regulations whereby we may be governed on principles of equity."

This preamble is followed by seven Articles whereby the society should be governed, and a long list of names, some of them almost illegible.

A few years later an "Association for the Furtherance of the Cause of Justice," was organized. We note a "cast iron constitution," including instructions to a "Committee of Vigilance," which makes it evident these were perilous times in the history of the county. In the spring of 1836, the first sermon was preached by Peter Cartwright, "the backwoods preacher," at Mr. Dewey's house. A Methodist preacher in those days when he felt that God had called him to preach, instead of hunting up a college, or Biblical Institute, hunted up a hardy pony and some traveling apparatus, and with his library always at hand, namely: the Bible, Hymn Book and Discipline, he started, and with a text that never wore out nor grew stale he cried "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow and rain; plunged through swamps, swam swollen streams, lay out all night, wet, weary and hungry, held his horse by the bridle all night or tied him to a limb, slept with his saddle blanket for a bed, his saddle for a pillow, and his old big coat or blanket, if he had any, for a covering. Often he slept in dirty cabins, on earthen floors before the fire; drank butter-milk for coffee, or sage tea for Imperial, partook with hearty zest of deer or bear meat, or wild turkey, for breakfast, dinner and supper, if he could get it. This was old fashioned Methodist preacher fare and fortune, so says Peter Cartwright himself.

During the summer of '36 there was occasional preaching in Inlet, and the first Methodist class was organized with John Fosdick leader. In the spring of 1837 Mr. David Tripp and family, also his brother-in-law, Orange Webster, settled in Inlet. Mr. Tripp was the first Baptist in the town, and soon the first Baptist minister with the name of ——— Hetler followed. Then one ——— Turtillock and these two came occasionally and preached in Mr. Tripp's house, until Mr. Tripp built a new barn. This was dedicated with a protracted meeting in which a large number were converted. The Baptist church was organized with Mr. Webster as deacon and Mr. Tripp clerk. They held meetings regularly at Mr. Tripp's place until a school house was built near the Dewey mill. The "circuit rider" for this district would come from the east and go west, taking about two weeks to complete his circuit. He was a young married man by the name of Smith. His stopping place in Inlet was at Mr. Dewey's. Here he was taken ill, and lived but a few days—there was

no physician in Lee county then. On the night of his death two families arrived from New York and took up their abode in the Tripp house. Mr. Birdsall, who came in the fall of '37, occupied a room in the Tripp house—and his sons-in-law, Rev. Luke Hitchcock and Oscar F. Ayres, found shelter under the same hospitable roof; so the Rev. Luke Hitchcock preached the first funeral sermon in the town of Lee Center over the remains of this young circuit rider. He was buried near Mr. Darius Sawyer's present home where a stone still marks his grave.

One can imagine how gladly a regularly licensed physician would be welcomed in a community where sickness and death had made inroads, and when Dr. R. F. Adams arrived in 1837 to stay the people breathed more freely. Then came a physician by the name of Hubbard—but only for a year, and Dr. Welch, now of Galesburg, followed Dr. Charles Gardner came at an early date and was held in high esteem throughout the county. The story is told that on the night of the arrival of Dr. Gardner and the Rev. D'Wolf at the Tripp house, there was quite a stir in the family, for professional gentlemen were much needed on these prairies. The guess was passed from one to another as to which was the "Rev." and which the "Dr." The unanimous decision was in favor of Dr. Gardner as the Reverend. When the truth was known a general laugh ensued in which the newly arrived joined as heartily as any. The first building occupied for a store stood on the ground where David Tripp's Grout-house stood, then the building was sold to Mr. George Haskell, who moved it nearer to Inlet creek, where it stood several years, when it was moved to the town of Lee Center and occupied for some years by Joseph Cary. The pioneer teacher was Miss Ann Chamberlin who in the summer of '36 occupied a room in Mr. Adolphus Bliss' house for that purpose. After this a log school house was built near Mr. Bliss house in which Mr. Olis Timothy taught. This gentleman is now living at Franklin Grove and from the pen of his wife we learn that Mr T. taught nearly three months in the winter of '37-38. That he boarded round, receiving $15 per month, having 20 or 25 pupils in attendance.

In gathering items in regard to the early school teachers, we find that the first were invariably women.

All honor to her who led the van in educational interests; with what cost of trial and patience and soul weariness, none can estimate.

Among the name of old settlers we find the name of Mr. Roswell Streeter, and from the pen of his son, A. G. Streeter, we have the following: "My father made a claim on the land on which Lee Center is situated in the year 1833. In the following year we moved from Allegheny

county, New York, to near the claim and built a log house in the edge of Inlet Grove, where we found some protection from the winter storms. I was then 13 years old and the eldest of seven boys. Father improved the claim of 160 acres, and in after years when the government survey had been made, and the land offered for sale at the land office in Dixon, he entered the same. Later on father sold that part on which Lee Center now stands, and gave a portion more, (the amount I do not remember) for the erection and maintenance of an academy. One or two years before these transactions I had left Lee Center for Galesburg, where I had been told there was a Normal labor school or college where a young man could work his way through without money. I found that the labor department was not in working order, in fact it never was. On arriving in Galesburg I had thirteen dollars, and this with willing hands backed by strength, energy and a determined will to succeed, was all I had. It was enough, for I was ready to do whatever I could find to do. So I set up the business of making shingles with a froe and drawing knife. The bolts, shingle length, were sawn off the tree; with froe and maul, split to the proper thickness, then with shaving knife cut down to the proper taper. Many and many a day I fixed my school books up before me to get my lessons while at work.

I well remember the first school house and the time it was built in the old Inlet Grove. It was in the edge of the timber, and pretty well hidden from view by a hazel thicket on Mr. Bliss' land. Geo. E. Haskell teacher. T'was made of logs, cracks chinked and filled with mud, floor of split logs, fire place on one side, chimney out side made of rough stone, and split logs for seats. We lived a mile away, through the grove part way. We had to cross a small creek on the way with no bridge. Whenever the creek was over the banks, I would pull off shoes and wade through, then on to school, holding my book before me to make up for lost time. For Mr. Haskell had promised the one who "left off head" the most times during the term, fifty cents. I attended school two winter quarters before leaving for Galesburg. In 1849 I drove an ox team in company with others to California, remained there in the mines eighteen months. After that took two droves of cattle to California to market. In 1855 I returned and bought land near where I now live and settled down to farming and stock raising."

Mr. Streeter has been successful in business, at the same time has kept posted in the affairs of the general government and of the state. He has served in four sessions of the state legislature, both house and senate. Has been candidate for congress, governor and president on a minority ticket.

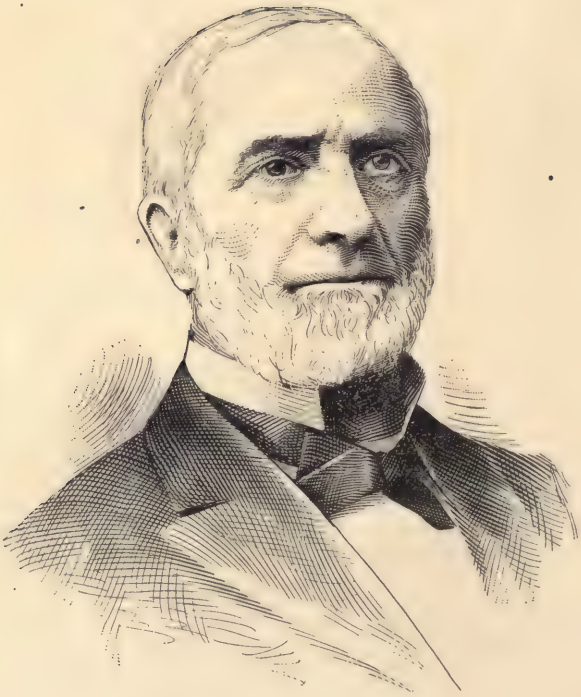
"A typical old sett'er," who proves to be Mr. Charles Ingals, came to Lee Center in 1836. He was a Yankee, born among the New England hills, upon a farm settled and tilled by four generations of ancestors. After the death of their parents, half a dozen brothers and sisters of the family went west, although the traditional advice to do so had not then been published. The subject of our sketch lived more than fifty years on the territory which he selected for a home, called at that time Palestine Grove, Ogle county, but now Lee Center, Lee county. Mr. Ingals who modestly speaks of himself in the third person, says: "The young man located, and without experience, council or cash, borrowed an ax, and the long fought battle of the prairies began. A cabin home was erected in two weeks, without the sound of a hammer or sight of a nail, that did good service for ten years. That cabin was made especially pleasant for two years through the efficiency and kindness of a well-beloved sister. A marriage alliance was then negotiated and solemnized without any undue nonsense and the bride and groom began a novel wedding journey of which an account is given by Mrs. Ingals a few pages farther on.

In those early times transportation and team work was done mostly by oxen.

As winter approached (the first winter north) these cattle became home-sick and strayed, often going south, to their former homes among the stock fields and corn cribs of Egypt—they having been brought from Southern Illinois. One morning our "typical old settler" found the last hoof of stock he owned was *gone!* No cow was left to furnish milk, no ox to haul fuel. The owner pursued on foot and was gone six weeks before reaching home again with those indispensable animals. The ground was thickly covered with snow, prairies bleak, and the weather intensely cold. Today it seems strange that a man would foot it 500 miles under such circumstances for a few head of cattle. The reason was simple and plain—he had to have 'em. His family, knowing nothing of his whereabouts welcomed him as one from the dead.

Mr. Ingals in speaking of his chase after his cattle, reminds us of a story told by one of the old settlers concerning another.

"I was eating breakfrst when I heard a man calling from the street. It proved to be Squire Robinson, from Melugin's Grove and he was inquiring if we had seen any cattle. He had missed them when he first went out in the morning, and started without his hat in pursuit, and he continued to pursue until he reached Dixon, still without a hat. I hope someone appreciated his energetic pursuit of knowledge—no cattle, and presented him with a good, substantial hat.



DR. EPHRAIM INGALLS.



MRS. EPHRAIM INGALLS.

Next in order comes a letter from Mrs. C. F. Ingalls giving an account of their wedding tour, of which she says, "It was so pleasant that even then I could have turned about and repeated it with pleasure." We give her story in her own words, and she begins:

"September 6, 1838, I was married and left my native town in Vermont for a new home in Illinois.

"We had a one-horse wagon—buggies not having come much into use there—in which were two trunks and some smaller baggage; the trunks were not Saratogas, but contained our wearing apparel. A journey of 1,000 miles lay before us. With constantly new and changing scenery, delightful and invigorating air, the trip was pleasant and enjoyable. Spent one week with friends in Indiana and arrived at our future home October 12. Then commenced the new experience of housekeeping and farm life in a log cabin 13x15 feet inside, with "loft" in which three corners were occupied by beds and one by a ladder (for stairs). Below was a bed, cookstove, cupboard, small sink (or washstand), table, bureau, with chairs and benches needful for a family of six. A sister-in-law, who had been the previous housekeeper, was visiting us with her affianced, who were intending to marry and go east in the spring. In February we were visited by an aunt and her son-in-law from Ottawa. The proposition was made that the wedding should take place at that time. A messenger was dispatched to the county seat for a license and clergyman. High water prevented his reaching the county clerk, so the license could not be procured. Our visitors then proposed that we all return with them and the ceremony be performed at their house. Hasty preparations were made. Flouring mills at Dayton being not far from Ottawa, three or four sacks of wheat were put up to take to have ground or exchanged for flour, and a company of six started. The snow was gone, frost not out of the ground enough to make the roads very soft, and the weather dull. About six miles brought us to the first creek, which was much swollen, and the question arose how it could be crossed. Our friend had a span of large horses which were unhitched, the sacks of grain placed upon their backs and swam across, then rehitched and the party ferried over, somehow, without getting wet. One or two other streams were crossed, after which the aunt proposed changing seats with one of the other party. The lot fell upon myself, and I rode with our visitor. It was probably the middle of the afternoon when he said to the others: "I will leave the road and strike across the prairie, which will be shorter, and get home to tell my wife that she prepare for the company." The others kept the road. The fog soon became so dense that we could see nothing

at any distance. The wind was an uncertain guide. We rode on and on until night and no indication of any habitation. At length, finding we were only going round and round in a circle we stopped, not knowing which way to go. There was a good moon and though foggy it was not dark. An umbrella protected us from the mist and it was not cold. When morning came we could see where the sun rose, and starting again, found ourselves but a short distance from the road and reached our destination about ten o'clock. The wedding came off the evening of the same day, and the adventure caused much merriment. We returned to our home in a few days. The newly wedded couple (Dr. R. L. Adams and Deborah Ingals) left us in March for Vermont, but returned after a time to Lee County. Our cabin being near the main road north and south we often entertained travelers and had some pleasant experiences in that way. Another incident occurred the next winter, I think in February. One cold stormy afternoon a man came in for help to get a load out of a little creek about two miles distant, where it was stuck fast in trying to cross. My husband asked him to wait until the storm was over and he would help him, to which he readily assented. A friend from Princeton was visiting me at the time and as a natural thing I had tried to have a good supper that evening of chicken and such vegetables as we had. All was on the table and we were about sitting down when a step jarred the puncheon floor, one leg slipped into a large crack, and down went one corner, dishes, supper and all in a heap. Whether anything but dishes was saved I do not remember, but know another meal was cooked. The event had passed out of mind and was recalled years after by a neighbor, who heard the man that stopped for help relate it where she was visiting in another town.

In those early days neighbors had no prescribed bounds, and roads were not fenced, driving eight or ten miles to make a social visit was no uncommon thing. If a minister stopped in the vicinity word was at once sent around, the people would gather at some place and have service. Many enjoyable and profitable meetings were held in different cabins. Time passed, the population increased, also labor and care, which in a measure restricted the old, free intercourse. Schools and churches were established. Young people grew up, married and scattered, some to build homes in other new places, some to the city to enter various avocations of life. Generations have come and gone. The ranks of old settlers are depleted until very few are left to be interested in the great enterprise now absorbing so much attention.

A brother, Dr. Ephraim Ingals, also well known and highly esteemed

in Lee county, sends us from his beautiful Chicago home, with pictures of himself and wife, the following interesting story of pioneer days.

In the autumn of 1832, my eldest brothers, Henry and Addison, next older than myself, came to Illinois and settled on the Illinois river, near where Chandlersville now stands. Mr. Lincoln surveyed my brother's farm for him. In the spring of 1836 my brother, Charles F. Ingals, took up a claim at the east end of Palestine Grove on the land where he lived more than fifty years. Addison and Deborah, (our sister) came north with Francis to assist in improving the claim. She stopped near Ottawa, with her uncle, the father of R. E. Goodell, now of Denver, who was to some extent associated with the early history of Lee County, while the brothers went out to build a cabin for their home.

During the two weeks they were building the cabin of logs they lived in a tent made of the cover of their farm wagon, for which their only team was a pair of oxen. When the cabin was inclosed Francis went to Ottawa with this team for Deborah, leaving Addison, then but sixteen years old, at the camp. The only persons he saw during his two days solitude were about seventy Indians who called uninvited while he was at breakfast. They asked for food, of which he had little to give. An Indian trail from Green river east to Chicago passed close by the camp. This could be plainly seen a number of years later when the prairie was burned off, as it stretched away over the ridges towards Melugins Grove. The trail crossed the creek about a mile directly west of the Ingals farm, at what was called the thicket. This was a little fertile bottom on which grew numerous wild plum trees that bore excellent fruit; also crab apples, butternuts, hazelnut, grapes and May-apples. As there were only wild fruits in the country then, these were all highly prized. This had been the site of an Indian camp during the winter of 1835 and '36 and their lodge poles were standing a number of years later. Mr. Ingals built his cabin in a hazel thicket, on the spot where he afterward built his house.

Returning from Ottawa with Deborah he reached the camp in the evening, after a fatiguing day's ride of thirty miles, in a lumber wagon without springs, drawn by a pair of oxen. The cabin was not chinked, and its light of welcome as they approached it shone not from windows, but from between the logs. It had no floor and the stubs from recently cut hazel brush were far from pleasant. As Deborah looked into the cabin, she said—and in no spirit of irony—"Francis, what a nice home you have provided for me." There was no better housekeeper than she Her linen and table, however simple they might be, were spotless. The

beauty and excellence of the first breakfast she prepared, served, though it was on a drygoods box gave *memories that the lapse of near three score years has not effaced.* Her only neighbors were in the Doan settlement two miles west, Inlet Grove five north, Melugin's Grove seven east and settlers on the Bureau creek ten south. No one then built, except in immediate contact with the timber. The nearest store where a lady could shop was at Dixon, twelve miles away. This however did not much matter, for the simplicity of pioneer life required but little and had it been otherwise there was no money with which to make purchases.

When fourteen years old, in the autumn of 1837, I joined this family, having remained until that time in New England. In the winter of 1837-8 the three brothers and sisters used to attend religious services at the log house of a Mr. Bridgman, which stood just across the creek west of the thicket, on the present road from Binghampton to Sublette. We went with the oxen and farm wagon with boards across the box for seats, following the Indian trail through the woods. A Mr. Vincent, a relative of an eastern divine of some eminence having the same name, was our preacher. The next place of worship in the vicinity was a small log school house on the east side of the before mentioned creek, which was not of sufficient size to have received a name, a mile north of Mr. Bridgman, and near the "Widow Varners." I think it was called by her name. In this house Luke Hitchcock sometimes preached soon after he came to Illinois. Rev. Joseph Gardner used to hold service there. At one of his meetings he had for an auditor Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism. Curiosity to hear Smith, induced Mr. Gardner to invite him to close the services with prayer, which he did. After the audience was dismissed, Smith said to Mr. Gardner in an apologetic way, "I was never gifted in prayer."

Smith's wife was a sister of Mrs. Wasson, who lived near where Amboy now is. He came there to visit, and on one occasion was arrested, I presume on some trumped up charge. His brother William, one of the witnesses to the finding of the plates of the Book of Mormon, lived in Palestine Grove, not far from Rocky Ford, and had some followers there. They projected a temple and progressed so far as to lay a corner stone. Smith lived in a very poor way, and seemed much adverse to labor. He went one day and cut some poles from the tops of fallen trees. Going home he fell from the load and broke his arm. I was sent for, but as I was ten miles away it was some time before I reached him and the placing of it in proper dressings gave him considerable pain. During this he suspended his groans long enough to say: "I was never blessed when I



MR. C, F. INGALLS.



MRS. C. F. INGALLS.

engaged in manual labor. I think I have another work to perform." That he should think a special providence was punishing him for bringing home a load of wood to keep his family from freezing, caused me to smile, notwithstanding my sympathy for him in his suffering.

Our cabin was built of unhewn logs. It had but one room on the ground and one above which was but two logs high on the sides and but seven feet at the ridgepole. This was reached from the lower room by a ladder. The only implements used in the construction of the cabin were an ax, a froe, auger and a shave. No iron was used in the building and no sawed lumber except for the first floor and one small door through which a man could not walk upright with his hat on. The upper floor was made of rive boards and the roof of the same, held in place by weight-poles. Our furniture consisted of an improvised table, the legs of which crossed like those of a saw-horse, boards being nailed over the top. We had but two chairs. One of these had a splint bottom, and the other, from which this was gone, had been replaced by a board. We made other seats by putting legs in puncheons about four inchs thick and four feet long. These we cushioned by nailing coon skins around them. They had no backs and I need not say they were very uncomfortable.

The chairs had the place of honor, and were reserved for ladies and favored guests. The joists on which the upper floor of the house was laid were made of small trees about six inches through at the butt, and as these were green when put in they allowed the floor to sag very much in the middle of the room. The upper floor, as I have said, was made of rive boards laid two deep on the joists, but not nailed. Sometimes they would become displaced so that a leg of the bedstead would drop through, which was enough to awaken even a tired boy. The roof was proof against rain, but snow would blow through it plentifully, giving an ample added covering to the bed in the morning. The house sheltered on an average six persons and we were obliged to lodge travelers, as we were some miles away from any public house.

I remember with much pleasure on one occasion that Owen Lovejoy was snowbound with us two nights and a day, for we lacked all mental stimulus. Our only paper was the Saturday Courier, a weekly, printed in Philadelphia, and only received by regular course of mail when it was about a month old. We had but two books, one the Lady of the Lake, of which I committed a good deal to memory: the other the Bible, which I did not like to read because I did not know how to read it. I have always regretted that I did not improve the opportunity I then had of becoming more familiar than I am with its merits.

Our farm implements were as rude and imperfect as our cabin and its furnishing. Our harrows were made entirely of wood, the plows did not scour, the hoes were heavy and dull, both cradle and scythe had a home-made, straight snath with a single nib. We thrashed our grain by arranging the bundles in a circle on the ground, the heads all leaning the same way, and then driving both oxen and horses against them on the circle, one person constantly tossing up the straw with a fork, while another drove the animals. We sometimes separated the wheat from the chaff by passing it through the wind. A common expression of excellence then was the "head of the heap." There were no mechanics near. I have tapped my boots from the skirts of a worn out saddle, using last and pegs that we had made. Wheat threshed in this manner was apt to be damp and dirty. I once took a load of it to Meek's mill to be ground. This was a log building two stories high. It was near the road from Princeton to Dixon that passed by the toll-gate at the head of the Winebago swamp from which Green river takes its rise. Arrived at the mill after a tedious drive of ten miles or more along the south side of Palestine Grove, a considerable part of the way without a road, I found my wheat was too wet to be ground. I spread it in the sun and stirred it constantly during one bright, hot summer day and then it was ground. The little flour obtained from it was very poor, black and heavy. The wheat was ground in the basement and then carried on a man's shoulders to the bolt on the floor above. I asked Mr. Meek how his mill was doing. He answered with a degree of pride, "You can judge: it just keeps one man packing." Being obliged to remain over night, Mr. Meek entertained me with the most hospitable kindness. Our breakfast consisted of mush and milk, and though he had a number of persons in his family the table ware was limited to two tin cups and spoons. Mr. Meek and I were accorded the place of honor and were served alone at the first table. I once went with a sled to Green's mill, which was situated on Fox river near its mouth, in company with Charles Sabin and Sherman L. Hatch, who still lives in Lee County. I left home on Monday morning. While at the mill a violent rain melted all the snow and left water in the depression of the roadway across the high prairie which came to be a matter of great importance to us. It was warm on Friday morning when we set out for home with our sleds on bare ground, but it soon began to snow. It suddenly became cold and we were enveloped in the most severe blizzard I ever encountered. There was no house on the twenty miles of prairie between Green's mill and Troy Grove, where we designed to spend the night. As the water froze in the road on the high prairie

the wind kept it clear of snow and we could follow it; but in the sloughs it would soon be obliterated by the drifting snow and we would lose it. When we had crossed such a slough we would leave one of our number with the teams while the other two hunted up and down the slough until the road was found again. Had we lost our way I am sure we all would have perished, for the following night was extremely cold. About three miles from Troy Grove the road crossed the head of the Tomahawk creek. This being filled with snow appeared like an ordinary slough and we drove into it. Soon the wet snow banked up in front of the box on the sled and the horses were unable to draw the load. We unhitched our teams and mounting one of the horses ran them to the shelter of the grove. We spent the night at Mr. Dewey's, and the following morning having provided ourselves with axes returned and chopped our sleds out of the ice in which they had become firmly frozen. We reached home on Saturday at midnight, having spent on the expedition six laborious, disagreeable and dangerous days, with results of only a few hundred pounds of poor flour. Not long since I inspected the Pillsbury A. mill at Minneapolis. This has a daily capacity of seven thousand barrels of beautiful flour, nearly the entire labor of producing it being performed by automatic machinery, and I realized the extent to which we had been able to substitute other forces for muscular power."

We listened to the conversation of Mr. O. L. Sawyer, who remembers away back in 1835 how he lived in his father's log cabin with nothing but a ground floor, and blankets in lieu of doors and windows. "I took a little trip from Galena to Inlet, on foot of course," said he. "It was in the winter and when I left Dixon I knew I should have to travel rapidly to keep from freezing. So I set out on a run and I kept it up pretty steadily for ten miles. I sat down to rest—I can show you the very knoll on the farm owned by Mr. Chamberlain—but in a very few minutes I felt sleepy. Rousing myself, for I realized my danger, I started on; but I couldn't run any more, it was difficult to even walk to the first house, and that belonged to Stearn and Reynolds on the farm owned by Mr. Ullrich, Sr. There I remained a few hours, suffering intensely from my exertions. I walked on to Inlet that night and mother was glad to see me. Mother was always glad to see us boys, and I never shall forget how sad she looked when I left home to make my own living. 'Twas the last time I ever saw her, but I have this to remember, she was always the same kind, patient and amiable mother. She died when she was only forty-five years old, leaving a family of twelve children, and she was the first woman buried in the cemetery. The world knows nothing about the

heroism of such women." Thus the son whose hair had whitened undes the frosts of three-quarters of a century paid loving tribute to the mother whose form was hidden by the prairie sods more than fifty years ago.

"Shall I tell you how I was cured of an attack of pleurisy without either physician or pills? I had taken a sudden cold which settled in my side. I knew by the hard pain that something must be done, and of course that something was to bleed me. I had a neighbor that had performed this operation successfully for others, so I walked down to see him; he lived three-quarters of a mile away, but that's nothing when you want help hard. Luckily he was at home and I told him what I wanted, 'All right,' said he, 'Grasp the broomstick and hold it out at arm's length.' Then he bound my arm tightly above the elbow and gave me a bowl to hold under my arm. The incision was made and there I stood holding broom stick and bowl until a faintness nigh unto death crept over me and I called for water. Enough! pain gone, cure performed, and I go home a weaker but a *weller* man." Mr. Sawyer married Miss Nancy Shumway of Pennsylvania in 1842 and they commenced housekeeping on the last land sold by the government in this township, the deed being signed by James K. Polk, president. On this farm they have lived fifty years—long enough to celebrate their golden wedding, which they did in a most hospitable and enjoyable manner. But the desire to be with their children has induced them to sell the farm and remove to Iowa. Two brothers who came at an early day are still on their farms in Lee Center township. Mr. Joseph Sawyer, the father, was the first postmaster in Inlet, under President Jackson. It took 25 cents to get a letter from Pennsylvania then, but the government would trust you until the letter arrived at its destination. We heard from a lady whose friends were many and living in the eastern states that they were not always able to pay the 25 cents due when the letter arrived, and the postmaster would trust them until the postage bill would amount to several dollars, then it would take the price of a calf to pay the bill.

A tavern built of logs and kept by Benjamin Whittaker stood where Mr. Cephas Clapp lived. Mr. Whittaker was a Virginian and built the house now occupied by Mr. Ullrich. Here the old stage coach halted in its tedious journeys between Chicago and Galena.

An old settler's daughter tells us that when her mother first came here, in 1839, Whittaker's "sign" at his tavern was three bottles hung aloft between two poles before his door.

Of the perils of the trip from one part of the country to another in those early days, we can have no more graphic picture than the following

sketch from the pen of Mrs. S. W. Phelps, long known and loved among the people of Lee Center and vicinity as the wife of the pastor of the Congregational church in that place:

"My earliest reminiscences of Lee county, Illinois, clustering closely about Dixon, date back to 1832. Then a child of eight years, I was the junior member of a traveling party of five, en route from New York City to Galena, Ill., Rev. Aratus Kent, who was returning to the "northwest," his missionary field, with his bride (my aunt), Miss Pierce, a teacher, and Mr. E. E. Hall, a young student in course of preparation for the ministry. The route was via Hudson River to Albany, thence across New York state by Erie Canal to Buffalo, onward by stage to Wheeling, Va., down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi by steamboat, and without detentions required a full month's time.

We had left New York in September, but having been long delayed by cholera among us in Cincinnati, again in St. Louis by other illness, we were unable to leave that city till after the close of navigation on the upper Mississippi, beginning the overland trip of more than 400 miles by stage. Arriving at Springfield, Ill., it was found to the dismay of the older travelers that the mail stage would travel no farther northward before spring After days of search for a good team for sale my uncle bought a stout pair of horses, an emigrant wagon, buffalo robes, and provided with a compass, a large sack of crackers and some dried beef, the best provision for emergencies of hunger which the town afforded, we set forth, soon to leave the "settlements" behind and to pass through a wilderness country made still more desolate by the "Black Hawk war."

Stopping places became more infrequent, till for the later days of the dreary way they were forty miles apart, the blackened ruins of cabins now and then marking the deserted "claims." Roads (more properly called "trails" by the inhabitants) long unused and either overgrown by prairie grass or burned over by autumnal fires, were difficult to follow.

Late in the arternoon of Dec. 13th our wagon halted before a little cabin known as "Daddy Joe's." "Daddy Joe" had espied us from afar, and awaited our approach leaning upon the rail fence, smoking a cob pipe, his rotund figure topped off by a well ventilated straw hat. His son, yet a lad, occupied a post of observation upon a "top rail," his head also sheltered from the wintry winds by a similar structure.

"Winnebago Inlet," known to "early settlers" as a "slough of despond," lay between us and "Dixon's Ferry," our haven of rest for the coming night, and my uncle asked directions to a safe crossing from

"Daddy Joe." His advice given between long puffs of his pipe was that we should go no farther that "evening." He kindly offered shelter, food and his son as guide in the morning, as he was sure we could not "make the ford" before dark. His assertion that the "old ford" was impassable and that the "trail" to the new was "too blind to folks after night" was assuring, but anxious to push on, my uncle urged the tired horses to a lively pace. The result proved "Daddy Joe" the wiser man. The winter dusk came on all too early, the "old trail" too easily mistaken for the new, and in the uncertain twilight the horses plunged down the steep, slippery bank into the black abyss of the "old ford." The poor beasts floundered breast deep in the icy mush, till just beyond midstream they could go no further. The wagon settled to its bed and the three feminine occupants climbed upon the trunks in the rear end, there to perch for several hours. By desperate struggles an occasional jerk brought us a few inches forward, after each one the wagon again settling into the miry bed. Thus after several hours of exhausting effort the two men were able to leap to the shore from the backs of the horses, bye and bye to land the stronger horse and with his help to pull out his fellow, now hardly able to stand alone. Then, one by one, we were helped along the tongue of the wagon to "terra firma." My aunt, exhausted by fatigue and fright, was lifted to the back of the better horse with a buffalo robe as saddle, her husband leading the horse. Mr. Hull followed coaxing along the other, Miss Pierce and myself bringing up the rear. We started by the light of the now risen moon along the trail in "Indian file" for a walk of three miles to "Dixon's Ferry"

I recall distinctly the feelings with which I trudged on in the deep silence of midnight under the glistening stars over the boundless prairie."

The weary march ended at last, twinkling lights greeted our eager eyes and as we quickened our pace the moonbeams revealed a most picturesque, though somewhat startling scene. White tents gleamed and in every direction smouldering campfires showed dusky, blanketed forms crouching or lying prone around them while a few white men in army uniform bearing lanterns moved about with alert step and keen eye. We halted at once, the ladies greatly alarmed, but the watchers had noted approaching hoof beats and hurried to reassure us, explaining that several thousand Indians were there encamped, for the final settlement of annuities and other matters included in their recent treaty with the government.

A moment later we were made welcome to the warmth and comfort

of her neat cabin by Mrs. Dixon, who hastened to make ready a hot, relishing supper, a royal feast to our famishing appetites.

Our kind hostess gave up her own soft bed by the cheerful hearth fire to the ladies, tucking me snugly away at the foot to a dreamless sleep, finding a resting place somewhere among her many guests for my uncle and Mr. Hall.

In the gray of the earliest dawn Mr. Dixon and his stalwart sons started out with oxen, chains, and poles to rescue the abandoned "prairie schooner" from the "Inlet Slough," returning with it in triumphal procession a few hours later. Meanwhile, some one had taken me out into the "great tent" among the warrior chiefs, adorned with paint and feathers and earrings, and gorgeous in all the new toggery obtained from the agents. As we passed around the circle, a painted chief caught me up in his arms, seated me on his knee, admired and patted my red cheeks, calling out "brave squaw, brave squaw," because I did not turn pale and run away in fear.

All preparations for a fresh start were soon completed, and we made haste to leave Lee County soil—at least so much of it as we were not compelled to carry away upon our belongings. But "getting away" proved no easy matter. The horses had not been consulted. Once at the river's brink our troubles began anew. The ferry was a "rope ferry," the boat a "flat boat" "poled" across the swift flowing river. The quivering horses, terrified at sight of the water, refused to enter the boat. After long and vain urging they finally made a wild plunge forward which sent the boat spinning from the shore as they sprang upon the boat, dragging the fore wheels of the wagon with them, the hind wheels dropping into the river, almost tossing us into the icy stream. Instantly Mr. Hall was in the shallow water with his "shoulder to the wheel," and somehow, between the efforts of men and horses the whole wagon was got on board. After a halt upon the shore for advice and thanks to our friends; and a changing of the soaked garments for dry ones by the chilled men, their dripping raiment fluttering from various points of the wagon cover, our long ride to the "lead mines" was again resumed.

Upon the foregoing experience my only claim of being an "early settler" of Lee County must be based—the transient settlement being confined to the few hours spent between the banks of the "Winnebago Inlet."

Twenty years later this pioneer journey came vividly to my thoughts while we waited in Dixon for the wagon from Lee Center, which conveyed us to the welcoming people who soon became "our people," whose welfare

became the warp into which so many years of our own lives were interwoven, whose sorrows we carried in our hearts, and in whose gladness we were glad—our affections taking root so deeply among them that the pain of transplanting still lingers with an abiding ache in two hearts now grown more familiar with the minor key in life's experiences, than with the major music of its joys."

There is a story that in those early days four families came here from the east with the few worldly effects which could be stowed in their wagons; but there was no home, nothing like home, except the blue sky and the genial sunshine. The mountains were only pictured in memory, and the little fields, outlined by straggling, irregular stumps, over which vines ran rampant all the summer, seemed far away. The prairies were so wide and the winds swept over them unchecked by either rocks or hills. It was all so strange, so new, that the wonder remains to this day why they did not all turn around and go back to their native homes. But the story goes that two families, never having taken their wagon covers off, retraced their steps. The other two remained and went to work with a will; cut and hewed logs and reared their cabins with the energy which characterized the true pioneer. A member of one of these families, Mr. Ralph Ford, relates how he hired out to work on a farm, the first year receiving $7 per month. The next year he was paid $9 and the next $11, showing steady progression.

Mr. Ford tells of a trip he made to Chicago, which in those days consisted of thirty-three frame shanties, standing in the water. He with two other men drove in some hogs, the round trip occupying sixteen days. As corn was plenty and cost only 6 cents per bushel, they fed generously, drove slowly, and at the end of their trip marketed their hogs for 1½ cents per pound. In the spring of '40 Mr. Ford drove a pair of oxen to Chicago. The wagon was loaded with wheat. Many showers and a hot sun caused the wheat to sprout on the way. The grain depot consisted of a floating wharf, or corduroy bridge anchored to the shore, where boats loaded and unloaded their cargo. It cost the man who owned the wheat 20 cents per bushel to get it to Chicago, and he then had to sell it as damaged wheat to a starch factory down the river.

Mr. F. took his turn at driving the old stage coach. A cumbrous vehicle it was, weighing 3300 pounds, and when weighted down with prairie mud and passengers, probably amounted to several pounds more. Four large horses were driven before the coach, from Chicago to Galena, and the passengers paid five cents per mile and had to carry a rail half the time, at that, to pry the stage out of the sloughs it had to pass.

Starting from the tavern in Lee Center at noon, the driver must occupy his position until 12 o'clock at night; then the next man took it for twelve hours.

Many romantic episodes occurred in the lives of these old settlers, and if we felt at liberty to repeat the stories which we have heard from their lips, it would lend both humor and pathos to these pages. We were desirous of finding who were the parties in the first matrimonial alliance. Mr. Volney Bliss furnished us with the desired information.

In the year 1836, a Mr. Albert Static and Miss Elmira Carpenter were married by Daniel M. Dewey, justice of the peace. "Speaking of weddings," said one of the old settlers, "reminds me of one I attended in those early days. The squire performed the ceremony standing in the open door of the house belonging to the groom. A good many of us had gathered around the door with old tin pans, horns and guns and as soon as the squire stopped talking, we began to deal out music (?) to the newly married couple. Oh, the horrid din! 'Twas the first charivari I ever attended and almost the last. I believe there were two or three more in the neighborhood after that."

The hard labor and isolated lives of our pioneers did not detract from their patriotic zeal.

A lady informant, who attended the Fourth of July celebration in 1842 writes: "I can only remember that it rained during the exercises, which were held in the little school house at Inlet. The rain ceased about the close, but the grass was so wet it was almost decided to eat the dinner we had prepared indoors, instead of marching to the booths where the tables had been improvised. The ladies disliked the plan of adjourning to the school house, so we took a vote as to where the dinner should be eaten. We unanimously voted to go to the tables. This decision so pleased the gentlemen that they gave us three rousing cheers, and gallantly offered to go out and turn over the grass and shake the water out, so we need not wet our slippers or draggle our skirts. The orator of the day was Dr. R. F. Adams, now of Denver. Mr. Joseph Farwell furnished music with his his violin, and Mr. Joseph Sawyer beat the big bass drum."

In 1840 Luke Hitchcock married a couple, who, though they did not come here to live till years after, have always been interested in Lee Center, and Lee Center in them, Mr. and Mrs. Cephas Clapp. Mr. Clapp had come west a year or more before, and when his sister and husband (Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clapp) went east in 1840 they brought back with them his promised wife, Mildred Snow. They had the pioneer's ex-

perience in getting here, being "sloughed" and fording Bureau creek when their trunks had to be put on the seats of the wagon, and they themselves to sit like tailors on the other seats to keep dry; but the bride was just as brave and cheerful as she always has been and as ready to bear anything for her loved ones. They were married at Lewis Clapp's and the next Sunday Mrs. Clapp remembers going to meeting in the old, log school house at Inlet in the forenoon, and at Mr. Tripp's barn in the afternoon. Here she met many of the old settlers and formed ties of interest still strong and abiding. She remembers "Uncle Dan Frost" led the singing, and how well he sang; and that Mrs Dr. Gardner said with tears she "hoped they wouldn't be as homesick as she had been."

Rev. James Brewer, now living at Wheaton, Illinois, expresses his commendation of the work in hand in the following words: "It is surely a very grateful thing that as the history of earth's glacial period has been rescued from oblivion by investigations of the boulders left from its movements, so there are those enough interested in the Genesis of Lee Center's history to take the pains to investigate the old boulders which still lie with striated surfaces along its course, and write out their story of an earlier age."

Mr. Brewer rode on horseback from Montgomery, Ala., to Inlet in the fall of 1843. "I found my way by inquiring for large towns. At Springfield, Ill., I inquired for Peoria, thence I came to Princeton, thence to Greenfield (now Lamoille), thence to Dixon's Ferry. At Green river (Inlet creek) I received the first knowledge of Inlet, the chief town of the Lee Center which was to be." Mr. B. speaks of several private schools in and about Inlet. "In one such Mrs. Sallie P. Starks taught a class of ten pupils, five boys and five girls, from about one year old to near twenty-one years old, and the excellence of her work is manifest in the noble after lives of such as Betsy S. Shaw, Emeline Williamson and Esther M. Chadwick. This woman taught 12 hours a day and all the year round. Several years after his first coming to Inlet Mr. Brewer occupied the position of principal of the Lee Center academy, and the first bell, "an exceeding sweet and far sounding one," was purchased while he was teaching there.

And now a word about this structure bearing the name of academy. In or near 1846 the question was agitated in regard to the erection of a brick building which would serve as a school building; also as a place for conducting religious services. When Mr. Moses Crombie and wife cast in their lot with the people of Lee Center Mr. Crombie was a carpenter by trade, and took the contract for building the brick part of the old acad

emy. When completed it was an imposing structure for those times and indicated the character of those who aided in its erection as true interpreters of the wisdom of knowledge.

It was a grand step forward when in 1853 the stone part of the present edifice was added to accommodate the throng of students knocking at its doors for admission.

In '53 Mr. S. Wright, of Battle Creek, Mich., assumed the reins of government. For the next three years the school was the principal educational center of this and adjoining counties. Many pupils came from other states and almost every home in town sheltered one or more boarders. Mr. Wright would proudly remark, "Yes, this is one of the best, if not the very best school in the northwest." We clip from an old catalogue published during Mr. Wright's reign. "Lee Center Union Academy is pleasantly situated upon one of the most delightful and healthy prairies of the west Lee Center is a small village, free from the contaminating influences that are always associated with depots and larger places; it is also free from saloons and resorts of dissipation that have a tendency to draw the youth from the path of rectitude. The school is now permanently established, and one which will afford equal advantages with any academy or seminary in the west. A valuable library is connected with the institution, to which the student can have access by the payment of 25 cents per quarter." The names of seven trustees and five special directors are given, together with a list of six as "Visiting Committee." The board of instructors are assigned to departments in ancient languages, ornamental branches and modern languages, instrumental music, mathematics, and two lectures on physiology and philosophy.

Those were indeed the palmy days of dear old Lee Center—pleasant white cottages embowered in trees, shady streets and grassy lawns made it a "faire greene countrie towne." It was the pride and pleasure of the dwellers therein to watch the surprise of relatives from the eastern states when introduced to the social circle there; they found homes of refinement and culture equal to those they knew in New England, daughters as lovely and accomplished and sons as noble and manly as any they had left behind, and they never failed to give it their highest meed of praise by saying, "It was so much like a New England village." Who of the younger "old settlers" will ever forget the time when they gathered about that old academy—Lyceums, lectures, donations, traveling entertainments in the academy "chapel." Or the time—before the three pretty churches were built, when there was Congregational service and Sunday school Sunday morning, Episcopal service and Sunday school in the after

noon, and Methodist in the evening, with almost the same congregation and children in all three; the greatest difference being that Deacon Crombie and Deacon Barnes gathered the offerings of the congregation in the morning, Dr. Gardner and Mr. Garrett La Forge in the afternoon and two good Methodist brethren in the evening, and that there was a different parson in the desk at each.

Nor did Lee Center and her young people fall behind the rest of the county in the next page of history; for in that old academy chapel were held some of the most stirring "war meetings," and there were enlisted as large and brave a proportion as any town sent. Here, too, the girls gave many an entertainment for the benefit of the old "Sanitary Commission"—which would not have shamed those of a city even, and sent generous returns to the "boys in blue."

During this time schools were being established in adjoining towns, which of course detracted steadily from the attendance, until at present it ranks as a graded district school. Many of the pupils who have been sheltered beneath its roof are now breasting the current of life in places of honor and distinction. Many, in homes scattered throughout our Union, are fulfilling the promise of their early days—

"What the child admired
The youth endeavored, and the man acquired."

And many rest from their labors, for God called them.

The feet of the younger generations tread in and out the old rooms now, the curriculum of study has been simplified, another bell swings in the weatherbeaten belfry, the corps of instructors has been narrowed down to two, still the influences of the olden time dwells in the hearts and lives of those who were wont to gather in the old academy, exhorting to truest man and womanhood.

The Congregational church was organized at the home of Mr. Moses Crombie and called the "Congregational Church of Palestine Grove." Then we understand worship was conducted until 1849 in what was called the Wasson school house, after which it was moved to Lee Center. Of the organization of the Methodist church we have spoken before and we know that for many years Luke Hitchcock, among the best and best beloved of that communion, was here; that Philo Judson—afterward a foreign missionary—preached here, and that good old "Father Penfield" often filled the sacred desk, as well as the early circuit riders mentioned in other papers. The Episcopal church was not a pioneer organization here and gradually retrograded after its founders and chief supporters, Dr. Gardner and Garrett La Forge left the town, until it is opened for service only upon rare occasions.

We were happy to find snugly pasted in an old scrap-book a letter descriptive of the audience that were wont to worship in the "brick part" of the old academy previous to the building of the churches. The style of the letter suggests that the writer must have been Mrs. James Crombie, who was long a resident of Lee Center, and our literary "star." She evidently arrived by stage in the early hours of a November morning, for she says, "How the winds whistled and penetrated when the stage unloaded its passengers, and the moon looked coldly down upon the Academy, as it stood there alone on the prairie, unenclosed or beautified by tree or shrub. It was well filled that Sabbath morning as we entered, for the Palestine people were over and added largely to the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. Farwell and Brainard, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Davis and some others were present from there. It was before the days of fashion and dress, although Miss Mary Barnes had spent a few weeks in the millinery rooms at LaSalle, and she had added a bright ribbon here and there in trimming some of the bonnets. Mrs. Bodine was spending the winter at Mr. Charles Hitchcock's, from Staten Island, and she had a little of the city airs. Dr. R. F. Adams and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Ingals and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clapp were chatting together before service. Deacon Barnes and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Crombie, Mr. Lyman Wheat, Josephine and George, Mr. and Mrs. Swartout, Abram and Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Church, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frisbee, Mr. Martin Wright and Helen, Rev. James Brewer, principal of the academy, Miss Harriet Rewey, the primary teacher, Mr. David Smith and his two bright-eyed daughters, Mrs. Bourne and Mrs. Sancer, Mrs. Lee Clapp and Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bodine and Albert Z. Bodine, Mr. Ira Brewer came with his wagon filled. Uncle Elisha Pratt, Elisha and Sarah were down from Bradford, John Warwick, Sarah (Mrs. John Crombie) and Sabra. Esquire Haskell came in later. There was a weary look on the faces of those who came in the earlier days, telling of trial and care. The path had been hard to travel in opening up the farms and building new homes. The pastor, Rev. S. W. Phelps, was at the desk, and he had a quiet, unobtrusive expression as if shrinking from the duties before him. This is his first pastorate. Mr. Brewer pitches the tunes. Mr. John Wetherbee, the Misses Barnes, Mrs. Henry Frisbee and Mrs. Martin Wright composed the choir." Those of us who read these names realize that the greater number composing this audience have "passed over."

We next give a brief page from the pen of Mr. Phelps, the congregational pastor spoken of above, whose pastorate in Lee Center was longer than that of any other minister of whatever name.

"I have not been wont to consider myself an old settler of Lee county. I was not so old at my dropping down at Lee Center in 1852, that I escaped the suggestion of being a 'green yankee.'

"As for the 'settle idea,' I was so far from that relation to the prairie that I was never 'settled' at all; but was a sojourner, liable to be hoisted any year.

"Old settlers were there already in their snug, hospitable homes, which timidly hugged the edge of the grove, or venturously dotted the treeless expanse of prairie.

"My memory of Lee Center goes back to a time six years antecedent to '52, even less suggestive of settlement, as the creaking, lumbering mail coach, attempting to wrestle with an athletic stump, discourteously hurling its load of assorted passengers into a squirming heap of humanity, at Inlet. It was a rather unsettling parenthesis in my return from a courtship trip of 1,000 miles, from New York to Galena. Hardly less vivid is the memory of a second excursion, in a 'Frink and Walker' stage from Galena to Dixon supplemented by a hard ride through soft mud, with a deacon (now counted among the faithful departed) to the village and to his tidy home.

"Recollection includes one old settler that warned us (the girl I *did not* leave behind and myself) by a significant rattle to vacate a wild strawberry patch, and another that darted venom at the intrusive wagon wheel which jolted me and disturbed him at early dawn near Birdsall bridge. Along with these recollections go that of a cramped schoolroom, adorned with meandering stovepipe, and furnished with pedagogic desk for the 'green yankee's' wearying attempts at sermonizing; that of Sunday school, saved from midwinter wreck by three brave Baptist boys (Swartwouts); of Sunday afternoon rides or walks to out stations, through measureless mud or snow, or in the face of a blizzard escaped from the land of the Dakotas.

"But I need not accumulate these reminiscences, but remind you that a farewell sermon finished a sixteen and a half year ministery with expressions of an interest that has never been repealed in the people of my only pastorate."

A sketch from Dr. Ephriam Ingals gave us a very complete description of their cabin home, and of the times when he pioneered in our county. Both Dr. Ingals and his brother are now living in Chicago, enjoying the richly-deserved fruit of their labors.

In the fall of 1841 a family arrived from the Knickerbocker state, consisting of Mr. Bradford Church, his wife and three daughters. We have

a lively remembrance of this couple, so long interested in all that pertained to Lee Center and her people. The lively wit and humor of the one and the quiet geniality of the other endeared them to the people with whom they dwelt nearly fifty years. Mrs. William Ramsey, a daughter, writes: "The next day after our arrival, being Sunday, we all went to church in Palestine. A generous pioneer had kindly thrown open his residence for an assembly room. It was of dimensions most fashionable in those days—no trouble to have crowded congregations then. The speaker was a Rev. Baptist; I cannot remember his text or subject, just one word of it all remains, i. e.: "Simplify." I think Lee Center had not received its name at this time. Inlet at the bridge was the town, with two saw mills, a store and a few mechanics. Looking back I can see but little of Lee Center except a house with its roof sprouting out of the ground and the school house near the grove. I wish the school house had been left standing until now in its unpretentiousness, rough benches and all. It would be worth a pilgrimage to look at it. But its ministers were neither rough or common. Those I heard there in the winter of '41 were Luke Hitchcock, Philo Judson and John Hogan, local preacher and registrar of land office in Dixon.

"Now I come to your 'We want all we can get about the women and their work.' My dear, do you realize that this refers to the woman of fifty years ago? What can you expect? She had not yet thought of deliverence from the bondage of looking well to the ways of her household. Frances Willard was yet in her infancy and Samantha Allen had not been dreamed of. Some poet has written 'Noble deeds are held in honor, but the wide world sadly needs hearts of patience to unravel this, the worth of common deeds.' Pure religion and neighborly kindness were as dear to woman's heart then as they are now, and I think the dear words, 'she hath done what she could,' will as often be applied to women of that age as this. Just consider for a moment the pioneer woman in the midst of her family, her toil and her care, with six pairs of feet and hands to be protected from the rigors of this climate—one slender pair of hands with her knitting needles to accomplish it; not as a business, oh, no! but just by filling up every spare minute 'between jobs. Then they had their neighborly social visits, when the women indulged in pleasant chat and mild gossip, keeping time with their knitting needles, while their 'gude men' without engaged in discussions of political economy, reform, etc.—and, poor dears, they seemed just as happy as the women of these days. I wonder why some ingenious writer has not taken for his theme 'The rise and fall of knitting work and its effect on

the republic." A bright little girl friend of mine says she 'can always tell the ladies who know how to knit, because they wear their hair parted in the middle.'"

It is a source of regret that the purpose of our book was not more fully understood, so that we might have had incidents and particulars from the experience of many of them to make our story more complete and more interesting. We have beside those named or referred to in other parts of this sketch the names of "Uncle Russel" Lynn and "Uncle Dan" Frost and to their excellent wives not one word of honor has been given. Dear "Aunt Abbie!" and "Aunt Eulalia!" we pause to linger over their names, yet realize that their quiet unobtrusive lives furnished little for the pen of a historian. But in not a few homes in Lee County, and in distant lands as well, are there those who rise up and call them blessed, whose lives have been consecrated to higher and nobler purposes by their influence and prayers, and eternity only can measure the widening circle of that influence and those prayers. Would there were more such mothers! more such women! and with these dear faces comes a throng of others—the noble pioneer women of Lee Center who bore bravely and uncomplainingly the "burden and heat of the day"—Mrs. Luke Hitchcock, Mrs. Birdsall (her mother), Mrs. Warnick, Mrs. John H. Gardner, and her successor, "Aunt Lydia," and many more whose names, omitted here, are written on high in letters of living light.

We cannot refrain from quoting a closing paragraph from an author who appreciates the heroes of the past: "The pioneer! Who shall fitly tell the story of his life and work! The soldier leads an assault. It lasts but a few minutes. He knows that whether he lives or dies immortality will be his reward. But when the soldier of peace assaults the wilderness no bugle sounds the charge. The frost, the wild beast, malaria, fatigue are the foes that lurk to ambush him, and if against the unequal odds he falls, no volleys are fired above him. The pitiless world merely sponges his name from its slate. Thus he blazes the trail; thus he fells the trees; thus he plants his stakes; thus he faces the hardships and whatever fate awaits him, and his self-contained soul keeps his finger on his lips and no lamentations are heard. Not one in a thousand realizes the texture of the manhood that has been exhausting itself within him. Few comprehend his nature or have any conception of his work."

ANNA E. WOODBRIDGE.

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MR. VOLNEY BLISS.



MRS. VOLNEY BLISS.

Volney Bliss.

VOLNEY BLISS was born in Huron County, Ohio, in 1828. About 1830 his parents moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, from which place they came in the spring of 1834 to Inlet and settled by the grove which long bore the name of Bliss' Grove before it became generally known as Palestine Grove. At that time there were several hundred Indians within a few rods of Mr. Bliss' cabin. Government was slow in settling with them and they were waiting for their money, blankets, guns, etc., before going to Council Bluffs. It was nearly two years before "Uncle Sam" had them paid, but there were no railroads or telegraph lines then and everything moved slowly. The young braves were Mr. Bliss' only playfellows. Like Mr. Dixon at the ferry, his father, Mr. Adolphus Bliss, was the first white man in this vicinity.

He opened a stage house, for he lived on the direct route from Chicago to Dixon, and Chicago was for a time his postoffice.

Just one year after Mr. Bliss came, John Dexter arrived and settled six miles farther west. Then they had a neighbor. Mrs. Dexter once walked all the way to Mr. Bliss' after fire. One would think it must have gone out before she could reach home with it. The next year the Ingals family came to the grove. It was really getting quite thickly settled.

One can hardly hear of an old settler now who did not come through "Inlet." Bliss' Stage House has many associations. All the memories that cluster around the old stage coach arrivals with their human burdens and the mails, and the "underground railroad" are gathered around this place. Mr. John Cross had his advertisement fastened up beside that of Frink and Walker. Here was opened the first school in Lee County, with Miss Ann Chamberlain as teacher.

Mr. Bliss is gifted with unusual powers of observation and memory, and he can give authentic information upon almost every event of interest which transpired within his range of knowledge. It is a pleasure to learn from him, and amusing to note how exactly his memory serves him in little particulars which most people forget. He remembers Peter

Cartright and the size of his saddle-bags, and just how some preachers talked; and many lively incidents which would make a volume worth possessing. He could give an abstract from memory of every homestead that he knew. At a glance he takes in comparative distances and localities and every little object in view. He has a faculty of describing anything and presenting it to another's mind so clearly in few words that it is easier to remember it than to forget it. What a teacher he would have made—or artist, or guide over the pathless wilderness or ocean. In 1842, at the age of fourteen years, he went to Chicago to work in the office of the Chicago *Democrat*, published by "Long John Wentworth." The office was at 107 Lake street, over Sherman & Pitkin's dry goods store. Lake, Water and Randolph streets were then about the only ones which had buildings on them. That was the time when farmers carried grain, pork etc. to Chicago through the sloughs, and when it took a week to go and return.

After Mr. Bliss returned home—his father having died—he attended school two winters at Dixon, making his home in the family of Judge Heaton, who was his guardian.

When the war came he enlisted in Co. D, 15th Ills. Regt., and became first lieutenant in Sherman's army; was transferred from 17th corps to the Western Division, and finished service on the plains, remaining to the close of the war, his headquarters being at Fort Kearney and Fort Leavenworth.

Mr. Bliss was married in 1853 to Miss Pauline Treadwell of Susquehanna Co., Pa., Rev. Joseph Gardner performing the marriage service. Mr. Bliss says they "celebrated President Pierce's inauguration in that way." Mrs. Bliss, like her husband, has an excellent memory. She was personally acquainted with some of those people whose career in this state will ever be remembered by many with interest. Her kindness of heart has endeared her to many, who in sickness or trouble immediately send for her; and her unselfishness is as proverbial as that of her husband. On the death of a beloved niece they adopted the little motherless one, but it was not long spared to them.

Mr. Bliss has been justice of the peace for fourteen years and assessor of Lee Center township for twenty years.

MRS. D. C. CHASE.

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The Township of Marion.

The Welty Family.

MY father, David Welty, was born in Williamsville, New York. He inherited a considerable fortune and was considered wealthy as riches were rated at that early day. He was an invalid and it was believed that should he remain in the east his days would not be long in the land. His family physician, Dr. White of Buffalo, advised him to go west, to make the entire journey on horseback and settle on a farm so as to have the benefit of open air exercise. He accordingly in the year of 1838 started from Buffalo, mounted upon a thoroughbred mare presented by a friend, whose name I have now forgotten. He was accompanied by several young men upon his first day's journey, among whom was A. L. Porter, who shortly afterwards removed to Dixon. The next morning after the first day when father resumed his journey westward these young gentlemen, citizens of Buffalo, each bid him a final goodbye with the firm belief that they would soon hear of his death. It is a remarkable fact that father outlived them all. The entire journey from Buffalo to Dixon's Ferry, as it was then called, was successfully made by him on horseback.

The following year he sent for his family, consisting of mother and myself. We were accompanied by Grandfather and Grandmother Scott, went by steamer via the lakes to Chicago, and thence by stage to Dixon. Father remained with his family about a year in Dixon and then settled upon the land preempted by him on the Inlet Creek (Green River), in what is now Marion Township.

It was related to me by father that when mother looked upon the long stretches of prairie, utterly devoid of houses, trees, or any other evidences of civilization—or uncivilization, for that matter—for the Indians had fled—she exercised her woman's prerogative and sat down for a two weeks' cry. She gave her undivided attention to the business in hand—that of weeping. The contrast between the city of Buffalo with its charming society and the bleak bare prairies of Illinois was too great, the trans-

formation too sudden for this refined young woman, so there was nothing left her to do but to just open the tear ducts and cry it out.

But time, that merciful assuager of all griefs, at last reconciled her to pioneer life. Old friends and acquaintances began to remove from the east and settle in Dixon or the vicinage.

A double log house was built on the farm, the lumber for the doors and window sash, flooring, shingles, etc., had to be hauled by teams of horses from Chicago. This was about 1840. The floors of the house were covered with velvet and Brussels carpet and costly rugs, the furniture was of mahogany and walnut—all brought from the east. The contrast between that log house and its belongings was so great as to excite the wonder and admiration of strangers from the east who chanced to alight from the stages and enter our pioneer home. Many amusing anecdotes as to this were recounted by mother. Our house at the farm was on the stage road leading from Peoria to Galena. There were for many years only three houses between Dixon and Princeton, i. e., one at "Dad Joe's" Grove, one on the south side of Palestine Grove and the other in which we lived. After all, if my boyhood recollection serves me rightly—father having nearly recovered his health, this circumstance, together with many visitors and sleighing and dancing parties at our house, improvised by the young folks of Dixon, made us all quite contented and happy in our new home. In a few years our parents moved back to Dixon and lived at that place and at the farm alternately until their death.

Of those who were contemporaneous pioneers with them I now recall the names of Major Sterling, Silas Noble, A. L. Porter, John Dixon, the founder of the town of Dixon, and his sons James P. and John jr., Gilbreth, James and Dan McKenney, Henry McKenney, Lorenzo Wood, George Chase, Judge Heaton, "Than" Porter, Dr. Everett, Paul Gallup, Col. Dement, Max Alexander, E. B. Stiles, and McBoel (pronounced *Buel*). The last named was a fine performer on the violin and an all round artist. I remember that during a presidential campaign in which Henry Clay was the Whig candidate the ladies desired Mr. McBoel to paint them a banner with a likeness of Clay thereon, to be presented to the Whig Campaign Club. There was no picture of Clay extant to copy from at that time in that "neck of the woods," and so poor Mac, who was always a gallant knight in his conduct towards the ladies, and regarded himself in honor bound to please them, was put to his trumps for a portrait from which to copy Clay's picture upon the banner. So, as a last resort, he began to inquire around among the people as to the general appearance of the great Commoner. Alas! none had ever seen him save old Doctor

Jerry Coggswell, a prominent character of the town. Jerry said unto Mac, "paint a picture of a man about six feet high, of slender build, with small feet and small white hands, a long head with a high forehead, large ears, and when that is done paint in the middle of his face a big catfish mouth." The caricature of Clay was then painted on the banner by Mac according to the description of him as given by Jerry, the banner presented with due form and ceremony by the ladies to the club in a neat little speech composed by Mrs. Nancy Noble, wife of Col. Silas Noble.

These early pioneers of the Rock River Valley were absolutely *ex optimo optime* of the east, "generous to a fault," they helped each other in the trials and tribulations incident to that early day. They were men and women of education and refinement, they were self-reliant, independent, bold and daring, and with their coadjutors builded a commonwealth which is at once the pride and glory of the whole country—a commonwealth that gave us Lincoln and Grant and according to its population sent more young men into the army for the preservation of the government than any other state in the union.

But Father Time with a gentle hand has at last drawn about many of them the shades of the evening of their useful lives; others are dead—have passed over into the dark shadow of the valley of death. Over them, "Twilight has pulled the curtain down and pinned it with a star." Peace to their ashes.

JOHN M. WELTY.

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The Township of Nachusa.

Gleanings Among Pioneers.

WE naturally and rightfully dwell upon our comforts as compared with those of our ancesters or predecessors, and it seems most appropriate that in this, the beginning of a new century from our country's discovery, we pause and gather some of the experiences of the past, that may, perchance, assist the historian of the next century, and teach some lessons to the coming generation of the expense at which its blessings have been bought. It is certainly true that in many ways life has today new and peculiar pleasures, and a retrospect may help us to value them more highly.

The broad, free west had been the land of many a youthful dream, and when my thoughts turned to it as a veritable home land I pictured some spot of natural beauty, with broad outlook, including many smiling homes and a tranquil lake or murmuring stream, as my home.

I am not a pioneer. My first glimpse of the Prairie state was on October 23, 1869, when, with my husband, I reached Chicago from Providence, R. I., which latter place we left October 21. On the 24th we reached "The Kingdom" and received a most hospitable welcome from Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Wetherbee, Mrs. Wetherbee being my husband's sister. Mr. Gilman had bargained for a tract of land adjoining Mr. Wetherbee and had already commenced preparations for house-building. We remained in Mr. Wetherbee's family until early the following February, when we commenced life in our own cottage, which in process of time was christened "Woodside."

I recall very vividly the wintry morning in November when I first saw the spot upon which I have now lived more than a score of years. Gradually the outook has widened, but on that morning the blue sky above, and the snow mantled oaks around, were all that could be seen. Then we were within the limits of the town of China, but a year or two after the township was divided and we took the name of the nearest rail-

road station, Nachusa, also the name applied to the pioneer settler at Dixon, by the Indians, which I once heard Father Dixon interpret as signifying "white long hair."

We are at the extreme northwest limit of Lee county, and our school district is about equally divided between the counties of Ogle and Lee. Our neighborhood name "Kingdom" for many years bore no enviable reputation, socially, and then carried a prefix which is now discarded. We have come to think it a very tolerable place in which to live and that the people compare favorably with other rural communities with similar social and intellectual advantages. We have churches at different points within a radius of four miles, namely: At Grand Detour, Nachusa and Mt. Union. Twice a month we have services at our school house, under the auspices of the Evangelical association, which have been kept up for more than twenty years. A union Sunday school was organized here in 1868 by Mrs. S. A. Wetherbee, and superintended by her as long as she remained in the community. It is still maintained and has always been an "evergreen" school. It is now superintended by Mr. L. R. Floto, successor to John McCollum. We have also quite a flourishing L. T. L. and a Ladies' Missionary society.

In an early day Cyrus Chamberlin, who then lived where Mr. Wetherbee now does, built a stone school house and donated it to the community. This house is still standing, having been remodeled into a tenant house by Mr. Wetherbee. Miss Nancy Teal, now the wife of A. O. Brown, ex-mayor of Parsons, Kansas, was one of the first teachers here. She remembers that her salary as teacher was twelve shillings a week. Mr. Chamberlin was interested in the school and his dwelling near. The teacher was of the age of sixteen. He furnished her with a tin horn, instructing her that should she require any assistance to "blow the horn" and he would come. After a time one of the pupils was refractory and obstinate. She blew the horn. Mr. Chamberlin responded. She laid the case before him. The verdict was that "the boy must take his books and go home." When he reached home and told his story, the father seized a whip and hastened to the school house to chastize the teacher. Mr. Chamberlin caught the whip from his hand and bade him "go home and teach his child obedience." The pupil returned in a few days, confessed his fault and gave no further cause of complaint. Mrs. Brown has for many years been actively engaged in Sunday school and temperance work.

About the year 1850 the district built a school house, locating it on the boundary between Lee and Ogle counties, called "the Red," within

whose walls the writer taught for nearly ten years. "The Red" in turn gave place to the present neat structure, built in 1888. Mr. C. C. Buckaloo is now doing acceptable service as teacher here.

Mrs. Isabel Teal relates that she came to this vicinity from New York state in 1836. Her husband, Elias Teal, was government surveyor. One season he had much business in that line on the west side of the Rock river, and moved his family there temporarily, occupying a rude house near the river. Here Mrs. Teal was taken sick. Neighbors were distant. The child of three months died in its sick mother's arms. They were two days and two nights without food. The third night, late in the evening, there came a knock at the door. To the inquiry, "who is there?" the reply was, "a friend." It proved to be a stranger who had been waylaid and robbed. When he took in the situation, he kindly ministered to the needs of the sick, going to the river for water, for which they had all suffered, and under Mrs. Teal's direction prepared them gruel, and then departed, calling at the first house he came to, to apprise them of their neighbor's condition. Help soon came and the health of both was speedily restored.

Immediately following this experience Mr. Teal returned to the east side of the river and purchased the land upon which he lived during the remainder of his life. The price paid was ten shillings per acre. Their house was of logs with an old quilt for a door and a sliding board for a window No mill short of eighteen miles; nearest market Chicago. Mr. Teal once took some pork there with an ox team and had to sell it at one dollar per cwt.

There were no ministers of the gospel here in those days. A neighbor's child died, and but for Mrs. Teal they must have laid it to rest with no word of Scripture or of prayer. There was, she says, one dear, Christian lady half a mile away, Mrs. Anthony, with whom she found solace. They used to run together for sympathy and worship, though timber lay between their homes and the howling wolves often seemed very near. Sometimes she became almost desperate, but for her children's sake she braved her hardships. Of her nine children, seven with their father, have gone "the way of all the earth." Two daughters remain, both in the west. Mrs. Teal is now past her four score years and retains her faculties exceptionally well. Of her reminiscences there are few mirth-provoking ones, yet she was quite merry over one.

There was to be a government land sale in Dixon. She had some money in specie that she had brought from the east and would like to invest it in land, and she and Mr. Teal determined to go to the sale.

She put her money in a hand-bag, concealing it beneath a circular cloak which she wore. The land did not go to suit Mr. Teal and they made no purchase. They went to a public house for dinner. She was afraid to lay down her bag, and afraid to take off her cloak lest it be seen, and notwithstanding they had a "quail pot pie" for dinner, which dish was a great favorite of hers, she was so cumbered with her hand-bag that she could not enjoy it. Returning home the cutter up-set in the snow, her bag string broke and the money all shelled out. What could she do? There was no alternative. She gathered up first herself and then gold, silver and snow all together, having many fears of leaving some behind. But when she reached home they counted it and found not a piece missing.

Whoever passes Teal's corner to-day and looks upon the broad acres and nice buildings, knowing nothing of the beginning, could have little idea of the privations and hardships that have brought into this pleasing form this country home.

From an interview with Mrs. Lewis Floto I learn that with her husband and eldest daughter, and in company with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bachman and their little son, they reached Grand Detour in the autumn of 1850. They could find there no tenement or business, so crossed to this side of the river. About two miles above the ferry was a log house of two rooms, one of which was vacant, the other was to be soon, and into the empty one the two families went. Mr. Floto made a bedstead of fence rails and upon it they placed their straw bed, but Mr. Bachman did not get his bedstead done, and they placed their straw on the floor in the opposite corner, and thus they spent their first night in their new home. Their table was improvised from rough boards. A few benches, left by a former tenant, served as chairs. The house was old, made of logs and unceiled. They could see the moon and stars above, by night, and the sun by day. A short time after they moved their eldest son was born. The winter was cold and it was with difficulty that they could keep warm. Many days the mother was obliged to keep her bed with her babe that it might be comfortable.

Mr. Floto, that winter, chopped wood at forty cents per cord, and boarded himself. When spring opened he found employment among the farmers at seventy-five cents per day paid in provisions. They knew very little of our language then and often had difficulty in understanding and being understood in their intercourse with neighbors, but had the advantage of some foreigners, inasmuch as there were two families and they were company for each other. As long as Mr. Bachman lived their homes were near.

Mr. Floto lived in that log house five years. After the first, he found employment in the Grand Detour plow shops. The wife stayed at home, cared for her increasing family and in summer made garden and grew vegetables for family supply and for the village market. The husband took the orders, she prepared the vegetables, loaded them into a wheelbarrow, and he wheeled to the river, crossed over in boat, and delivered them before going to his day's work.

At the end of five years they bought sixty acres of land in Ogle county just beyond the limits of Lee. Here they determined to have a home, dug a cellar, raised a house and covered it, and then finished it as means came. It was against their principles to buy anything till they had the money to pay for it, and they have maintained the practice through life.

Ten children have been given them, each of whom they have aided generously when they have stepped from beneath the home roof to make one of their own. One son and four daughters have western homes. One daughter and three sons reside in the near vicinity of their parents' present home, and one, Mrs. Emma Floto Girton, passed to "the beyond" five years ago. The parents have retired from the cares of farm life with ample means for comfort and even luxury.

Some of the first whose acquaintance I made, and whose friendship has blessed my life, were dwellers in Grand Detour, said to be the oldest village in Ogle county, and at one time the largest, but the Chicago & Northwestern railroad drew business from it to points along its line and its growth failed. Some of its present residents are sanguine for its future, believing a place so richly endowed by nature will yet attract capital and ability.

History relates that in 1834 Leonard Andrus sailed in a canoe from Dixon Ferry up Rock river to this point, and that he was probably the first white man to view the lovely scenery of this portion of the valley. There he landed and laid claim to the beautiful site of Grand Detour. The next season he and W. A. House, with their families, took up their residence there and built a log cabin. Their kitchen was located out of doors, and their culinary operations watched by lounging Indians.

By July 4, 1836, there were two houses and a store. One of the houses was used as a tavern, kept by Israel Hill. The other, occupied by W. A. House, consisted of one small room used as a kitchen, dining-room and sleeping room. For a dressing room a patch of tall grass near the river bank was cut down, and there they made their toilets, using the river as their mirror.

The above named date was celebrated in Grand Detour by digging the

town well. Mr. Ruel Peabody relates that on that day there sat down to dinner in Grand Detour seventeen men, whose names he remembers, and three women. The rooster was killed, and there he first tasted potatoes in Illinois. The ladies' names were Mrs. Hill, Mrs. W. A. House and her sister, Miss Sophronia Wetherby, who was the first lady teacher in Grand Detour. One Mr. Goodrich taught the winter preceding her summer term in a slab shanty of two rooms, in one of which he lived with his family and in the other kept his school.

The settlement had frequent recruits, among them—in 1837—a newly wedded couple, Cyrus Aiken and his bride, Eliza Atherton, from New England. Mr. Aiken's uncle had settled on Rock river and wrote such glowing accounts of the country, including the offer of eighty acres of land to the young people if they would come and occupy it, that they scarcely hesitated, but were soon enroute for the land of their hopes. Reaching Chicago in the face of many difficulties they found a man who for one hundred dollars was willing to take them in his wagon across the prairies. When they arrived, after incredible hardships and weary delays, what was their surprise to find so small a village—only two or three log houses, and one in process of erection for themselves.

They began their western life in the uncle's home, with sometimes as many as twenty-five in the family, crowded together in two rooms. When after a few weeks their own house was finished they found the first night they were not the only inmates. Too weary to put up beds they slept on carpets and comfortables laid on the floor of split logs. Waking in the morning Mrs. Aiken saw something gliding along the side of the floor in the early sunshine. Examining, she found to her horror that it was a large rattlesnake. Their first act of housekeeping was to kill the unwelcome guest. Then as she went about preparing the morning meal, turning to the shelves nailed to the wall where she had placed some bread brought with her, she found three gophers enjoying their breakfast from it. These destroyed she set about putting her house in order, but it was certainly housekeeping under difficulties.

Again it is related that her husband had invited two young friends to visit them. She had stirred up a sponge cake, placed it in a tin "reflector" to bake and turned to other duties. After a little her husband asked, "What can I do to help?" "You might see if the sponge cake is browning," said she. So taking the hot but half-baked cake from the reflector he suddenly dropped it from his burned fingers. "Never mind," she said, "there is one left." A fragrant brown loaf of fruit cake stood in the window to cool while she laid the table. Glancing at her husband she

saw that he was laughing most heartily. She missed the cake from the sill, and reached the window just in time to see a wild hog roll down the bank and swim over the river with her cake held carefully out of the water in his mouth. They remained in Grand Detour about two years, then moved on the east side of river to the land upon which Rev. Levi Trostle has lived for many years.

They left behind them a little grave, that of their first-born, and to the new home brought the second child, a few weeks old. The crops needed care and they moved in before the house was plastered or the windows in. The family was large, including helpers on the farm. Mrs. Aiken's health utterly failed, and for months she was confined to her bed. Three miles away, near Daysville, lived an aged physician, Dr. Roe, who, with his wife, became greatly interested in the young invalid. Carefully was she conveyed to their home and tenderly nursed back to health. The doctor was a Methodist class leader and the only religious meetings were held at his house, and Mrs. Aiken was most happy to meet with these Christians in their weekly service.

From a book, written by Mrs. Galusha Anderson, entitled, "The Story of Aunt Lizzie Aiken," I learn many of the above particulars of the experiences of one of the most devoted pioneers of Ogle County. A faithful earnest christian wife and mother, when bereft of the companionship of her husband and childless, she went about ministering to the needy and suffering in such a manner as to win all hearts.

When the events of '61 filled the nation with sad foreboding, Mrs Aiken showed her sympathy by exerting herself for the comfort of those who had no loved ones to supply them with the necessaries of army life, and as the want of nurses began to be felt, she gave herself wholly to the work.

All through the war from battlefield to camp and hospital, with love that knew no weariness she ministered to the suffering. Later, she entered a broader work, in the general hospital at Memphis, where for many months she was like a christian mother to multitudes of our brave soldiers, light and joy springing up in sad and weary hearts when "Aunt Lizzie's" step was heard.

In 1867 she was appointed missionary to the Second Baptist church in Chicago, and has so faithfully labored in that capacity as to win the grateful memory of a multitude and where her presence is still a blessing.

Of religious associations in Grand Detour, the Congregationists were the first to form a society. It was organized July 8, 1837, and Rev. Colvin

W. Babbitt became the first pastor. It consisted of twelve members, of whom Mrs Esther Sawyer is believed to have been the latest survivor. The church of this society was dedicated November 12, 1848. The lumber was purchased in Chicago and hauled out by Ruel Peabody, one of the first trustees of the church. The society is now disorganized and the building no longer exists.

The first Episcopal service held in this place was at the residence of E. H. Shaw on an evening in June 1837, Bishop Chase officiating. The pulpit was a three legged stool set upon a table and covered with a towel. Tallow candles were used for light. The church building was commenced in April, 1849, and completed the following year. The Ladies' Sewing society paid the first hundred dollars for lumber, which was bought in Chicago by E. W. Dutcher, who hauled the first load. The house was consecrated by the name of St. Peter's church by Bishop Whitehouse October 22, 1852. Its first pastor was Andrew J. Warner.

A Methodist class was formed by O. F. Ayers in 1839. Its church edifice was built by Cyrus Chamberlin in 1857, at a cost of $2,500. It was dedicated in January 1858 by Rev. T. M. Eddy, Luke Hitchcock, and Henry L. Martin.

The first Temperance society was organized in February, 1839 with a total of seventy-one members. Chester Harrington, its first secretary, still lives.

The first brick school house was also erected this year. Grand Detour's present schoolhouse was completed in 1858 and was at that time the best one in Ogle county. A mail stage line was established from Dixon to Grand Detour in 1838 by Leonard Andrus and is still maintained.

W. A. House established the Ferry and was first postmaster. Abram Brown, now of South Dixon, was the second postmaster, receiving his commission from Van Buren. He, in partnership with Robt. McKenney a brother of "Uncle Fred," kept a store for several years, selling out to Chas. F. Throop.

Of the merchants of the early days Solon Cummins was the principal. Mr Throop continued his business there almost fifty years, retired from its duties a few years since, but still resides in Grand Detour, its oldest settler. I asked him of the recreations and amusements of the early days; if they had any? "Yes, and we enjoyed them too. Those were the happiest days of my life. I remember the first pic-nic in Grand Detour. We rigged up a team, found one old worn out harness in one place, and

another in another. Got one horse here, and another there, and the wagon somewhere else, and went to the Ridge and had a day of real enjoyment."

Again, "There was to have been some kind of an entertainment at Oregon. Mrs House and her sister Sophronia Wetherby both wanted to go, but it was cold weather, and they had but one cloak between them. One of the gentlemen lent Miss Wetherby his old green blanket coat and she was just as happy wearing it as though it was sealskin."

Once, on a very cold night, Miss Wetherby and Mr Throop were returning from an evening party. When two or three miles from home they became so cold the gentleman alighted, threw the wraps over the lady, seized the horse by the bridle and walked home. Miss Wetherby afterwards became Mrs. Stephen Hathaway.

In those days the Indians sometimes annoyed the tidy housewife by walking in with their moccasins wet and muddy. To defend herself, she would take the broom, point to the door and say "Marchee" and they would obey without offense.

Mr. Abbott, father of the famous singer, Emma Abbott, at one time lived two or three miles up the river from Grand Detour. He was considerable of a musician, and on one occasion was to supply the music at an entertainment at Franklin Grove. One might, in those days, walk from Grand Detour to Franklin Grove and from Franklin Grove to Jefferson Grove without seeing a fence and scarcely a dwelling. Mr. Abbott started on foot with his violin for his companion, but found on entering a tract of timber, that he was closely pursued by a wolf. He sought safety in a tree which his weight bore almost to the ground, and in this uncomfortable position, played all night on his instrument to keep the wolf at bay. At daylight his unwelcome companion departed. It is related that, while living at the above named home, his daughter, Emma, then perhaps twelve or fourteen years of age, hearing that Miss Kellogg the vocalist, was to sing in Chicago, started on foot to hear her. She was successful and by the aid of interested friends obtained an introduction to Miss Kellogg and by her friendly influence the way was opened for the cultivation and development of Miss Abbott's musical gift.

The first visit I made with my husband, beyond walking distance, after coming to Illinois, was at Mr. Ruel Peabody's home, on the Daysville road, some five miles from Kingdon. I had counted Mrs. P. and her daughter among my friends from our first meeting at Mr. Wetherbee's

home, before moving into our own, and every subsequent one has but added links to our friendship's chain.

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody are "pioneers" in the full sense of the word, the former settling on the land on which he now lives in 1834. He built a cabin and lived as best he could, till his marriage fifty-two years ago, to Maria M. Newton, since which time they have together braved many trials and hardships with unfaltering courage, writing their names by kindness and love on many hearts. Three children were given them, of whom but one survives, Emma, who about the ti ne of my first visit graduated from Oxford Seminary, Ohio, now the wife of Rev. R. E. O'Byrne, and at present ministering to the needs of her aged parents in the home in which she was born.

Mr. Peabody, although now in his 87th year, and physically infirm, retains his mental faculties remarkably well, and to him and his household I am indebted for various reminiscences. He came from Newport, N. H., in 1834. He journeyed on foot, with a traveling companion, except that they patronized the Erie canal and a boat across the lake, landing at Toledo. Averaged about forty-five miles per day. Chicago contained at that day a U. S. garrison, with a regiment or two of soldiers stationed there and ten or twelve houses.

A steamboat had landed the day before he reached Chicago with about three hundred passengers, and to use his own words "we could not get the privilege of leaning against a post; had to walk on. Across the plain where Chicago now stands, for nine miles, the water was leg deep. My feet was badly swollen. A man told me to put a pint of whiskey in each boot and the swelling would go down. I said I would put it in my boots but not in myself. I did, and it worked as he said."

He journeyed on until reaching Rock river. Choosing his location, he built his cabin and roughed it, at first, with neighbors few and far between. He remembers counting fifty-six deer in sight at one time: that he was the first to cross the creek above the present boundary between Ogle county and Lee with a team.

In those days the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes were his frequent guests, and were ever friendly. "Treat an Indian well and he will treat you well" he said. Once when he had invited one to take dinner with him, some one at table asked the Indian, "Why do you not use your knife and fork as 'smokey men' do?" Indian replied: "I do not know whose mouth the knife and fork have been in, but I do know where the fingers have been."

In 1837 flour was twenty-five dollars per barrel, and very scarce. The

nearest market was Chicago and no means of transportation but ox teams. It took nine days at least for a trip, often from ten to thirteen. It became customary to go in company that they might help each other over the bad places, each team carrying rails with which to pry out the wheels when stuck in the mud. They took their provisions and provender for the whole time. Children didn't know the bearded, tired-out fathers on their return. The women "who stayed by the stuff" had some experiences, too. I asked Mrs. Peabody to relate some of hers, but she sadly said she "had so long been trying to forget those days, she did not feel like recalling them." Those who best know her life's history feel that she has, in the solitude of her home, had many a conflict with loneliness and sorrow, enduring all with heroic fortitude and patience.

One Mr. York, whom Mr. Peabody knew, lived at Byron eighteen months before seeing a white woman. He was the ancestor of the York prominent in the history of Kansas, the exposer of the Benders.

I will here insert some of the early recollections of Bradford McKenney, a nephew of F. C. McKenney, now a farmer neighbor of Mr. Peabody's, but in the years of his prime, a lawyer of Rockford, Ill. His father, Daniel McKenney, moved into the then just completed log house in which he and his two interesting daughters now live, on Nov. 27th, 1837. It is the only habitable log dwelling of which I know. The only Indians whom I remember were camped at Washington Grove in 1837. They were the Winnebagoes. Father took all of us children over to see them.

In those days, the first house on the Daysville road, after leaving Dixon, was John More's where L. E. Hart now lives. The next was a log house of John Chamberlin's, on what is now knewn as the "Stiles place." Then came Squire Chamberlin, but further east even, than where Mr. Wetherbee's house now stands. The Wetherbee Creek, at that time, was crossed further east than now. The next house, and last one before reaching my home, was on the place on which Charles Floto now lives. Here, at my home, was a small poplar log cabin, twelve feet square. The only other house in sight was Ruel Peabody's log house, some little distance north and east of the house they now occupy.

In the spring of '38 a brother of Emma Abbott's built a saw-mill, and also made shingles, on what is now known as the Atwood Creek, some of the timbers of which are now standing south of the bridge. He also built a chair factory on the bank south of the bridge. I now have in my possesian two chairs made there. He sold out to Atwood.

I am sorrowfully aware that the foregoing incidents are but a very

meagre list as to numbers, interest and variety, of those which survive in the memory of living pioneers or their descendants, but circumstances have been unfavorable to my seeking them out. One dear friend, Mrs. Hillis, from whose interesting store-house I hoped to gather largely, has been too much of an invalid to be invited to explore it, and the writer too much of a "shut in" to fulfill her hopes in regard to this paper.

How wonderful it seems to us that so many of eminence in all the walks of life were evolved from such lives of deprivation and solitude! After all we can comprehend of the mode of life and lack of privileges of the days when our beautiful land, now so rich in resources of progress and enjoyment, was being uplifted from the abode of the savage, to become the home of a higher and nobler civilization, how little do we realize the cost? Papers and books fill our homes. They had none. Musical instruments abound and a diversity of adornment hitherto undreamed of. Steam carriages transport us to and fro, and from end to end of the earth. The electric wire transmits our messages of friendship or of business. The telephone annihilates distance, and through it we speak as face to face.

All these wonderful aids widen our opportunities for helping those less fortunate. Human beings are remarkably responsive to sympathy. It seems not wise or right to give all our time or energies to the details of business or the pursuits of pleasure, but with so many advantages above our ancestors, emulate them in every virtue, and see to it that our progress in mind and heart keeps step with our advance in opportunities.

MRS. M. D. GILMAN.

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DR. CHAS. GARDNER.

Some Pioneer Stories.

I WISH to disclaim, at the outset, any idea of acting as the historian either of the township or of my parents. The former has been done in more ambitious volumes than ours, and I have only some stories of the pioneer days with which my father and mother were connected, that I felt might interest their friends, and to pay some slight tribute to their acknowledged worth. Had the call for incidents and particulars in the lives of other pioneers in Nachusa township met with a full response, I would gladly have yielded these columns to a more able pen; as it is I can only wish that more had done as I have, as well as time and circumstances would permit and then our book would have been far more complete and satisfactory.

I also wish to offer a word of explanation for Mrs. Gilman who follows me, in the papers of this township. She, though a resident of Nachusa township, is quite near the extreme northern end—and being something of an invalid was unable to extend her inquiries much beyond that limit; but as those whom she *could* reach were old friends and acquaintances, and at one time, at least, citizens of Lee county, we felt that her paper was a very pleasant addition to our collection.

In behalf of both Mrs. Gilman and myself I might quote a remark of an old settler of Lee Center during a revival. He was urged to take more active part, but declined on the score of unworthiness, yet added in his own behalf that he "was as good as he could be out of the material he was made of."

The force of its application to the Columbian Club sketches needs no comment to print it, and I will go on with my story.

There has always seemed to me to be a similarity of spirit between the pioneers of the Rock river valley that I have known, and the Pilgrims and Puritans of Massachusetts. Like them, they were of good ancestry, they came from homes of comfort and abundance, many from those of luxury, to the rude cabins and lonely prairies of the west. Like them, too, they came to found homes. Theirs was no "paper city" speculation;

no squatting for a time and moving on, but the patient, steady settling of the country, and founding of homes for their children and children's children.

They established schools and Sunday schools at once, built churches and school houses as soon as possible, improved the land, planted trees, and laid the foundations of society amid difficulties of which we have no conception, and all with more thought of us than of themselves. How often have I heard my Grandfather Pearse say, as he sighed over the toil and privation which my parents were enduring, "You may never reap the benefit, May, and Charles, but your children will." And does not the condition of our beautiful western country prove the truth of his words?

My father came from a homestead still in the family by an Indian grant of the year 1600. My mother from a colonial home on the shore of Narragansett Bay, a church where for over a hundred years there has been a Pearse in the choir and for over sixty in the warden's seat. Neither of them had any thought but of a home equally dear and enduring for their children, and it was a source of inexpressible regret to father that we children did not share the feeling or care for the homestead after mother's death.

Father had suffered greatly from some mysterious trouble which baffled the skill of the best physicians of Boston and Providence and had been completely cured by old Dr. Thomson, the founder of the Thomsonian—now Physio-Medical school. This led him to spend nearly three years with that venerable man, studying his remedies and methods, and when he left him with full credentials, to set up an "Infirmary" in the city of Newport, R. I., then the storm of indignation broke! His father poured upon his head the wrath of an irate sea captain, threatening to disown him (which he did not do), while my mother's father, a more gentle and godly man, said sadly, when asked for his daughter's hand: "I don't suppose you will starve in a christian land, but I cannot feel that Charles has an honest calling."

But I think my father felt, what his years of most successful practice proved, that he *had* an "honest calling," to the profession of a physician, rather than a mere money-making occupation; so he and mother were married and bravely began their life together, in 1835. In spite of the fears of the two grandfathers, at the end of two years father had the largest city practice of any physician in Newport, and his infirmary of eighty beds was always full to overflowing. A year and a half more of the necessarily severe labor connected with such a field, told upon both so heavily that they felt they must make a change or fail in health.

Westward Ho!" was the cry all over the land, and in 1838 father came to Illinois. He came first "prospecting," and I have often heard him say, "I could have bought Chicago and not spent all I had."

The Rock River valley charmed him, and here he made his claim—the farm which still bears his name, though owned by another—six miles each way from the groves at Lee Center, or Inlet, Palestine, Franklin and Dixon. On it stood the only frame house within that limit, and at its door the only tree, a scrubby thorn apple.

There were three rooms and a "real stairs," so it was "quite a place in those days," mother used to say. It was sold about 1849 or '50 to "uncle Bill Hopkins," and moved off the place. I do not know its ultimate end. It stood very near the gate to the door-yard of the present house, which is the third dwelling which has been built on the place, and is now owned by Mr. Burhenn.

In February, 1839, father returned with his household goods, coming by sloop from Newport to New Orleans, up the Missippi and Illinois rivers to Peru, where he bought wagons to cross the country. We have still a few pieces of furniture which he brought at that time, which we cherish as treasures and heir-looms. Mother followed in June of the same year, coming across the states. She was three weeks on her way, bringing with her her little daughter, two and a half years old (my sister Mrs. Hawley) and a woman who was to be companion and maid for a year, in consideration of the payment of her fare in addition to her weekly stipend. She stayed just three weeks; she was "homesick; and she left my poor young mother (only twenty-two years old, to face the foe, to the care of a large family, and much heavy work, to which she was totally unused, *all alone*, so far as feminine aid was concerned. And we complain if we have to "do our own work" with seamstress, laundress, butcher, baker and hotel at our service.

Trials and discouragements thickened about them. They were involved in a financial scheme which the Rev. Mr. D. Wolf, husband of my mother's aunt, with more great-souled ambition than business foresight, had planned. This gentleman will always be better remembered in Lee county for his business failures, I fear, than for the really good qualities of heart and mind, which his visionary brain sadly overbalanced. But be that as it may, when father and mother had added the expense in which he had involved them, to their other necessary demands upon their means, they were left about as poor as any common emigrant who arrived in the country with an old wagon and a broken down team.

They lost nine horses the first year, and mother sold her best dresses,

shawls, watch, jewelry, everything she could spare, to buy stock and pay help "out doors and in." How often I have heard her tell of the red and green delaine dress in which one of her maids was married. She had no counsellor; the resources for her table were meager, and many of them strange to her, but she was one of those rare good cooks who can always make something out of nothing, and will always give a welcome, and share a meal cordially, even though it be the very plainest. The family was necessarily large, and she entertained all sorts of people from Bishop Chase down to the roughest man shivering with ague who begged to stay till he was better. Never a "movers' wagon" haulted by the gate that she did not have a kind word, a bit of food, or a nourishing drink for some homesick body in its cheerless shelter, and *I* can remember seeing twenty of these wagons camped about our premises on a single night, (this was during the gold excitement) and many times during bad weather their stay extended to days or even weeks. Not infrequently both before and after my recellection whole families were installed in the house while the father prospected, or the children had the measles, or the mother a bilious attack, to the great discomfort of us children, and, I doubt not, to the sore trial of mother's patience.

To go back; all these losses and unfortunate plans might have resulted in much greater privation than they did, had not my grandfathers kept informed and visited their children frequently; paying up the help, bringing stores of clothing, groceries, dried fruit, bacon and salt fish, and such other things as could be shipped, (there were no canned goods then), but most of all, cheering and encouraging them by their very presence. It was on one of these visits when my two grandfathers came together, and with them an old family friend, that they were made the victims of a joke by the latter. They had the usual fortune of travelers of that day in crossing the country by stage; were mired or "sloughed" seven times before they reached father's. Now in R. I. to get "sloughed" is the exact counterpart of our phrase "tight," or drunk, and it struck Mr. Monroe very funnily to hear this new use of the word. So he wrote home, among other matters, that "it was very singular that one could never thoroughly know even old friends until he had seen them away from home influences and surroundings. Who would have supposed that men of the staunch temperance principles of Capt. Gardner and the Hon. Geo. Pearse would have so far forgotten themselves as to get sloughed, and that, too, *seven* times on the way to Dr. Gardner's; yet such was the lamentable fact."

The consternation which that letter caused was a source of amuse-

ment and a jovial reminiscence to the end of the days of the four old friends.

Father brought with him stores of nuts, seeds, cuttings, grafts and slips, with which he planted a large grove, still a beautiful addition to the prairie landscape. He also took great pains to secure a pleasing variety of fruit and ornamental trees about his house and along the street line of the entire farm, and many of the trees about the farm houses for miles around are from his seeds and cuttings, not only freely given, but urged upon people that they might enjoy the shade and beauty in time to come.

He did what the government has done in the farther West, by encouraging the planting of "tree claims," and I feel that it is not idle boast to say that Lee county owes more to my father's precept and example in matter of shade and ornamental tree planting, than to any other man, unless it be to Mr. J. T. Little, who always understood and appreciated father's efforts more than most people.

I will also add that in 1873 father built a large hay barn, the heavy timbers for which he cut from the grove which he had himself planted. Mother, too, always had her "flower beds" bright with old-fashioned annuals, and also adorned with many choicer shrubs, bulbs, and the like, of which she always gathered a full store on her visits to the east. In 1855, when my sister was married, she had eighteen varieties of roses in bloom, the white ones which were the bride's special adorning, being from a root brought from my grandmother's, and that in turn from her mother's fifty years before.

Some months after mother came, her aunt, Mrs. Hannah D'Wolf, followed, and purchased a home about a mile distant, on the place now owned by Mr. Miller. The second house which she built is still standing and in very good preservation. She was a singularly noble woman, a devoted christian, and a heroic pioneer. What her counsel and companionship was to my mother and the little circle of their acquaintance cannot be estimated, but it is an inspiration to those whose lives seem hedged in by circumstances to see, even in these pioneer stories, how simple, unaffected goodness wins its way and leaves its record by noting the mention in various papers of such persons as Mrs. D'Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Hannum and others of whom nothing remarkable can be said, yet whose lives have made a lasting impression on the minds and hearts of those who knew them, and through them on many more.

Mother and she established the first Sunday school on the prairie, in Aunt Hannah's "other room," and there was never a Christmas or an

Easter when, in spite of privations and scant resources, they did not keep the feast, and try to teach their children something not only of the lessons of those holy seasons, but of the way dear friends were keeping them in beautiful churches with services of praise and prayer "at home."

The first school in the township was kept in Aunt Hannah's house; the children had been sent to Mrs. Edson's house before, in what is now South Dixon. The first teacher was Miss Betsey D'Wolf, a very lovely woman, who soon after married Mr. John Barnes, a brother of Asal and Nelson Barnes, well remembered in Dixon. Here, as elsewhere, it was the pioneer women who made the sacrifices necessary to found the schools. They did not wait for a school house, or until they could "spare' a room, but freely gave up their own comfort and convenience for the schools, or for religious services; and when the time came to put up buildings they were among the first to help. Indeed I am positive that if the records of every church building in the county could be searched, it would be found that the first contribution to their erection was from the efforts of some "sewing circle," or society of similar character, and that often the last payment for seats, carpet or furnishings was made by the same unwearied workers.

The first death in the township was that of "old Michael", a man who worked for Aunt Hannah, and she gave, at that time, probably about 1840, the little burying ground still called by the D'Wolf name. For many years the little railing around old Michael's grave in the northwest corner, was a marked feature in it; but it has fallen to decay and there is now nothing to tell where the old man lies.

Here in 1841 or '42 the first school house was built and Miss Betsey D'Wolf again taught, also a Miss Hunter. The school house was afterwards moved to the southwest corner of father's place, where it was known for many years as the "Locust street school house," from the numerous trees of that variety which father had planted along the road. But the locusts are dead, and the school house removed to the crossroad, where it bears the name of the family living near, "Hollister," a family of old settlers whose kindnesses to father and mother are not forgotten.

I do not think this group of pioneer women entered into the "good times" of singing and spelling-schools and picnics and the like very largely, but I have heard mother say that they greatly enjoyed their visits to each other, the seconding each other's efforts to keep up religious services and Sunday schools, to have their children neatly dressed and carefully taught, and the exchange of letters, books and papers which came from distant friends. In those days the sons of farmers were not so anx-

ious to get away from farm life, and if there were more than were needed at home there were not so many alluring commercial colleges, clerkships and the like to attract them, so they "worked out" for farmers who had fewer sons—where they often made pleasant additions to the family circle and were themselves benefitted. To these boys and her own children, as well as many from the neighborhood, mother used to read aloud all the books and papers she could get. Her resources were better than most, for our relatives in the east supplied her generously and regularly, and her books and papers went from hand to hand till they were worn out. It is gratifying, too, to be able to say that among those who listened to my mother's reading not a few took higher and better aims in life from the taste which her reading cultivated.

Nor did my mother's kind offices in this or other regards end with pioneering days. To the end of her life her favorite text "It is more blessed to give than to receive," was constantly exemplified. The doors of her home and heart were open to all who needed shelter and comfort, and not a few will unite with me in bearing this witness to her strongest characteristic, and to the fact that father was no whit less kind of heart or sympathetic than she.

Not far from father's little house on the opposite side of the road Mr. Thomas Brown had a little cabin, to which he brought his pretty bride within the first year after mother came west. They were old friends in Newport, and the trials of pioneer life bound them closer to each other. They did not live there very long but removed to Inlet—after that to Franklin Grove—but distance never lessened the regard of the two families, and as long as they lived the friendship and interest were mutual and unchanged.

It is with keenest regret that I confess that the memory of my mother's friends of that time is exceedingly dim and uncertain. I can recall names, but when I try to remember particulars or incidents I am at a loss; so that where I would gladly pay a tribute of love and esteem I can say almost nothing. Of Aunt Hannah I recall little except her wonderfully sweet voice which led the singing in "meetings," and that she was very true to her promises, in proof of which I remember hearing that at one time, being in need of funds, she knit pretty baby's caps, very like those silk crocheted ones that little people wear now—and, as she could not have a horse to drive on the day on which she had agreed to deliver them, she walked the five miles to Dixon after dinner, kept her word, received and spent her money and was at home in time to prepare supper. I have heard, too, that Mrs. Heaton, Mrs. O F. Ayres, Mrs.

Seaman and Mrs. Silas Noble purchased them at fifty cents each. Very pleasant but indefinite memories are woven about all those names, as also those of Mrs. C. F. Ingalls, Mrs. Hannum and all the daughters of "Mother Whitney," especially Mrs. Abram Brown, mother's dear and true friend to her dying day. Another was "Aunt Sarah Trowbridge," a woman with strong mind and wonderful memory. Her home was on the farm adjoining father's—but house, pleasant orchard, barn and every trace of habitation are gone, and the family, too, are all numbered with the silent dead. Aunt Sarah's long and useful life closed in a most fitting manner—one Sunday morning in "Love Feast." She had just spoken, as was her wont, most earnestly to the young people, then referred to her own life as having passed the bounds of youth and its trials, so that "now all was peace"—she softly repeated the word "peace," as she sunk into her seat, and with its sound her soul went forth to eternal peace. Her daughter Lucy, afterwards Mrs. Wiemer, was a very talented woman—many years in advance of her surroundings and associates as a literary woman, and in her views of the work and sphere of her sex. Had she lived the county might have counted her one of its brightest intellectual stars.

Mrs. Ozias Wheeler was another, a woman of firm convictions and most benevolent spirit. Her son, Montraville Flatt, still lives in Dixon. Mrs. Wm. Y. Johnson lived for a number of years in the house recently owned by Mr. Aaron Morris, and I remember her pleasant calls and the admiration with which I regarded her long green veil, which depended from the side of her bonnet or shaded her kindly face. "Mother Richards," Mrs. Edson and Mrs. Judge Heaton were dear, dear friends of my mother's, and I have learned in mature years to prize especially two who knew my mother in early days—Mrs. J. T. Little, one of the loveliest women in all the land, and "Aunt Sally" Herrick, whose comfort and counsel has endeared her to many beside myself.

Mrs. Alonzo Mead, who lived near us on the farm where Henry Bothe now lives, was another kind friend. Her daughter, Mrs. Laura Reynolds, is still a pleasant visitor in Dixon at times. The other daughter was one of the victims of the bridge disaster—Mrs. Millie Hoffman. Her sons are still living in Dixon and are mentioned elsewhere. Time would fail to mention the "Temperance Hill" neighbors and friends—the Leakes, Moseleys, and others—or the Cartrights, Brandons and many more kind friends of my father and mother. One especially dear still patiently waits the summons to be gone, Mrs. Cephas Clapp, a woman of noble lovable nature, whose friendship is a privilege and blessing to all within its circle.

My sister tells me that it is to Aunt Polly Hale we owe the seeds of many plants which she considered "good in sickness and good in wellness," and so brought with her from her Virginia home. She brought the dandelion for "greens," and burdock for "drafts," catnip for the baby, and tansy, wormwood, yellow dock and narrow dock for dosing grown people, sage, dill, caraway, and coriander for seasoning. The hardier plants took root in the prairie soil, spread rapidly and are hardly considered either useful or ornamental in these days.

She was a very mysterious person to my sister, for, presumably from the folds of her great apron, there had appeared in the family circle on two occasions a wee red-faced stranger, and when, at one time, Aunt Patty was to be asked to tea with other ladies, she entered a most indignant protest, assuring mother that "Aunt Polly had better not come, for there were all the babies that could be cared for already." But as Aunt Polly came without her apron the poor child's fears were not realized. Her daughter, Elizabeth Hale, says my sister, "was to mother both Aaron and Hur" staying her weary hands when the battles with care, sickness, trouble, and hard work bore her to the earth; strong-hearted, cheerful in spirit, willing, capable, blessed with virtues enough for three ordinary women as we remember her, the most efficient, and the noblest helper mother ever had, in those hard days.

I think none of those who have been told of the abundant crops which the prairie soil produced, and the very low prices they brought; have noted the fact that the lack of machinery made it necessary to employ a great many hands, and to make very long days—so that the work of the farmer's wives was much heavier than at the present time. Threshers had to stay two or three weeks, lunches were sent to the field twice a day in haying and harvest, and for the men who took the grain to a distant market.

All the meat was killed and cured on the farm, sometimes as many as thirty hogs at once. I remember the great tray, four feet square, in which the sausage meat was chopped with a whale-knife, (something like a spade but smaller and straighter.) One year mother prepared a barrel of sausage in skins, packed it in lard, and sent it to Chicago, as her "venture," with the grain, she got—a calico dress that faded! At one time one of the children had no shoes, and mother had to put her in a high chair because it was so cold. Some "movers" stopped over night, and offered to sell a pair, which their child had outgrown, but mother had no money. Turning to a bag of pieces which hung near to find something to wrap about the little feet, she saw through her fast falling

tears, some money tucked in the top of the bag, and with it she bought the shoes. Probably some traveler they had entertained had taken this unobtrusive way to repay them, and it seemed like a special providence to find it just then.

At another time they had had no flour for a long time, only corn meal. A neighbor sent word that he was going to mill the next day and would get flour if they wished. But they had no money and mother cried with disappointment. Just at night two men rode up and asked accommodation for the night, and, contrary to the usual custom, paid for it, just the price of a sack of flour. A man was started on horseback at daybreak to catch the neighbor and send for the flour.

At one of these times, too a rough man to whom father was indebted (though the debt was not yet due) attempted to possess himself of mother's cherished silver spoons saying as he seized them from the table "They'll sell for something." Father took them from him, but mother did not dare use them again until the debt was paid by my good grandfather.

My father came west with the intention of becoming a farmer and giving up the medical work, which had been so severe a tax upon him and mother in Newport, but it was simply inhuman to refuse to give what aid he could to the sick and suffering in the new country. He was far too warm hearted to consider personal comfort when weighed against such odds.

So it came about that in less than a year he was riding all about the country, over the trackless prairies, fording streams, or getting "sloughed," in a practice far more extended and difficult than that of the city had been. Sometimes in a sickly season he got scarcely any rest, except in his buggy, and his faithful horse learned to go from place to place with the reins lying loose on his back or to find his way home in storms with unerring fidelity, when, as father said, he could not "see his own hands, or tell which way they were going."

He often had to be not only physician, but nurse, cook, surgeon, dentist, lawyer, or even housemaid when he found families all sick and needing these varied services. The enduring regard of the friends of those days proves beyond question that he filled all the offices acceptably, though his rewards were very often of a very unsubstantial character.

Mother often supplemented his work, going with him, sending prepared food, or taking his place in milder cases or on alternate days, but sometimes she had to sacrifice personal comfort or even more that he might minister to those in greater need. I remember one story which

well illustrates this. She was not well one day in early spring when father was sent for to go to Buffalo. He would be obliged to stay all night, for the roads were bad, so he placed things within her reach, left her with a wood fire, and two children in the bed with her, the month-old baby and one two years old, promising to stop at Aunt Hannah's and have her come down for the day and night.

For some reason Aunt Hannah could not come till late afternoon, so she was alone all day, and a strange sickness came on her, probably due to the room growing cold. The ice was going out of the river at Dixon, so father could not cross and had to come home in the afternoon and reached there before Aunt Hannah. Mother was just conscious enough to hear him exclaim, as he opened the door, "My God! mother, are you dead?" and knew no more for many hours. Had he been able to cross the river she probably would have died before help reached her.

But if I cannot recall stories of pioneer friends with their names, there are many which have no title that crowd upon me as I write, for they were household words, or bribes by which I was induced to sew patchwork and hem towels, and so familiar that a certain bedquilt will bring them to my mind as vividly as a photograph the original.

There is one—of the women who sat in her rocking chair in the back of the ox cart and knitted placidly all the way from Inlet to Dixon. Of the man who had only eleven eggs when he started to town, so put the old hen in the basket—when he got there the dozen was complete. Of another who always said he "was as honest as the times would admit."

Of the old Kentucky woman who was visiting an elderly lady and her daughter one day and heard the former say that her false teeth did not fit comfortably and she must have new ones soon. Before she left she asked the daughter to "ask maw if she'd let her have them air teeth when she got her new ones, false teeth's so stylish!"

Of the peddler who offered his hand to one of the early schoolma'ams but was refused politely. He responded at once that she "needn't feel so bad about it, 'twouldn't put him back more'n two weeks, there was another girl he could court up in that time!"

Of the first maid mother employed—who had never seen a carpet and didn't dare step on it, "Thought it was bedspreads."

Of the girl mother saw on her first Sunday out in Illinois—who wore a bobbinet lace cape made with a darning needle and knitting cotton, and evidently felt herself the belle of the assembly.

Of the old clock (I have it still) for which father paid one hundred

bushels of oats at ten cents a bushel, and Sister Mary's calico dress which cost forty dozen eggs.

Of the only Indians I ever saw. It was one day in spring, when mother sent me to the postoffice (at which dignity we had but recently arrived). It was kept by Squire Wheat at the place now owned by Mr. John Allwood Mother told me to hurry home, and would give no reason when I asked for it. But I did not obey, I am ashamed to say. The old squire did not find any mail for us in the little cupboard, about the size of an old-fashioned mantel clock, which served as postoffice, and I stopped to play with "So'fy" Curtis (where Mrs. Matthew Schippert lives now). But conscience pricked too much for me to enjoy to the full the remarkable new editions of "Mother Hubbard" and "Dame Trot" which her peddler father had just brought her, and I started down the road toward home just in time to meet a great wagonload of Indians, who, in charge of an agent, had been to some point east for their stipend from the government.

My frightened face provoked one of them to point his bow—unstrung and endwise—toward me, and I was sure I felt an arrow in my heart. I screamed in a way that must have rivalled a warwhoop, and ran like a veritable Indian down the road. How they laughed and yelled! I can hear it yet, and I never shall forget the surprise with which I found myself really alive and unhurt when I came out of the faint in which I fell at my mother's feet.

There is a favorite story of my father's which I had nearly forgotten until reminded of it by hearing it repeated by Mrs. Geo. Morris, and as it is too good to keep, I transcribe it as nearly as possible in her words. It slightly transcends my township boundary, but the reader will forgive that when he hears the story.

"When the financial crash of 1837 sent so many eastern people to the west, what would now be known as a syndicate, from Buffalo, took a large tract of land not far from the N. W. depot in Dixon. Among the men employed was a Gus Hawley, who had been a merchant in Buffalo. His collapse had been so sudden and so complete as to make a frontier wardrobe an impossible attainment, and as to oxen, I have an idea he hardly knew what they were. He was blessed, however, with a happy-go-lucky nature and the spirit which makes the best of everything, and he accordingly did so. His first day in the field was a memorable one, both to him and his friends. Arrayed in all the glory of fine broadcloth, ruffled shirt-front and patent leather boots, he appeared at the 'helm' of a breaking plow with four yoke of oxen. To avoid mistakes (and perhaps

to help him to appear calm,) he had carefully noted the names of the oxen on a card, which he carried in one hand, while he flourished his ox-whip or goad in the other. This dazzling vision burst upon the delighted company which had assembled as much to gaze as to assist, like a meteor, and his cheery voice calling, as he carefully consulted the card, at each name, "Gee Buck! and also Bright!" can better imagined than described.

The older settlers will remember the way prairie grass cut feet and shoes and hardly need to be told that he did not go out in his patent leathers next day. I have never heard, though, that the hilarious spectators of his first attempt took up a collection to replace them by more serviceable foot gear, in part payment for their enjoyment, but it would have been a very proper thing to do. Some member of this same party was left in charge of the log house and the cattle while the rest of the men were up the river after timber. The syndicate had left him nicely provisioned, but when the party returned they found he had become tired of bachelor's hall and gone to the hotel, exchanging their provisions for his board.

Bachelor's hall was not made any more pleasant by this exchange, at least, for the others, and Thanksgiving Day found them out of all supplies but salt pork and corn meal. But early in the morning that great-hearted woman and admirable cook, Mrs. Welty, appeared at their door with her husband, bent on giving them just cause for thankfulness. Their wagon was loaded with good things, even to the pies, ready for the table, and as Mrs. Morris says, 'My father (P. M. Alexander) solemnly affirms that he never tasted a better dinner in his life,' which is only another proof of the ability of the pioneer woman to meet any and every emergency; and that Mrs. Welty could do so, all the old settlers and their children will abundantly testify."

Having overstepped the limit of my township, I think I will give a story told me by Miss Elizabeth J. Shaw, which illustrates another phase of pioneer work, namely—invention.

She says that her father bought the first McCormick reaper in Sangamon county, and McCormick himself, came out to oversee its workings. The first day's attempt was a failure. Hundreds of men had gathered to witness it, and the anxiety of the inventor must have been very great. But when the machine would not work he left it in the field, entered the house and threw himself in a chair. There he sat, speechless and motionless, for many hours (if I remember correctly it was twenty-four), heeding nothing, touching neither food nor drink. Then he rose, went

to the machine, and took a small part to a place for repairing—of some similar shop. He soon returned, and the machine on starting again worked admirably. Mr. Shaw started across the field with a fine young team of Norman colts. His man, a stalwart Kentuckian over six feet in height, stood on the "table" at the rear of the machine to "rake off," but the team, unaccustomed to such following, took fright and ran at the top of their speed the entire length of the large field, cutting the grain faster than McCormick expected, no doubt. Our Kentuckian kept his post, however, and never missed a bundle the whole distance, but when Mr. Shaw drew up the panting horses at the boundary fence, he mopped his prespiring face and called out: "Good Lord, Mr. Shaw! If you're goin' to drive that way you'll have to git another hand! I can't stand it to rake so fast."

Quite a contrast to this story is the next one which comes to my mind of the time when mother and aunt Hannah were coming from Chicago in the stage, each with two children, and came to Blackberry Creek at nine o'clock in the evening in a pouring rain, and found it so swolleen that crossing was out of the question unless help came. Here my sister supplements my memory by telling how a man came from a farm house near, with a yoke of oxen and a wagon, to which they were all transferred. He told them "as long as the oxen walked they needn't be skeered, but when they begun to swim they must hold on to the seats hard!"

At every flash of lightning they could see the swift, dark water rushing by them, and filling the wagon box, then the heads of the oxen, and the man holding the yoke, as he walked or swam by their side. They were badly "skeered" but they "held on hard," and they came safely to land. Then the oxen went back and piloted the stage over, and they re-entered it. An hour later they found the road so rough that they could no longer endure it, and by alternate persuasion and threats of complaint to the authorities, they secured a halt, and the poor drenched driver sought shelter in the stage, with them. To soothe the frightened children and probably to keep up their own sinking hearts, the two mothers sang hymn after hymn, until day break. They found that they had been driving in a circle over a field where rails had been laid preparatory to fencing. No wonder it was rough. But I imagine a more tired, wet and weary company never entered good Mrs. Hannum's house than they were, nor a more thankful one. She rested and comforted them, as she did everyone, good soul, and the next morning they reached home.

But I think the story that I liked the best of all, though I invariably

shed a few tears over it, was that of mother's first visit to her R. I. home, in 1843, and with that I will close this rambling paper.

This was five years after mother came west, and a baby girl and boy had been added to to the circle. This boy was the first grand-son in either family, and there were seven girls before him, so he was proudly named for the two grandfathers and my father said mother must "go east and show them what could be raised on prairie soil."

After many contrivances they decided that the grain which would feed the family for a year could be sold for enough to pay her fare. Aunt Hannah was to go too, and she had a load of tobacco to sell for hers. They rode to Chicago in a lumber wagon in August and met the men just outside of the city (my sister says that until the last few years she has been able to recognize the spot). One man reported that "wheat was lower and he had used some of the money—no use to come so far and not have any fun," and the other's account was very similar. Regrets or reproofs were alike useless, so they drove to the wharf of the little steamer "Buffalo," not far from where South Water street now is. On the way they counted their precious funds and found them all too little to go as they had expected, and their hearts trembled with fear. But mother's courage rose and she said, "Aunt Hannah! I'm going home to see my mother if I crawl on my hands and knees! we'll take deck passage," and they did.

The Captain very kindly explained to them the necessary provisions for such a place—perhaps appreciating the fact that they were unused to it—and gave them carriage robes to supplement their traveling shawls in the rough "bunks." He also gave orders to have tea and coffee made for them (for deck passengers "boarded themselves") and often took the older children—my two sisters, Mary and Parthenia, and William and Mary Anna D'Wolf—for a walk on the upper deck. The little girls in their calico sunbonnets, were soon on the best terms with both cabin and deck passengers, and had far more consideration, I imagine, than if they were to travel in like guise today.

Five days in the crowded steamer, six on the equally wearisome canal, then, on the seventh night at midnight they had to change boats. William, though ten years old, cried like a whipped school-boy, the weary baby moaned sadly, the rain poured in torrents, bending the sunbonnets over the faces of the little girls, and to crown all mother lost her shoe in the mud of the bank.

She spent all the time she dared looking, and had just given up, when a kind-hearted man came up with a lantern and found it for her. As it

was the only pair she had (she had made them herself) it was very gratefully replaced. At Albany they were again delayed, but here they found cars and reached Springfield that evening. The cars stopped at night then, just as stage coaches did, and that night they slept in a "real bed" for the first time, to the children's great delight.

Counting their funds very carefully in the morning they found they could make the rest of the journey in a first-class car, and the delightful exchange was made. The little sunbonnets had been consigned to mother's basket, the baby's sweet face was tear stained, the mother's dresses soiled and rumpled, their bonnets in ruins, their overtaxed nerves ready to give way—but what mattered all this? They were in New England! Already they could see the blue Narragansett, and when, on the eighteenth day from Illinois, they were set down at the door of the old home, mother used to say, "There was a feeling of rest and thankfulness in my heart such as I never expect to have again until I reach the home of my Father in Heaven."

Mother went east many times after that, and under widely different circumstances, but no story of travel ever interested me as did that one, and my childish ears never tired of hearing it repeated.

It reminds me again of the "sore trials" of the Puritan mothers to be obliged to add that the baby boy of whom my father was so proud died before mother came back to Illinois the next year, and that little Parthenia was laid in the D'Wolf burying ground the year after—1845. In 1851 dear Aunt Hannah slept beside her, and now father and mother rest there too.

SEPHIE GARDNER SMITH.

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More Pioneer Stories.

WE have learned from Mr. Thomas Leake's paper that his father came here in 1840. He was accompanied by William Moody and Isaac Means, two very familiar names to the old settlers of the county. Mr. Leake bought a claim at Temperance Hill, the other men secured work, and life in the new country began. In 1843 his family came, and with them the families of his two cousins, also a sister, Mrs. Willars. The ways of distinguishing the three men (who had the same surname) were varied and worth recording. There was John Leake, Sr., who was also called from his occupation in England "Butcher John"—or known as the man who kept a great many dogs and liked to have their names "h'end with a h'l or a h'o so they could 'ear it well."

John Leake, Jr., was a cousin of "Butcher John" and was called "Miller John," or "John Leake on the 'ill top"—and his neighbors referred with a smile to his plans to add a "h'ell to his 'ouse." Last there was Daniel Leake, a brother of "Miller John," who was at one time one of the wealthiest men in the township. His wife and "Butcher John's" were sisters, and cousins to their husbands. The three men are dead, and all the wives except Mrs. John Leake, Jr., who now resides in Dixon with her son William. Her other son, John H., and her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Chiverton, also live in Dixon. Her oldest daughter, Mrs. Clara Priestly, lives in Iowa, and her youngest, Mrs. Susanna Atkinson, in Polo. Their home claim was on Temperance Hill, adjoining the lot where the schoolhouse now stands, so they have true title to the "'ill top."

The older children went to school at first at the schoolhouse in the little yard now known as the D'Wolf graveyard—in the corner of the old D'Wolf farm, and to Sunday school (with other children from a circuit of many miles) in Mrs. D'Wolf's house, which she and Mrs. Gardner established.

Mrs. Leake has given us some stories of pioneering days that are well

worth a place here—illustrating as they do not only the straits in which families were placed, but the ready ingenuity which helped them out.

Her husband's first bargain was to exchange his overcoat for a pair of oxen, "Line and Brin," a fine dress coat for a wagon (made by Mr. Gale, the Lee Center wagonmaker), a plush vest for a stack of hay, and a pocket-knife for a whip.

During the next winter there was a long icy spell—it was six miles to the nearest timber, and the firewood almost gone. The oxen were not shod and so were powerless to bring the load of wood so much needed. (What boy of today would have thought that oxen needed shoeing as much as horses?) But the father of a family would not be overcome by any such circumstanees. He could not get the oxen shod, so he shod himself by putting nails in his boot soles, harnessed himself to a hand-sled, and walked to Franklin Grove, returning at night with his load of wood.

An aunt of the family, living where Chapman Leake now does, was once alone on the place when a calf stumbled into the open well.

She was greatly puzzled to know what to do, but finally succeeded in getting a rope over its head, which she fastened above to keep it from drowning while she ran to her sister's, Mrs. Willars'. She ran at the top of her speed across the prairie, and reached her sister's completely exhausted, and recollecting as she entered the house that she had made a "slip noose" in the rope, she breathlessly added to her hasty story, "You needn't 'urry, Susan, the calf will be 'anged before we can get there." But Susan was prompt and energetic and she "'urried" fast enough to get the calf out safe and sound.

Daniel Leake lived on the Chicago road, in Nachusa township, and built there the handsome brick house, which was for so many years the largest and handsomest farmhouse on the road. His sons, Chapman, who lives on what was the "Mosley place" in an early day, not far from his father's homestead; Russell, now a resident of Dixon; Jarvis, living on the homestead; and Fred, a merchant in Amboy, comprise his family.

They, too, tell a single story from their many pioneer experiences, for like so many others among the children of the early settlers, they do not recall with distinctness the stories they have heard their parents tell.

Is this not a proof that such a record as this little book will be, is well worth preserving for the children of the future?

One day in the early '40's Mrs. Leake and the children were alone on the place when they saw a great cloud of smoke rolling up from the southwest. There had been a long dry spell, and it needed but a glance to

show them that the prairie was on fire, and that they were in the path of the destroyer. What could they do?

We can little imagine their distress or their helplessness. But "Miller John" had seen the cloud also, and with his stout nephew, William, was soon hurrying to their rescue.

The oxen were grazing near the house, the plows were close at hand, and they were hastily yoked and set at work. Back and forth they went about the buildings and grain stacks, until the oncoming flames scorched Mr. Leake's hair and beard and the hair of the faithful oxen. Mrs. Leake and the children carried water, and with mops and brooms fought the fire, and wet the grass and stacks inside the furrows, so they were saved, and then Mr. Leake and William hurried off to help someone else, who might be in the same strait.

There is another story of a family in this neighborhood which is truly pathetic.

A mother had died in August, leaving a three-days' babe, and two other children, only a little older. They lived in a house with but a single room, where were cookstove, cupboard, table, bed and chests of clothing. In the August heat, the funeral must be held the next day; so a man was sent at once to Inlet for the coffin. There was a mistake in the measurement, which was not discovered until the next morning, when a second messenger was started, with the correct dimensions.

A little girl then, who remembers the funeral, tells that the people of the neighborhood gathered for the services early in afternoon, and grew more and more anxious as the sun went down the western sky and there were no signs of man, team or coffin. But at last, as some were feeling that they must go home for the "chores," the team, hard driven, appeared over the hill, with something *red* in the wagon. The pitiful truth was that the cabinet maker dared not use the black paint usually put on the rude pine coffins of that day, lest it should not dry in time for the funeral. So he painted it with red lead, the only other color he had, which dries very quickly

There was no time to think of the incongruity, no time to make any change, the poor young mother was laid in her red coffin and borne to the grave-yard at Temperance Hill by her friends and neighbors. Yet had she died today she was one who would have been laid to rest in a beautiful casket, covered with the choicest flowers; they loved her none the less, the frail body was none the less tenderly handled, but the contrast in resources is a pathetic one.

ONE OF THE LEAKE FAMILY.

The Township of Nelson.

Nelson.

THE town of Nelson, comprising about two-thirds of a six-mile-square township, has not yet become so populous nor so abounding in wealth as to occupy an exalted position among the sisterhood of the family in the household of Lee county, and yet it yields to none in its claims for merit and respectability. Beautiful Rock River forms its northern boundary, and the Chicago & Northwestern railroad runs through from east to west, crossing the river at the western line of town. Nearly midway between Dixon and Sterling lies the unpretentious little village of Nelson, a quiet burg, most of whose male inhabitants earn an honest livelihood in the employment of the railroad company. The large and commodious school house at the station is used for occasional religious service as well as other meetings, and the school is kept in a flourishing condition by the employment of first-class teachers. Most of the farming land in the town is of excellent quality, and the prosperity of its farmers is shown by elegant dwelling houses and by large, fine looking barns. Indeed, few towns in Lee county can boast of as beautiful farm buildings as are found in Nelson.

The first settlers, few in number but resolute and energetic, located in the town during the thirties and forties when Nelson as a corporate town had no existence further than being an adjunct of Dixon. In 1859, two years after the opening of Nelson station, the town became an individual entity.

Among the pioneer settlers who had roughed it in the township during the period of its infancy were Chas. F. Hubbard, Lewis Brauer, Nathan Morehouse, Luther Stone, Abner Coggswell and the father of Col. Noble—I cannot recall his christian name now. The only one at present living of those honored pioneers is Chas. F. Hubbard, who still occupies the farm on which he first located and whose dwelling house is still nestled in the primeval forest.

Although the situation of Nelson station is such as does not invite business enterprise at present, yet it may eventually grow and become a sharer in the prosperity of its two ambitious and progressive neighbors, Dixon and Sterling. The Hennepin canal will traverse the whole width of the town along the southern side of Rock River. What effect that is destined to have on the growth of the village remains to be seen. The rolling surface, with ample natural drainage, makes the most desirable kind of building lots and the convenience of getting the best and purest water at a depth of not more than twenty feet is an advantage deserving the first consideration in selecting a place for founding a home. "Large streams from little fountains flow," and who shall say that Nelson may not yet merge from obscurity to take its rank among the proud cities of the west?

The first settler at Nelson gives the following account of his experience as a pioneer: "I came to this place from the state of New York in the fall of 1857. The railroad had been built west from Dixon two years previously, and the company was then doing grading and putting in switches and sidetracks for the station. There were then few improved farms in the township, though a number of emigrating farmers from Somerset county, Pennsylvania, were settling in the eastern part, with the aid and under the guidance of a robust, energetic and enterprising leader, Rev. Wm. Uhl. My first project was the purchase of a small school house three miles distant and moving it to the station to be used as a grocery. I stocked this improvised store with an assortment of such articles as farmers most needed, and by dealing also in lumber and coal I was tolerably successful in getting a fair run of trade. At that time many were having fever and ague, and the sale of quinine was one of my sources of income. Mercantile buiness was something in which I had never had experience, and my lack of knowledge of local idioms was sometimes embarrassing. Once I remember a little Irish girl astonished me by coming to my grocery and saying she was sent to get Queen Ann. 'What is it you want?' I asked. 'Queen Ann, sir!' 'What do you want to do with Queen Ann?' I inquired. 'My mother has got the fever'n'ager, an' she 'onts some to take, she does!' 'Oh! Oh! yes,' said I, beginning to comprehend, 'You want quinine, do you?' 'Yes, sir, Queen Ann,' replied she. The little lass knew no other name than Queen Ann for the popular antidote to intermittent fever."

At that time prairie wolves were seen in Nelson as often as dogs are seen now. There were then few fences, no graded roads, no covered buggies, no tuneful organs, no luxuries of any kind, and yet, with all their

hardships and privations, those hardy early settlers seemed happy and contented, cheered by the hope of realizing after a few years' roughing not only competence, but wealth, from the products of the fertile prairie soil.

H. L. H. McKinstry.

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The Township of Palmyra.

Palmyra and the Palmyreans.

BY ONE OF THEM.

AN old Latin writer has said that "Many great men lived before Agamemnon, but that all memorial of them had perished for want of a chronicler." As one of the few survivivors of pioneer days in the town of Palmyra, I have been asked to preserve the memory of them by writing my recollections of those days and of those who took part in them. I have done this in the form of a personal narrative, as better suited to give my impressien of that time than any other form; and I preface it with a slight account of the early history of the state of Illinois, of which, in the opinion of the inhabitants, Palmyra forms no inconsiderable portion.

By the treaty of Paris, 109 years ago, Great Britain made over to the United States all the north-west territory, comprising the state of Illinois and all the upper Mississippi valley. A spiendid domain which twenty years earlier the colonies had assisted the mother country to snatch from France, after tough, bloody wars, in which the colonies gained such knowledge of the military art as served them in good stead when the struggle with Great Britain came. How little trace of France is left in the state which they were the first to colonize. Some few towns and streams still bear the names of those bold explorers and pious missionaries who dared all in the service of God. LaSalle in 1682 planted the first colonies at Cahokia and Kaskaskia. With him was associated Hennepin, who gave his name to another Illinois town, and to our hoped for canal. Joliet, a civil engineer and explorer, is remembered by a flourishing city and one of the largest state prisons in the United States. The Jesuit father, Marquette, who accompanied Joliet in his voyage of discovery down the Mississippi in 1673, founded the mission at Sault Ste. Marie in 1668. His memory is still cherished by all. * *Mulsi fortes ante Agmemuomen vexere do*—who cherish brave deeds and pious lives.

Less than seventy-eight years ago Chicago was unheard of—Fort Dearborn and a few trader's cabins were all that were to show forth the

great city, second now only to New York in the United States. Territorial lines between Illinois and Wisconsin had been settled, and the latter state claimed a large part of what is now Cook county—thus cutting off our state from the shores of Lake Michigan. To Judge Nathaniel Pope, father of the late Major Gen. Pope, U. S. A., we in a great measure owe the possession of this great port on the lake which has given a greater impetus to the prosperity of the state than any other cause. He was one of the commissioners to settle the boundrry line and insisted on having a lake port, giving the very sufficient reason that otherwise Illinois would became to all intents and purposes a slave state, the sympathies of her early settlers and her trade being already entirely with the South. Judge Pope became the first Secretary of State when Illinois was admitted to the Union in 1818, as a free state. In 1823 an effort was made to alter the constitution of the state to admit slavery. The contest was a very bitter one and the free soilers carried the day by a very small majority, electing as governor, Edward Coles, a strong anti-slavery man, though a Virginian and a slave owner, who had brought his slaves to this state and freed them. The English colony in Edwards county threw all their influence and many votes on the side of free soil which contributed greatly to the victory. This was a flourishing colony of English people planted by Morris Birckbeck and George Flower. The latter wrote a very interesting account of it lately published by the Chicago Historical Society. The truth is at that time and for many years after, numbers of negroes were held virtually as slaves in the southern part of the state where they were employed in the salt works, raising cotton, etc.

Prior to 1834 there was very little attempt at white settlement in this northwestern part of the state; up to 1832 it remained the happy hunting ground of various Indian tribes. Sauks and Foxes, Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes. In that year Black Hawk, one of the chiefs of the Sauks and Foxes, who had never agreed to the treaty by which his tribe had ceded their land on the banks of Rock River to the United States government, against the opposition of the head chief, Keokuk, who was always friendly to the whites, brought his band back across the Mississippi to hunt about their old homes. His band was fired on by some white settlers and this brought on the Black Hawk war in which some lives and much money were expended. It has been computed that every Indian killed in battle cost the government $10,000, in this war; from the number of men employed and the few Indians killed it was fully up to the mark. The war was also memorable from the number of big bugs,

*See Ford's History of Illinois.

if I may be allowed the expression, still in the chrysilis state who were at one time assembled at Dixon's Ferry while taking part in the war, Volunteer Captain Abraham Lincoln, Captain Zack Taylor, U. S. A., Lieutenant Jeff Davis and Lieutenant Anderson of Sumpter fame. Even the Commander in Chief, General Scott, was sent to the seat of war, which was ended at the battle of the Bad Axe, near the Wisconsin river and Black Hawk and The Prophet, who was the real soul of the war gave themselves up and afterward visited the eastern cities where they were exhibited as a farce show.

By 1834 most of the Indians had been removed to the west of the Mississipyi river and white settlers began to occupy their former homes. All this northwest part of the state was then Joe Daviess county, then up to 1840 we were in Ogle county, with the county seat at Oregon. In that year Lee county was set off, with the county seat at Dixon, and the present court house was built, S. W. Bowman, of Dixon, being the contractor. The county was not then under township organization, there were three county commissioners, Nathan Whitney, of Franklin; Jas. P. Dixon, of Dixon; and F. Ingalls, of Inlet Grove; Judge Stone, of Galena, Circuit Judge; Isaac Boardman, County Clerk; George W. Chase, Circuit Clerk; Michael Fellows, of Gap Grove, Recorder; John Morse, of Gap Grove, Treasurer; A. Wakelee, Sheriff; Joseph Crawford, County Surveyor. The only survivor of these, the first county officials, is Michael Fellows. In the fall of the same year, 1840, the land office was removed from Galena with Colonel Dement and Major Hackelton, receiver and registerer. The titles of these gentlemen were gained in the Black Hawk war, in which they were favorably mentioned. The government lands in this country had not at that time been fully surveyed and were not open for entry till 1842. They were supposed to contain valuable mineral, the Galena lead ore, and had been reserved on that account.

As I have said, in 1845 settlers began to flock into Gap Grove, those from the southwest by way of Peoria, those from the northeast through Chicago, crossing at Dixon, where in 1828 a half breed named Ogee had started a ferry, bought out in 1830 by John Dixon, who had formerly kept a clothing store in Chatham street, New York City. In connection with this account I have written out a list of the settlers in Palmyra up to 1840 inclusive, which embraces almost all of them, tho' some may have escaped me.

Most of these early settlers were hard working men of the farmer class, with small means, who were glad to exchange the worn-out farms of New England for the fertile prairies of the west. Thus, again, there were

some who, impelled by the spirit of adventure and unrest which keep so many Americans frontiersmen all their lives, came, tarried with us for a while and moved on to pastures new.

But there was a colony of a different class which settled along Rock River between Palmyra and Grand Detour. These came from the city of New York and were led to seek a western home in the following manner: Two young men, Messrs. William Graham and Chas. Hubbard, left New York in the spring of 1837 on a hunting expedition, and stopped for a time near Dixon; having been joined on the way by Mr. John Carr, formerly of the British navy. Carr subsequently went to Hong Kong, China, founded a flourishing newspaper, "*The Houq Kong Gazette and Friend of China,*" made a fortune and returned to his native Scotland to spend it—the only instance of any of these early New York colonists attaining to prosperity. Mr. Graham was so charmed with this beautiful country that he induced his father, Captain Graham, to bring his family out here. Their coming induced others of their friends, so that quite a numerous settlement was formed, all having considerable means for a new country, which they were not long in getting rid of in a wilderness when all the comforts and conveniences of life which seemed indispensable to them could only be procured at a very greatly enhanced price, if at all. They came looking for an Arcadia, the Blest, in these flower-bedecked prairies, and found privation, poverty, sorrow, sickness and death. Their illusions were short lived, shorter and more tragic than those of the Boston literati who tried to establish Arcadian simplicity at Brook Farm. Shakespeare says, "All the world is a stage, the men and women merely players." To the young it was a comedy of errors which they rather enjoyed playing, raising and cooking their own food, spinning, weaving, knitting their own raiment, and even the very privations they endured but enhanced the pleasures of a wild, free life, riding, fishing, boating, dancing, plenty of society, books and music. But to the older members of the community it was a most serious tragedy from which they saw no escape save by leaving the place as soon as possible. All who could get away did so, leaving the remainder to settle down to the new order of things as best they could.

Of this colony my father's family formed a part. It consisted of father, mother and seven children. Three servants, a carpenter, a farmer and his family, J. C. Lingham, a former partner in business, and Alex Campbell, a nephew, were also of the party.

My cousin Alex Campbell and myself were the pioneers of the party. We reached Dixon's ferry, as it was then called, on the 9th of August,

1839, and our first object was to find my father's partner, who had arrived a little in advance of us and was to see to the purchase of land and the removal of the family to the west. We found him the guest of Capt. Hugh Graham, a retired ship master of New York and who had come to the country the preceding year and bought a squatter's title to some seven hundred acres of land from John Dixon. He had a large family of highly educated daughters and sons, and with the boundless hospitality of the day we also became his guests, but it required all the elasticity of a frontier house to contain his family of ten, with five servants and six guests.

As the most important member of the New York colony a short notice of Captain Graham will not be amiss. A native of Belfast, Ireland, he was at one time an officer in the British navy, but left that service for that of the American merchant marine and for many years commanded the finest vessel of the Black Ball line of American packets. Many were the adventures by flood and field which he had gone through. In 1798, being then mate of an East Indiaman, he was shipwrecked near the island of Ascension, at that time the loneliest spot on the globe. A raft was formed and provisioned for most of the passengers and part of the crew, which was never heard of again; the long boat with fourteen and the captain and his gig with four succeeded, after being buffeted two days and a night, in reaching this uninhabited island. The captain of the ship had refused to leave it and with his son, who would not leave his father, went down with her. On the island were a Newfoundland dog and some goats which had probably escaped from some wreck. These were too wild to be approached, but there were great quantities of sea birds so tame they could be readily killed with a stick. On these, with occasionally fish, turtles and their eggs, the party subsisted. After a time they made an attempt to leave the island; the ship carpenter broke up the gig and with this material and some driftwood made outriggers to the long boat, which they thought would thus float the whole company, with sufficient water and provisions, for which they laid in a stock of salted birds; but on coming to the beach to embark they found the boat gone and four of their number missing. They must have reached the mainland safely, for Captain Graham met one of the party many years afterwards and did not kill him as he had promised himself the pleasure of doing. The others thus deserted lived a year longer on the island, till they were taken off by Sir Thomas Williams in the Endymion frigate of the British navy, who had stopped there to catch turtles. In after years

a cave on the island served as a postoffice for vessels which put in there to get or leave letters and take in a supply of turtles.

Soon after our arrival a squatter's title to a claim of some five hundred acres was bought from C. B. Bush for fifteen dollars an acre. Part of this land had been staked out in town lots, a ferry and a log store had been in operation. The boat was gone and the store empty. We made a stable of it. There were, besides, three large log houses connecting with each other. Into these I moved with my cousin, a brother who had joined us, and a carpenter, well known afterwards as Tommy Scallan, whom we had brought from the east to build a house for us. We bought besides from Bush all his crop of wheat in the stack at two dollars per estimated bushel, oats ditto at fifty cents in the field, corn in the field fifty cents, three acres of potatoes in the ground, two cows and about sixty head of swine, large and small; from another party horses, wagon and harness, three hundred dollars. Behold us equipped as western farmers.

The commercial crisis of the east had not as yet affected Illinois, and the state was undertaking vast and extravagant internal improvements. Besides the issue of floods of state bank notes, based on these undertakings, numbers of so-called wild cat banks, with scarce a local habitation or a name, were putting in circulation reams of their worthless paper. Immigrants were flocking in, native immigrants, and the demand for provisions for them and their teams made produce of all kind very high. It was also a year of scarcity in the eastern states, flour was twelve dollars a barrel in New York and beefsteak twenty-five cents per pound. We were importing ship loads of wheat and other agricultural products—flax seed, hemp, hides, etc., from the Mediterranean and Russian provinces. The first-comers had claimed large tracts of land—embracing most of the wooded portions and in the absence of lumber and coal the prairies were uninhabitable. They held these claims higher than deeded land was worth at any subsequent time till 1852, when the railways were approaching us. The next year, 1840, the whole thing collapsed like a card house. The state bank failed, of course all the wild cat banks, all internal improvements stopped and immigration with them. Wheat fell from two dollars and fifty cents to twenty-five cents, beef from fifteen cents to one and a half cents per pound; corn, oats and potatoes were unsalable. No kind of produce would bring money; all was barter except the small pittance occasionally procured by hauling a load of wheat to Chicago, or provisions to the mines at Galena; but as the farmers were already beginning to hoard every cent for the land sale,

even this was withdrawn from circulation. Taxes then were nominal, there being no tax on land for five years after entry. But for a person with much correspondence letters were a heavy drain on the purse; as postage was twenty-five cents a sheet the biggest sheets were used, letters were crossed and recrossed and every chance of sending by private hand eagerly taken. I believe a namesake of mine never quite forgave me for opening a letter of his by mistake in which were two bank notes when he was charged twenty-five cents extra on each note.

In recurring to those days with a merchant here, now comparatively rich, he said "I remember on one occasion my mother had written a letter to me. I was a boy a thousand miles away from home—had had no letter for a long time. I had no money, how to raise the necessary twenty-five cents? I went to the postoffice and turned the letter over and over again, then returned to the store where I was employed, and was sitting there in a kind of a despairing way when a customer came and asked for woolen socks. There were none in the store and the man was going out, when I suddenly thought of a new pair of mother's knitting I had just put on. Pulling off my boot I held up my foot and asked him what he would give. Three shillings—thirty-seven and one-half cents—I got for those socks, enough to pay for my letter and buy a little tobacco, for which I was starving." He concluded by saying "that was the most satisfactory sale I ever made."

But it was astonishing how well we got along without money. We had but to "tickle the soil with a straw and it laughed us a harvest," there were very few weeds, no rats till a few years later when a little steamer came up the river after a freshet and left a few in Dixon; no diseases among stock or poultry, we lived on the fat of the land, and for clothing each put on what seemed best in his own eyes. How often have I laughed at the appearance presented by a Kentucky neighbor to whom I had given a very flowery dressing gown, frayed with much usage, to see him starting out on a hunt in this garb, supplemented by a coon skin cap with the long, barred tail hanging between his shoulders, a spotted fawn skin pouch, a long rifle and his bare feet, he could have given odds to Robinson Crusoe.

Another whose costume was very peculiar was a man named Dockhart, "who had got into a fuss down thar in Kaintucky" and shot a man and had then taken refuge in this cave of Adullam, where he was safe from pursuit. He was a simple, good-natured fellow, who recognized but one law, *lex talionis* of the Jews, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." He shunned the face of womankind, lived in a little cabin by himself,

carried on all his farming work unaided and was clothed in the skins of the animals he shot.

It was fortunate that after the prairie soil was once broken the land was so free from weeds and easy of cultivation, for the implements were of the simplest and rudest description, the plow a small light bar with wooden teeth, the forks, rakes and scythes were rather better, but the crowning iniquity was the grain cradle, a heavy clumsy affair with a blade about five feet long and hickory fingers made by native workmen—reapers, mowers, threshing machines were still in the future, the grass was cut with a scythe, raked by hand and stacked in the open air, barns being unknown. To thresh the grain the bundles were laid on the ground and trodden out by horses—then winnowed with a sieve, tho' some had a fanning mill which went the rounds, borrowed from farm to farm. The strong fibrous roots of the original prairie grass were very hard to plow through and the breaking was generally done by professional prairie breakers who turned the soil over with from four to six yoke of oxen, charging $3.00 per acre.

When broken from June to September the soil rotted very fast and made the richest seed bed for all kinds of plants. Thirty acres was considered a fair allowance for each able bodied man to work, twenty in corn and ten in small grain, the corn plowed three times in the row with a common bar plow; those from the south used the Kentucky "bull tongue," a clumsy single shovel.

One blacksmith did all the work of the settlement, mending plows, setting tires, sighting rifles and shoeing horses; but on the approach of winter, when alone the horses were shod, he was a busy man and it was well to be in his good graces, for we had to taketurns in coming to his shop, each furnished with iron for his own shoeing; for as he was only paid in trade he had no money to buy iron and he made his own charcoal. Jem Carley was the smith of that time, a most excellent and ingenious workman, turning all sorts of iron scraps into any desired shape; but a hard drinking, hard swearing, reckless fellow. He was assisted in his work by a poor, broken down creature by the name of Beach, who was the son of respectable parents in New York. He had received a fair education and the accounts which he kept for Carley were very neat and correct. His bloated face and shock of uncombed hair, covered by an old stove pipe hat through the crown of which some old newspapers generally protruded, was a familiar sight to all the old settlers. When Carley got drunk alone, which was rarely the case, he generally beat his wife and children, when he and Beach got drunk together they mauled

each other. On one occasion a young man named West was riding past Carley's house after dark and heard someone crying bitterly. Checking his horse he called out, "Who is that?" "It's me." "What's the matter?" "Pa's been beating me." "Come out here till I speak to you." It was Carley's daughter, a rustic belle among the young fellows who in a country like this were ready to see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. The result of the conversation was that she jumped up on horseback behind him and he took her to Levi Gaston's place where he left her for the night, passing her off in the darkness for a fugitive slave whom he wished to send on to Canada by the *underground railroad.* This was the more readily done, as light was scarce in those days, when a saucer of lard with a bit of cotton flannel for a wick was the general illuminator. The next morning West took her to Dixon, got the squire to make them one, and set up housekeeping in a canvas tent on the prairie, where he made a living by putting up hay.

Gaston was one of the original abolitionists at a time when to be one was anything but a title to public favor; ate no cane sugar made by the blood and sweat of negro slaves. A most kind hearted, upright man, to whom his neighbors of all parties and shades of belief gave a farewell banquet a few years ago when he was leaving us to make his home on the Pacific coast—a testimony of good will which I never remember any other Palmyran to have received.

We had a German shoemaker in the town, an excellent, industrious man who afterwards became a prosperous farmer. He was as hard put to it in his business as the smith. He has told me of working up old saddle skirts into half soles for shoes, of walking to Sterling to exchange a basket of eggs for a ball of shoe-thread. Some idea of what men went through with in those days may be gathered from the fact that he —William Mueller, told me he had fenced his claim of forty acres with rails all wheeled out on a wheelbarrow.

There was a meeting house at Gap Grove, but no regular religious services were held. The Rev. M. Thummel came occasionally from the southern part of the state and preached, principally to the Germans, and there were circuit riders who sometimes got up a revival. A number of us from the river attended one of these meetings from curiosity. The conductor of the ceremony was hidden in a deep pulpit, while those who had experienced religion were seated on a long bench in front. As each in turn would relate their experience he would pop up from the pulpit like a Jack-in-a-box and call "Now another!" It came to the turn of an elderly man who hesitated for some time and the preacher had to call

on him by name more than once, "Brother Bidwell will give his experience." At last slowly rising and scratching his head brother Bidwell said, "I'm kind of in a notch," and sat down. It was pathetic, however, to listen to the earnest simplicity with which some told of their struggles. But to our great surprise we saw on the anxious bench one of our own boon companions, Captain Whiting. He had been on a prolonged spree, in the course of which he had upset his wife and child from the sleigh he was driving—the child was killed and the mother injured. This had sobered him and in his remorse he had joined the church. On seeing us there he bawled out as if he was hailing the mast head, and shaking his fist at us, "come forrard here you chaps, don't be grinning there, and join us," which we declined. Poor fellow! he was a first-rate sailor and a man of considerable literary ability, wrote pretty good poetry and for some time edited a newspaper, but the demon of drink took possession of him as it did of very many others in that early day, when they were loosed from the restraints of society. He afterwards commanded "The Star of the West," when she was sent to the relief of Fort Sumter, and gained so much credit on that occasion that he was appointed consul to one of the South American republics, but at last he drifted into the Sailors' Snug Harbor, a refuge for destitue seamen on Staten Island, and there cut his throat in despair at his wasted abilities.

The Episcopal Bishop Chase, who founded Kenyon College in Ohio and a Jubilee College in this state, sometimes came up from his home at "Robin's Nest," and paid us a visit. Once in crossing the ferry at Dixon he expostulated with John Neimeyer, the well known ferryman, for charging a bishop for crossing the river. John's reply was "Is dot so, den show me your bapers."

Bishop Chase's foible was a horror of Rome. Visiting at the house of a friend of mine he said, "Mr. B., I would like to talk to your servants" and he went into the kitchen where were an old colored man named Brown and his daughter. Brown, said the bishop, I would like to hear you repeat a prayer. The old darkey, who had been born in slavery days in New Jersey, and been buffeted about afloat and ashore in many parts of the world, began to rattle off with tolerable fluency a singular travesty of the Pater Noster which some priest had tried to teach him. "Ah, Brown! Brown!" said the Bishop, "I fear you are in worse than Egyptian bondage." "Don't know nuffin bout Gipsun bondage, sah, but if him worse nor Jersey bondage, must be bad, sure nuff."

Most of the early settlers, particularly those from eastern states, took

up claims along the road leading from Dixon to Sterling, and about the Gap, bnt the two men who took the largest part in public affairs of the town were both Southerners, Squire Morgan, of Kentucky, and Squire Bethea of Tennessee. They both held all the different town offices from time to time. Harvey Morgan was still Squire after he moved to Dixon, where he died not many years ago. Squire Bethea was a man of little education and less pretention, but the people had perfect confidence in him; he had most of the qualities that make for the Kingdom of Heaven, and compromised more disputes than he ever tried cases. When the first school house was built about half way through Sugar Grove he was the first teacher in it.

Squire Tilton was also in the commission of peace for many years and showed considerable enterprise and public spirit. His wife was one of the earliest teachers in the Grove, but I believe Mrs. Michael Fellows was the first of all. It is said that on one occasion she was giving a lesson in geography and telling her class about the wonderful bell of Moscow, the number of tons it weighed. "By Jacks," said Martin Fender, one of her scholars, it must have took a powerful critter to tote such a bell as that!"

It is astonishing, I may say gratifying, to see how women's abilities and their rights to use them are being recognized in the present day; the highest seats of learning and the profession are being thrown open to them. Miss Philippa Fawcett, a daughter of the late Postmaster General of England, lately took a double first at the Oxford examination, surpassing all her male competitors; and as a general thing, in the college examinations of both countries, the honors seem pretty evenly divided. If they do not enjoy equal political rights with men they may console themselves with the knowledge that their influence at home has more weight in deciding an election than if they voted.

John Morse, was another old land mark of the town, honest and true. He was the first county treasurer, and afterward sheriff. One Christmas eve he joined a party of us who were celebrating the occasion, and fearing he would be rather a wet blanket, we tried various devices to get rid of him; untied his horse and then ran in to tell him it was loose, but he said it knew the way to the corn crib; asked if his wife wouldn't be uneasy, he was an old bachelor living alone in a little cabin; at last told him he would have to sing a song, tell a story or drink a glass of salt and water. He decided on telling a story, though he stuttered so as to be almost unintelligible "Down in York State," he said, "when father was a deacon in the church, I took a fancy one time to sing in the choir

where all the girls sang; I tried it two or three meetings and thought I was doing first rate, when one Sunday before meeting, the minister came to our house and said, "deacon Morse you will have to keep John out of the choir for the girls say he brays so load that it puts them all out and they'll leave if he don't." He was a man who regarded no man's attire, still less his own, and came to see me once in the New York custom house where I was temporarily employed, wearing the same old leather breeches by which he was known on the river. To be quite fair, I took him through crowded Wall street to see my brother in the bank of New York. He was on his way to California, where I believe he made a fortune in fruit trees.

Joseph Wilson, an old Brandywine miller, was the first to make flour for the settlement. The whole town turned out to assist him in putting up a log mill on Elkhorn creek, where he made excellent flour when there was water enough to turn the wheel, but many times the creek ran nearly dry, and then we had to take our grist often as far as Aurora on the Fox river, some forty miles.

A Swiss, named Obrist, had a small saw mill on Sugar creek, where after a heavy rain some sawing could be done, but generally all parts of a log house, and there were few others, were got out by hand. When a new settler came he would cut and haul together a sufficient number of logs for the size of the house he intended to build. He would then call his neighbors together, and every one within ten miles was a neighbor, to assist in putting up his house; four of the best axemen were stationed one at each corner to receive the logs as they were rolled up on skids, notch and saddle them so that they would rest firmly without rocking. When the logs were all up some one was chosen to break a bottle of whiskey over one corner and give the house a name. Generally Deacon Moore or Reuben Eastwood were asked to officiate, as they had the loudest voices and could be heard farther than any of the others. Free splitting timber was then rived into shakes for the roof and puncheons for the floor and door; the puncheons were sometimes dressed down with an adze, weight poles laid on the roof to keep the shakes in place. A chimney built, the fire place of logs notched together, and stone, the upper part of finely split sticks well daubed with clay—the crevices between the logs of the house chinked with pieces of wood and then daubed with clay and the house was complete, warm in winter, cool in summer, comfortable to live in.

Martin Richardson was generally the favorite axeman on these occasions, his corner was always the first up and his logs fitted snugger than

any others. He was a man about five feet five inches in height with a chest deep and broad as a giant's, his hair, the color of tow, stood out from his head like an immense mop. No brick redder than his face, no ivory whiter than his teeth. Born in Massachusetts, he had been taken as a child to Kentucky, and with the energy of the Yankee, he had the improvident liberality of the Southerners. He could do more work and raise better crops than any man in the country, his signature was a simple one. a cross. His early life had been passed as a flat-boat man down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. At a husking frolic his pile of corn was the biggest and his chorus in the negro song the loudest.

There was a mighty old goose sailing on the ocean
oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
I sent for my neighbors and ask 'em how to cook him.
oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
Tell him to bi'e him aad toss him in de oben
oh its
Nine weeks a biling and six weeks a roastin
oh its

Knife wouldn't cut him, fork wouldn't enter and so on. But he dearly loved a free fight where any one could take a hand in without animosity, but considered pistols and knives cowardly weapons. Did you never carry a pistol? I asked. "Never but once when Bush was postmaster and old man Kellogg, up to Buffalo, was his deputy; he was going to settle with him and was afraid he'd cut up rough, so nothing would do but I must go along with him and take a pistol. I never was so ashamed in my born days, the plaguy thing would keep a poking out of my pocket; I thought all the folks would see it but I had no occasion for it. Kellogg, he settled up peaceably." He had a little difficulty with a neighbor down in Kentucky which he thus described: "He and old man Boucher, father to Jack, had a falling out 'bout an ash kittle, and one day at a log rolling he jumped on to me with a knife. I just took him by the wrists and shook him till he dropped it and then I rolled him over. The boys all hollered to me to stomp him, but he was getting old so I jest got on Chat and rode down to Yallerbanks and sued him afore the squire." "And how did you come out?" I asked. "Oh! the lawyer he got the kittle." So, "The lawyer gets the kettle," passed into a proverb with us.

One of our money losing undertakings was the starting of a ferry at my place by subscription. Richardson was made ferryman. On one occasion when he was poling the boat and was at some little distance from shore, a young man named Heickus, thinking himself safe, began to abuse him. He jumped overboard and wading ashore ran Heickus down

and gave him several hearty cuffs. Cited before the squire he was fined $3, which he paid in court, "This," said the young fellow with a grin, as he put the money in his pocket, "will buy my wife a new dress." "Yes," said Martin, "and by ginger, the next time I catch you I'll clothe your whole family."

As I have already said, we bought a farm from C. B. Bush and in September, 1839, my brother, cousin and I took possession of the log house and began housekeeping. Having bought all of Bush's crops, stock, etc., we had the necessaries of life in superabundance; but it was all raw material, and how to convert it into food was the problem. Coming fresh from an artificial city life, we had none of the fertility of resource which is characteristic of most settlers in a new country. Like old man Sales, of Oates Spring, who ground his corn by attaching a heavy stone to a sort of well pole and pounding it against another partially hollowed stone; or the man Gov. Ford tells of in his history of Illinois, who one day when plowing corn had the misfortune to lose his horse's collar by the animal running away. After catching his horse again he pulled off his breeches and stuffing the legs with grass, hung it over the horse's neck for a collar and coolly went on with his plowing. Threshing wheat we gave up at once as out of the range of possibility with corn and potatoes it was simple enough, but the pork! How to butcher a hog? However, we shot a hog in the corn field, only wounding it; it ran to the house, we in pursuit, and finally succeeded in dispatching it with sticks and knives. We then tried to shave off the hair with a razor, which only ruined the razor, then we tried to burn it off and at last skinned it, when it presented the appearance of fine fat mutton. I became in time a sufficiently good butcher, but father and brother up to the time of their leaving the country never made a success and in their last attempt father was to hold the pig, and my brother to stick it; the former knelt on the pig and held it with one hand, shading his eyes from the bloody deed by holding up his hat in the other hand; my brother then—approaching cautiously and turning his head aside—made a desperate thrust with the knife, calling out, "let go!" With a fearful squeal the pig ran off and neither pig nor knife were ever seen again.

For bread we mixed together meal, salt and water, and toasted it before the fire on a shingle or shovel. There was no lack of potatoes, for having allowed those we bought from Bush to freeze in the ground, a sharp fellow came along one day and proposed I should buy his. "How many have you? I asked. "Oh, about three hundred bushels." "Will

those be enough for the large family I am expecting to come out?" "Yes, I guess so." I shall never forget the time it took to dig a hole big enough to contain those potatoes, nor the laughter of my better posted friends when I told them of the transaction. And this was only one instance among very many where our total ignorance of our new life was taken advantage of, and not only we, but all those who came here ignorant of farm life, spent all they had in gaining experience. But in spite of some privations of this kind, which young people make little account of, we were delighted with the life. In the summer the broad prairies were gay with beautiful flowers, wild fruit was abundant, plums, blackberries, and strawberries, wild crab apples and grapes made very good preserves, and there was no end to the game birds, prairie hens (pinnated grouse), pheasants (ruffled grouse), ducks of every kind, geese, brant, swans, pigeons, plover, curlews, woodcocks and snipe. Then there were numbers of deer, raccoons, rabbits, badgers, skunks and prairie wolves. The river abounded with fish and it was a favorite sport with us to spear them by torchlight, or sometimes through the ice. A hole was cut in the ice and darkened by hanging a blanket over it; under that the spear man would watch while others would beat on the ice above to set the fish in motion, which were struck as they came swimming sluggishly by. We shared in these sports with the Indians who came here to hunt in winter for two or three seasons after our arrival. They came in large bands with their squaws, pappooses and ponies. There was one Indian, Winnebago Jim we called him, who for many years came every summer to my place to hunt and beg. He brought his squaw and wretched little pappoose which his wife carried about wrapped in a blanket on her back, and while she made mats and baskets of rushes, Jim would paddle over to the island, hang his breeches in a tree and have a fine untrammeled time while hunting.

We often took fish in quantities with a seine—black bass, white perch, red horse, buffalo, pike, and sometimes that survivor of the Silurian sea, the worthless gar-fish. Sturgeons there were too, sometimes five feet in length and catfish of fifty pounds weight; these latter corned and smoked were very good, but the best were inferior to sea fish. Quantities of mussels afforded food to fish and muskrats. The red-horse, a species of sucker, feeds largely on them and at midsummer, when the river is low, a stranger would be puzzled to account for the constant thumping sound proceeding from it. This is caused by the red-horse beating on the shells to open them. Pearls are often found in these mussels, but of irregular shape and of little value.

But to take fish without hook or spear, net or poison, how? When the river rises with the June rains the fish, mostly pike or bass, run in close to the shore to feed at night; then a boat is paddled along as noiselessly as possible close to the banks; as it approaches, the fish—alarmed—rush for the deep water, but meeting the impediment of the boat try to jump over it, in which they seldom succeed, but falling in are captured. We had turtles too in the river—the soft shell, about the size of a dinner plate and very good eating, though troublesome to prepare, and the snapper. Both of them are very destructive to young ducks, swimming under them and pulling them noiselessly down. It is curious to see the mother duck when she begins to miss the young. Knowing but too well the cause, she rushes furiously back and forth beating the water with her wings and quacking loudly in dire distress, then hurriedly brings her brood ashore.

A new bird to us was the sand-hill-crane, sometimes called the the prairie turkey, but a very dry and tasteless one. It stands about three feet high, is of a pale straw color with a red stripe on the head. The bird has a curious habit of assembling in large flocks on moonlight nights on some knoll on the prairie, where they will dance around in a circle, like Macbeth's witches over their cauldron, uttering a curious grating cry. They are easily tamed. Scallan, the carpenter, had a tame one which he taught to dance with him. He would say "Come Sandy," and waving a cornstalk in time they would prance around together. His tenant, McGraw, fearing Sandy's assault on his little boy's eye's, cut his head off. The prairie wolves were very numerous, cunning and extremely bold. They would sometimes come right up to the house in broad daylight and kill poultry, young pigs, lambs, etc., not only to eat but from a love of slaughter. I once counted thirteen ducks killed at regular distances between the house and cornfield just as the wolf had overtaken them. On another occasion thirty-two well grown turkeys were killed in a night—one bite across the neck finished them. Woe betide the cow which calved out, she was sure to lose her young. The wolves generally hunted in pairs; one would come close to the house at night, give a few yelps, when the mongrel, puppy, cur or hound would be out and after him in full cry; then his mate would steal up and carry off a pig or lamb. One morning early, looking over the river, I saw a wolf, evidently on picket duty, trotting along the high bank, while lower down was another driving a good sized shoat before him. When the pig stopped or tried to turn the wolf would run in and give him a nip, when piggy would squeal and go on lamenting. So they drove him over the

i e to an island, when we ran over, and giving an unsuccessful shot at the thieves, saved the pig.

The first winter when we moved into our log house our nearest neighbors were a family of Kentuckians in which were five brothers. They soon came to pay us a visit, walking along in Indian file, the eldest with a long rifle over his shoulder. They stalked in, formed a semi-circle around the fire and stared at me, and everything in the room. I in turn stared at them. Had they been beings from another planet I could not have been more at loss what to say to them. They marched out as silently as they came in. As time went on I was constantly thrown in with the young men and always found them most obliging, regardless of gain. They could neither read nor write, "swore like our army in Flanders," yet were always particular in avoiding foul, indecent language. There was an innate delicacy in many respects about them which was truly remarkable and at the table they watched with close attention lest they should make any mistake. The eldest on one occasion seeing a man dip his bread in the dish said, "Uncle Ed, if you want some of that gravy I'll help you with a spoon." "Why, Kernel," he replied, "I didn't know you minded, down in York state I paid two bits extra for the privilege." The York Staters from the Erie canal were dreadful.

The "Kernel," as he was called, had an intense craving for education and at last succeeded in learning to read and write and he was appointed a school director. His notice to the people of the district I kept for many years as a model of composition and orthography. He was "full of wise saws and modern instances" as Sancho Panza, and when told that "a rolling stone gathered no moss" retorted with "a setting goose don't git no new feathers." On hearing of Columbus making the egg stand on its end, took all point out of the anecdote by saying, "Why that's no trick at all," and to the surprise of those present proceeded to stand an egg on its end without, like Columbus, having recourse to cracking it.

These traits of character I have been attempting to describe, I met with very frequently among "the poor white trash" of the South, arising I think from the consciousness of belonging to a superior race to the negroes by whom they were surrounded. They have now all disappeared, there was no room for them here when the great rush for immigration set in with the railroads, bringing a horde of toiling, saving, grasping foreigners, better calculated perhaps to develope the resources of the country but very far from as pleasant to live among. With them have

come the rats, the weeds, the overproduction, the low prices and the survival of the fittest.

Elkanah B. Bush, from whom we bought our claim, was also a Kentuckian, higher in the social scale than those I have been describing, but equally improvident; in fact, prudence and economy seem to be a matter of climate and soil, those from a mild climate and fruitful soil being generally careless and improvident, while those from a cold climate and thin soil are prudent and saving. The sum Bush received from his claim, crops, etc., seemed an immense one to him and he was perplexed how to dispose of it, so he bought some medical works and began to study for a doctor. When he thought he was pretty well posted he went down to Peoria, and laying in a big supply of drugs, began to practice his new profession in Elkhorn Grove, but after one patient had died and he had nearly poisoned two or three others he got scared, and giving up medicine, put what was left of his money in an oil and saw mill. He offered us one dollar a bushel for castor beans and the same for flax seed. This seemed immense and many of us went into it. He, too, rented ground and planted largely. The flax grew finely, when ripe we cradled and bound it and then proceeded to thresh it as we did wheat or oats by laying it on the ground and then tramping it with horses; but so it was that when the horses had made a few rounds they tramped the bundles into ropes which became entangled with their legs and moved the whole mass. We couldn't fork nor handle it in any way, and so gave it up. The castor beans grew equally well but they were in all stages from the blossom to the ripe bean, which kept popping and flying about in all directions. The beans being tempting in taste and appearance were eaten by children, who required no further dosing that summer: but this was the only use made of them, for we could not dispose of the few that were saved as Bush's money gave out and no one else wanted them. For his saw mill speculation he had taken "the Kernal" as a partner, whose contribution to the partnership consisted of his skill as an axeman, for those were days when "a man was famous according as he lifted up the axe on the thick trees," and a colt valued at thirty dollars. To celebrate this great era in their lives and the promotion of their brother all the Kentucks combined to buy a jug of molasses, drank molasses and water and fired their rifles all day. When the inevitable collapse came the Kernel, never having studied commercial law, only saw that he had lost his horse and his time, so he sued Bush for wages. In those days lawyers were at a discount as too expensive luxuries for common folk, and suits were generally left to three umpires, who almost invari-

ably divided the thing between the parties, which is perhaps the fairest way after all. In this case "the three men," as they were called, gave the plaintiff half wages. Poor "Kernel," he went to Fulton, where he was made a constable, wore store clothes and a gold watch, had a little brief prosperity, but died in the poorhouse.

We had may transient visitors who would stay for a time and go on. Among these was a young man named Budd, the son of Lieut. Budd, who was killed with Captain Lawrence in the Chesapeake at the time of the celebrated engagement of the Chesapeake and Shannon. Budd stayed with me for some time. I learned that after being married little more than a year he had lost his wife and child. In his melancholy musings he would wander about the country at night, and finally went down the river in a small boat. Not long after I got a letter from him, dated at Rock Island, saying he had been arrested there for the murder of Major Davenport, and wishing me to do something for him. It appeared that this Davenport, an old Indian trader, lived on an island, called by his name at the mouth of Rock River. He was reputed to be wealthy. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1845, his family had left him alone in the house while they went over to the main land to take part in the celebration of the day, and on their return at night had found the dead body of the Major, and the house robbed.

Budd had often been seen wandering about the island at night and had been in the habit of buying provisions in the town and taking them to his camp up the river, where he was supposed to have accomplices. When the people heard of the murder the whole town was in commotion. Budd was at once suspected, and learning that he had been seen leaving the town that morning, armed bodies went in pursuit of him and he would certainly have been lynched had he not returned unperceived, given himself up to the sheriff and was put in jail. All my efforts in his behalf were of no use to him; public opinion was so strong against him. He lay for some months in jail and might have been executed had not a detective caught a man on a lake steamer with the Major's watch in his possession, which led to the capture of the gang and Budd's acquittal. It was not safe in those days to be melancholy or mysterious.

In that early day we had only a weekly mail from the east, which came in on Saturday by Winter's, and afterward by Foinck & Walker's stages. All who expected letters went to Dixon that day for the mail; first to the postoffice and then to the hole-in-the-wall, a log saloon, afterward used by Lorenzo Wood to store his woolen goods and later pulled down by Bovey for his lumber yard. Here we met all of our acquaintan-

tances. Every one was called on to drink; a bargain was always sealed by a drink, an introduction to a stranger followed by a drink; on a journey or in the harvest field, it was the same thing. Any excuse was sufficient to call for a drink and to refuse was to give mortal offense, there were very few scruples to a dram in that day A very singular custom it seemed to us who had never been accustomed to wines or liquors except at the dinner table, never before eating, while here it was considered a sufficient excuse sometimes to say "thank you, but I've just eat." The drink was pure corn juice distilled by Fred Dutcher, too cheap to be adulterated, for a bushel of corn, value ten cents, would buy a gallon of whiskey and little else.

Here, then, we met everyone from all parts of the country, except our farming friends from the Sugar Grove road, and a curious assortment it was. There was one, Lem Paul, known to be a regular highwayman, and that he laid in wait to rob John Dixon on his way up from Peoria with funds to pay the workmen employed on the canal at the Sterling rapids. Mr. Dixon got a hint of it and came another way. Paul lived on unmolested in Dixon till he severely wounded Crowell with an axe, when he was driven out of the town and took up his abode in Copper Harbor. There he was shot in the arm in a fight and his arm broken, he advised the man who fired at him to shoot and kill him or he would certainly kill him as soon as his arm was well. This the other declined to do, but Paul was as good as his word, and lying in wait for him at the spring, shot him as he came for a pail of water and then took refuge in the Indian nation, that Alsatia of outlaws.

Another noted character throughout the country was Billy Rogers, a tall, good looking man, always well dressed. It was said he had belonged to a noted band of outlaws on the Mississippi and he was known to have been the only gambler who escaped from the people of Natchez when they made their great raid on the gambling houses "under the hill." Billy cut his way through the crowd with his bowie knife, and swimming the Mississippi, escaped. He was a gambler by profession, and "as wild a mannered man as ever cut a throat," still his jovial temper and generous dispositien made him a general favorite. On one occasion, as he was just starting on a contract to remove the Indians west of the Mississippi, the stage was surrounded by the sheriff with a posse to take Billy on some debt. Drawing a pistol he said to the sheriff, "Morse, I know there are enough of you to take me, but you know I'm good for you first; now if you will make no fuss but let me go and carry out my contract I'll pay when I come back." The sheriff knowing Billy's word to be good both ways let

him go. Some years after this I was on the grand jury when Billy was indicted for gambling, keeping a quino table. Hearing of what was going on he came into the jury room and in answer to questions from different members of the jury, gave a full account of his mode of life, how much he made yearly by gambling, and wound up by inviting all the members of the jury to his saloon where he would teach them how to play quino, and treat them besides, free. When the California fever broke out he went to that state, was elected sheriff of Eldorada county; and in the Piute war was ex-officer in command of the armed force of that county; tho' he could neither read or write he made a very efficient officer.

In this Indian war a Dixon man, Major Hutchinson McKinney, was killed in a singular manner. He was on horseback running an Indian down, and catching at his scalp lock when the Indian, who had lost his bow, turned suddenly and stabbed him to the heart with an arrow, he held in his hand. The major had life enough left to knock him down with his pistol and other soldiers coming up, finished him.

William Graham, the pioneer of our colony in Palmyra, held a commission as a major in this war. He died at the mines at Philipsburg, Montana, in 1878. Billy Rogers, too, "Life's fitful fever past," died peaceably in his bed not many years ago.

Another constant visitor to the Hole-in-the-Wall was Henry Truett, who had killed a Doctor Early, the editor of a paper down the river while he sat writing at his desk with his back to him. Mr. Craig, an old Irish gentlemen who had accompanied Capt. Graham to the west, was introduced to Truett in the saloon, but didn't catch the name. "Who was that you introduced me to, Billy?" he asked. "Oh! that is Truett, Truett the murderer." "A murderer! God bless me! Bring me some water," and he kept on vociferating for water and exclaiming "God bless me!" till a basin was brought, when he carefully washed the murderous taint from his hands in presence of an admiring crowd. Truett's brother, Myers Truett, was in after years one ef the most prominent members of the vigilance committee in San Francisco and is often mentioned by General Sherman in his account of early days in California.

Our whole family reached Rock River in the spring of 1840, and were at first delighted with the country when they only experienced the minor discomforts common to all new countries, nor did they suffer from three plagues which made life for a time a burthen to most of the newcomers—fleas, prairie itch and boils. In June the country is always lovely, there was no savagery in the flower studded prairie or the rich green of the

groves, but a deadly enemy lurked beneath all this beauty, "*latet anguis in herba.*" The snake in the grass was the intermittent fever which that year generally assumed a congestive type. Many died of it and in most cases while the fever was on the patient was delirious. There were scarcely enough of those who escaped the fever to give a glass of water to the sick. One of the children died here, another soon after in New York, whither my mother had fled as soon as she could get away, taking all the younger children. The golden hopes which had lured us here had all died out. The state had become bankrupt, produce was unsalable, and the future looked very dark. We had put in large crops which had grown as they only do in a new country, but with the harvest came the fever. We had a large tent raised in the field with a table spread with cold meat, rum, whiskey, iced waters, etc., which was undoubtedly appreciated by the few harvesters we succeeded in hiring, for they spent a good part of the time in it; but they too got sick and the cradled grain lay unbound in the harvest field until cool weather, when, owing to a very dry fall, we succeeded in saving some of it, tramping it out with horses.

In the course of a few years I was the only member of the family who remained here and there were very few representatives left of the many others of the New York colony. By degrees I drifted into a farmer's life, in which if there was little profit there was little care. Our principal crop was wheat, on which we depended for some indispensable cash. Up to 1846 or '47 it was almost entirely winter wheat of the finest quality, after that time it became uncertain on the prairie soil and spring wheat was substituted. We reared no cattle except for our own use. A little dressed pork was sometimes sold through the winter in Chicago or to the miners in Galena—an occasional load of oats to the stage company in Dixon or the towns on the Illinois river. Corn remained unsalable. Through August and September there would be a long string of teams going in to Chicago with wheat, through clouds of blinding, choking dust; the wheat generally sold at 50 and 60 cents. On these long drives, requiring a week or ten days to accomplish, the load was seldom more than twenty-five bushels, as there were no bridges over sloughs or rivers. With the wheat was taken food for man and beast, a scythe to cut grass by the way, an axe and auger for repairs if needed.

On looking back to those days it is a matter of great surprise to me that those who were "to the manor born" farmers from their youth up did not make any use of the great advantages the country afforded for the cheap production of wool, beef and pork. There was a boundless range of the finest grass in the world, unlimited for grazing or making

hay, corn at 10 cents per bushel, bran was thrown into the race to get it out of the way.

From Chicago to New York by the lakes and Erie canal freight was only one dollar per hundred pounds. Yet the only attempt made in this direction was that of Mr. John Shillaber, an old China merchant who came here in 1844, secured a large track of fine land at a nominal price, stocked it with Paular Merinos, the best sheep of that day, got Scotch shepherds, collie dogs and all things necessary, and in about five years failed utterly and entirely and the lawyers were picking his bones. His mistakes most likely were: An investment of the whole of his capital in the venture, the immediate instead of a gradual stocking with high priced sheep, some side issues of several acres in grapes, apples, etc., too much hired help. To the inexperienced putting money in a farm is like putting manure on a gravelly soil—it leaches through and leaves no trace. Had he been a horny-handed son of the soil, with experience as well as money, he would most likely have made a splendid success, but Mr. Shillaber had to buy experience at the cost of all he possessed.

About one of the toughest labors of Hercules was his combat with the giant, Anteus, a son of the soil, who so often as he was thrown gained fresh vigor to continue the struggle by contact with his mother earth; and it was only by holding him aloft and strangling him that Hercules overcame him. Sons of the soil have not changed since the days of Hercules; taken on their native heath they are hard to beat. All of which goes to prove the truth of the old proverb, "*Ne sutor untra crepidam.*"—"Shoemaker stick to your last."

In 1848 we got our first reaper; in that year, too, a small trade commenced in steers, which, with choice cows, sold from $12.00 to $45.00. These steers were driven into Ohio, wintered and fattened there, and then driven to the seaboard markets.

Settlers came in slowly, nor was there much improvement in the price of land or produce until 1854, when the railway was completed from Chicago to Dixon and crowds of immigrants rushed in. Land went up in leaps and bounds, three, four, five hundred per cent. The treeless prairies, which we thought uninhabitable, were quickly seized and settled; plenty of coal and lumber coming in on the railroad. To feed this multitude produce of all kinds went up to high prices, corn to 65 cents per bushel, and at this price many of those who came first paid for their land with a single crop. But this was only a tidal wave, and receded with the railways as they went west, bringing in produce from newer and cheaper land. All prices continued to decline except that of land.

The name Palmyra by which our town is called, though suggestive of waving palms and "spicy gales from Araby the blest," was given to it I think after the township organization was adopted by one of our early settlers, Fred Coe I believe, after a town of the same name in the state of New York. It contains the village of Prairieville, where is a fine church, built I believe mainly by Lutherans. There is also a very good graded school and on the grounds a monument to those Palmyra volunteers who died in the Union cause.

JOHN THARP LAWRENCE.

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An Early School.

IN response to an invitation Mrs. L. A. Ramsay, of Whiteside County, Ill., who taught a select school for girls in Dixon in 1842 sends the following:

"My first summer in the far West, fifty years ago, was spent in Dixon —then called Dixon's Ferry. It was a little village on the south bank of Rock River and straggling out a little way among the sand hills. An unpainted schoolhouse, the Court House and Land Office were its public buildings; three hotels, one called "Stage House," which accommodated travelers "Westward Ho!" three stores of general merchandise, a few mechanics' shops, some comfortable houses and a fair showing of good and agreeable people comprised the rudiments of what is now styled the city of Dixon. A Methodist Church was already established—the congregation meeting in the Court House on the Sabbath day. The minister was Rev. Philo Judson. The teacher of the public school was Miss Curtis. A select school for girls (Miss Church, teacher) was conducted in a small room of a dwelling-house a little west of the road leading to the ferry. The pupils were Mabel Nash, Ophelia Loveland, Ann Whitney, Libbie Ayers, Susanna Clute, Libbie Hawley, Harriet Whitmore, Helen Judson, Libbie Dixon, Jane Ann Herrick, Elizabeth Judson, Marianna Hogan, Harriet Edson, Abbie Murray, Susan Murray, Sybil Van Arnam, Frankie Noble, Jane Richards, Libbie McKenney, Henrietta Dixon, Mary Pratt and Adeline Gray, and a few others whose names I cannot now recall. All were interesting girls—wish I knew the subsequent history of each.

"While thinking and writing of the past many glimpses of the long ago are presented—among them I recall one picture in Dixon cemetery which I have never seen duplicated—'Tis only a baby's grave, covered as with a blanket of tri-colored violets, sometimes called forget-me-nots. 'Tis nearly square and scarcely raised above the level of surrounding sand—prepared by the father for his motherless boy. No piles of marble or granite ever impressed me half so much, though I never saw either of them and knew nothing about them but the name."

The old dwelling referred to stood where the express office is now located. It was then occupied by Mr. Wynkoop's family. The teacher remembers, as do some of her pupils, a certain sleighride in which her fine new winter bonnet fared badly; they were overturned in a huge drift and it was found at the bottom of the pile. But, though, like truth, it was "crushed to earth," it "rose again," but never to its former glory. Upon another occasion she remembered of going to a party at Gov. Charter's with a merry crowd in an ox-wagon, with E. B. Stiles for driver.

L. A. RAMSAY.

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MRS. SARAH JOHNSON.

Pioneers of Palmyra.

PALMYRA was originally settled by an adventurous race of pioneers, the great majority being of New York or New England descent. They made long and toilsome journeys from their "storm and rock bound coasts," or the inhospitable soil of their pine-clad hills, to follow the course of empire, that they and their posterity might enjoy a grand heritage which had been denied them in the land of their nativity. We, their descendants, who are enjoying the fruits of their sacrifices, gladly avail ourselves of the privilege of paying a tribute to their virtues. Not many of this heroic band remain, a few veterans still linger on the stage, but alas! most of them lie beneath "the low, green tent, whose curtain never outward swings."

The first settlement was begun in the spring of 1834, by old Mr. Morgan and his sons, Harvey and John, and Benjamin Stewart. who settled in the south side of the grove, known as the Gap. They were followed in the autumn by John H. Page and wife, and Stephen Fellows, with a large family.

The following spring, 1835, new accessions were made. W. W. Bethea, Absalom Fender, with a large family, Capt. Oliver Hubbard, a numerous family of Gastons, Smith Gilbraith, William T. and and Elkanah Bush, Daniel Beardsley, old Mr. Thomas and sons, Enoch and Noah, Daniel O'Brist, Nathan Morehouse, Jeff Harris, Anson Thummel, brother of Rev. C. B. Thummel, James Power and sons, Thomas and Jeptha. From 1836 to 1845 large additions were made to the infant settlement, most of the following being well known families: John C. Oliver, Noah Beede, Abijah Powers, Frederic and Henry Coe, Walter Rogers, Reuben Eastwood, William Myers, (afterward known as the "Prophet"), Hiram Parks, W. W. Tilton, Timothy Butler, Hugh Graham, John T. Lawrence, John Lawrence, Abner Moon, John Lord and son, John L., Jarves N., and David Holly, Wm. Martin and nephews. James, Jacob and Tyler Martin, Cypt. Jonas M. Johnson and sons, William Y, and Morris, with families, and son-in-law, Eben H. Johnson and wife, Joshua Seavey and sons, Jesse

and Winthrop, Joshua Marden and son, William, Albert and John Jenness, Harvey E. Johnson, Charles and Dana Columbia, Levi Briggs and father, Thomas Monk, Wm. and John Benjamin, Truxton and Lemuel Sweeney, John and Joseph Thompson, John Norris, Wm. and Lockwood Harris, Wm. Burger, Wm. Stackpole, Rev. Wm. Gates, James Gates, Wm. Ayers, Thos. Ayers, L. Deyo, E. Deyo, Col. Leman Mason and sons, Sterne, Volney and Rodney, Moses Warner and sons, Henry Moses and George, Major Sterling, Henry and Gustavus Sartorius, Nehemiah, Wm., Fletcher and Morris Hutton, Abram O'brist, Martin Blair, Wesley Atkinson, Thomas and Moses Scallion, John Carley, —— Hardin, —— Beach, —— Tomlin, Martin Richardson, Benjamin Gates, Mathias Schick, Anton Harms, Charles A. Becker, Henry Miller, Becker Miller, Mr. Curtis, Martin and Wm. Brauer, Wm. Miller, John Morse. Nearly all of the earlier arrivals settled in the groves until they could secure claims from the government and build thereon. They were thus saved many hardships, fuel being close at hand and free to all and shelter afforded from the blasts of winter.

Plenty of wild game abounded, furnishing a supply for the larder. Wild fruit was also in abundance, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, grapes, plums, crab-apples, etc. Some families made sugar and syrup by boiling the sap from the fine maple trees for which Sugar Grove is noted. We learn that this custom was in vogue among the Indians when settlers arrived in 1834. Fine springs of water existed in various places, one of the best known being upon Frederic Coe's farm, near Sugar Creek. This was a general resort for many years. A peculiar contrivance, shaped like a harrow, with boards nailed across, wide enough to hold two barrels, and to which a horse was attached, furnished the motive power for the household supply. This was called in local phrase, a "lizard." At a later day, one well is said to have been used by fifteen families, some of them living two miles away.

In those primitive days nearly everybody went to church, and from other motives than display of dress or fine equipage, it is to be presumed. People rode in lumber wagons for a long time before anything better could be afforded. Many of the older people had chairs put in for their accommodation. A few came in vehicles drawn by oxen, which were chained to trees in the grove near by, during service. A member of one quite prominent family conveyed his household to hear the gospel in a wagon, the wheels of which were sawed out of solid blocks of wood. It is said the creaking and groaning of that vehicle was something unearthly and could be heard a mile or more away. It is safe to assume that one family, at least, was always on time.

A good deal of sickness prevailed until the country was well settled, fevers and ague being the principal complaints. It was supposed to have been caused by the poisonous vapors arising from the freshly turned prairie sod. All distinction was leveled in those days; the common "brotherhood of man" found its noblest expression during that trying period. Men proved the most devoted of nurses and many a friendship was cemented thereby which endured throughout a life time.

It is hard for us to realize how the country appeared in those early days, when the road from Dixon's Ferry to Gap Grove was a mere trail winding in and out where it was most convenient. A double log house stood in front of John Lord's residence, where the road now runs. One side was occupied by Smith Gilbraith's family. One of the earliest pioneer women, now deceased, remembered seeing a large Indian encampment, covering the hill where now stands the house upon Miss J. A. Johnson's farm. The red men selected the site on account of a fine spring of water which was a great resort for thirsty travelers for many years.

One day a party of them called at her father's when starting out on a hunting expedition. They first peered in at a window, as was their invariable custom, and upon entering took an original method to beg for food—their commissary-general producing a roasted cat from an old leathern bag strapped to his waist, over which they had spared themselves the trouble of dressing. A broad grin was on every face as he went through the pantomime of pointing to the unfortunate feline and from thence to his mouth.

The first public burial ground was upon Capt. Fellows' place, now owned by Miss J. A. Johnson. It was situated on the south side of the road on the hill east of the barn. Some of the early interments were Dan Beardsly in 1839, 'Squire Bethea's wife and three children, Capt. S. Fellows' two daughters (Margaret and Mrs. Allen, who died in 1836), and a Mr. Gee, for whom "Gee's Grove," northeast of Woosung, was named. It was not very much used after the cemetery at Gap Grove was established. Most of the remains were re-interred at that place, though quite a number found a final rest in the Sugar Grove burying ground less than twenty years ago.

Previous to this, burials were upon private grounds. There were two graves upon the Power's place at Gap Grove. One was upon the hillside east of the barn, of whose tenant even the very memory has perished. The other was that of a stranger who came up from Kentucky on horseback and died of what was supposed to be Asiatic cholera, the night of

his arrival. His friends never knew his fate. He was buried in the orchard near the road. The picket fence surrounding his grave was a familiar landmark for many years.

The cemetery at Gap Grove was located in 1840, the new church being completed that spring. The first interment was that of Capt. Fellows Feb. 8, 1840. It was once a beautiful spot, but now sadly gone to decay. It was partially restored about twenty years since, a new fence being built and undergrowth removed. It is situated midway between two fine groves, commanding a good view of Rock River and grand scenery beyond. A son of one of the pioneers from an eastern state, who visited his parents' graves at an early day at that place, upon his return home wrote an elegy, from which we make the following selection:

Crowning that loveliest prairie swell
With wide old woods on either hand,
Are humble graves, where slumber well
The earlier Fathers of the land;
The bold, adventurous pioneers
Who here cast down their weight of years.

Men of stout hearts and willing hands,
Who years ago "Ho! Westward!" passed,
Fortunes to win in rich, broad lands,
These narrow claims laid sure at last
And spite of codes, or settlers' law,
Their titles hold, without a flaw.

Speak low—tread softly; here repose
Heroes, whose praise should never cease.
Not leaders of invading foes,
But of the mightier hosts of peace,
They came; and noblest conquests made
With furrowing plow and trenching spade.

Stay—haste not hence, but look abroad,
And this vast landscape grasp and scan,
This loveliest of the works of God,
The Paradise restored to man—
None fairer shall the eye explore,
Though thrice our orb be circled o'er.

Look southward, where Rock River flows
With shining current fresh and free;
Through rolling prairies, whose green rows
Rise, like long swells upon the sea;
And far beyond, this expanse o'er,
Wave groves upon the outer shore.

Turn northward now, and here behold
Where Plenty, ceaseless, pours her horn
More bounteous than the dream of old,
Palmyra's matchless fields of corn;
Stretching away, with scarce a bound,
Their tall pikes hem the view around.

And right and left, the green old grove
Of stalwart trees, where cool streams run,
And herds from unfenced pastures rove,
And shelter seek from storm and sun;
To these the heart all fondly clings
As pilgrims to the desert springs.

And meet it is, these men of toil—
The goal of their long journey won—
Should slumber in the generous soil,
Their tasks of life all nobly done;
And in the spot they loved the best,
Be gathered to their final rest,

For Earth, kind mother, loves that band
Who dress her fields, and fence and plow,
And sow and gather from her land,
And eat her bread with moistoned brow—
The faithful to that first behest,
She folds more kindly to her breast.

And none more faithful toiled than him
Whose unstained memory I would fain
Wrest from oblivion, cold and dim,
With numbers of a worthier strain;
But ah, this harp but lethe brings
For grief bears heavy on its strings.

Like all true Americans our ancestors soon established schools. Mrs. Hubbard, afterwards the wife of W. W. Tilton, taught young children in her own house at an early day. A private school was also conducted at the Fender place (now owned by James Sneed) by Wm. Y. Johnson.

A private school was also taught at Prairieville in an upper room of a house by Levi Gaston. A rough building, never finished, which stood halfway between Gap Grove and the old Fender homestead, was used at least two winters for school purposes, W. W. Bethea being the pedagogue. But the true historic building was the old log school house, standing on the southwest corner of John H. Page's field (now owned by Mr. Selig.) It was near the forks of the road and surrounded by a locust grove. There the children of the pioneers learned the alphabet and "the three R's," at

least, before better accommodations were afforded. Many of those pupils have since become distinguished in various walks of life, as ministers of the gospel, educators, physicians, legislators, newspaper writers and managers of large business enterprises.

We learn from an old letter, written by a pioneer lady in January, 1845, that the school numbered nearly fifty pupils. Some of the early teachers were the following: Wm. Y. Johnson (afterward an Episcopal clergymen), John Norris, Emeline Dodd (afterward his wife), Abigail Norris (a sister who married Noah Thomas), Sarah Badger (a sister of the Amboy Badgers), and Calista Mason, daughter of Col. Leman Mason and subsequently the wife of Morris Johnson. This lady is now living in Colorado and recalls the circumstance of teaching the future president of the Anglo-Swiss Milk Condensing Co., Geo. H. Page, his a-b-c's.

As the country increased in wealth and population frame buildings for school purposes were erected in several districts. The one at Gap Grove stood across the road from Mrs. Hutton's house. The one at Sugar Grove was probably built in 1847. It was located near the site of the present church and school edifice. It was severely plain, unpainted, unfenced and destitute of shade. Simplicity also reigned within. The high-backed benches, with their ungainly desks, separated by aiseles, were elevated from one to two feet or more above the floor, sloping down an inclined plane, and were marvels of ugliness. Not a map adorned the walls nor was any apparatus furnished, with the exception of a blackboard. There was not even a bell to summon the pupils from their play, the teacher having to rap on a window with a book or ferule. In the year 1857-8 a brick church with basement for school purposes was built near the old site.

A phonetic school was taught at Gap Grove in early days by Rev. A. B. Pikard, a Methodist minister from Mt. Morris. His son taught the system at the same time in the little log school house standing near John Lord's residence. The former is living at an advanced age at Canon City, Colorado, and still advocates his hobby. His son is a wealthy capitalist of Denver.

A famous school which "rose, flourished and fell" was taught by the Judd brothers in the old "Hall" at Gap Grove. It was for advanced students and was attended by large numbers, many from a distance coming on horseback. The old building is still standing and is one of the landmarks deserving notice, having served in the somewhat varied capacities of a steam saw mill, dwelling, schoolroom, church and ballroom, in addition to all other purposes for which a town hall is generally used. Could

the old walls speak they would tell of many scenes of revelry in which two generations participated in the days when their motto was "Let joy be unconfined."

A Campbellite minister once carried on a successful revival there during the Judd regime. Their converts were quite often taken down to the river at midnight and baptized.

There was much travel during early times, consequently taverns were quite numerous. One was kept by Capt. Fellows at the Peck place and another by John C. Oliver near by at the Hughes farm. Travelers were rarely refused lodgings at that period, hospitality being accounted one of the cardinal virtues in the pioneer's creed. To use a homely phrase, "the latchstring was always out" to all who stood in need.

The times have sadly degenerated since that era. Prosperity sometimes tries people more than adversity. Blacksmith shops were plenty, there being no less than four. James Carley was the pioneer in the business—his shop standing a little west of Mrs. John Lawrence's residence. He was assisted in his labors by a man named Beach, a slave to strong drink, who belonged to a family of high standing in an eastern city. He was an expert penman, keeping the accounts in a neat manner. John Lord's shop was started in 1841—his son, John L. Lord, acquiring the property twelve years later. Matthias Selrick's establishment dated from 1843 at Prairieville. Another accommodated the people on the north side of the grove, being operated by Charles Columbia in a log house just across the road from Reuben Eastwood's dwelling (now owned by Theodore Wilson. This was subsequently removed across Sugar Creek to the Columbia farm (the McLary place) and the business carried on by a brother, Dana Columbia, for many years. There were four shoemakers, at least, three of whom plied their vocation during the winter months. Flax was raised, prepared and spun for shoe thread and other uses upon the little wheels which are such a curiosity to the rising generation. A grist mill was built upon the Elkhorn and run many years by a Quaker, "Uncle Josey Wilson," as he was generally called. His flour, made from winter wheat, it is said, could not be excelled. Sawmills were established both on the Elkhorn and Sugar creeks.

Usually farmers made three or four trips to Chicago during the year, carrying wheat, pork, etc. Provisions were usually taken along, also horse-feed. "Tripp's Tavern" at Malugin's Grove was a favorite stopping place, being about midway on the journey. Corduroy roads often had to be made over swampy ground by laying down fence-rails. Frequently the sacks of grain had to be conveyed on the backs of the owners across

the dangerous places. Evidently our forefathers never for once imagined they were having a holiday excursion upon those occasions. The stay in the city was as brief as business would admit: sometimes a load of lumber, shingles and other building material would be purchased and brought back or a large supply of groceries laid in, neighbors co-operating for the purpose. If there was room passengers with their trunks would be brought to Dixon It was always a joyful time for the children when they discovered the long-watched-for wagon returning and were later permitted to sample the contents of certain packages. Probably no apples they ever tasted afterward had near so fine a flavor as those which came to them from the great city by the lake.

Pioneer days were not all filled with the dull routine of care; singing schools, revival meetings, spelling contests, etc., varied the monotony. Occasionally, many of the "F. F's" would "thread the giddy mazes of the dance" or indulge in the amusement of a charivari. Concerning the latter tradition has handed down the following: A large proportion of the staid citizens of the little community at Sugar Grove met one evening at the house of a prominent resident where a newly married couple was supposed to be staying. The usual "concourse of sweet sounds" was evoked and various pranks played--one leading spitit, who afterward balanced the scales of even-handed justice for many years, being reputed to have climbed the roof and executed a song and dance movement thereon, beginning with "my old daddy had a gun," etc. After two hours of the din the proprietor of the besciged castle, a brother of the bride, by the way, appeared upon the scene and quietly informed the merry-makers that they had been "barking up the wrong tree," as the bridal party was at least ten miles away, as it afterward proved.

Singing schools were held, both at the Gap and Sugar Grove by a famous teacher, one Durgen. They were numerously attended for several winters. Spelling schools were quite popular also, more attention being paid to orthography than at present. Sides would be chosen and a "spelling-down" contest would ensue until only one combatant was master of the field. The sole method of illumination of those "dark ages" was by candle power. Families were expected to furnish their quota of "tallow dips" upon such occasions. They were arranged in sockets at intervals upon the walls and quite often in their last stages would drop unctuous favors upon the unlucky being underneath. School papers would sometimes be read, always enlivened with items of a decidedly personal nature. Illuminating oil in lamps for school use at Sugar Grove was employed about 1857. The fluid first in use was camphene.

Notices for evening meetings would be given out, sometimes from the pulpit, to convene "at early candle light," meaning at an early hour.

Sunday schools were quite well attended during pleasant weather, though the system in vogue of requiring children to commit verses to memory and the lack of attractive literature was not well calculated to draw pupils. Bible classes for elderly people were then unknown. Prizes were frequently offered to the two scholars who would commit the most verses to memory—bibles and testaments being the usual awards. After the teacher had listened complacently to the recital of a chapter or two by rival competitors and prompted several others through their weekly "stint" there was usually no great surplus of time left for comments on the lesson. One thing we always had in great sufficiency—tracts! Like the cruse of oil and barrel of meal, the stock never diminised. They supplied in some measure (or were supposed to) the lack of good libraries. Some were written in narrative form, others consisted of direct appeals to the sinner to flee from the wrath to come. The two most in demand, or supply rather, was "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plains" and "The Dairyman's Daughter"—wherein some of the good people were thankful for the small favor of salt to eat upon their potatoes, and the worthy shepherd was always pleased with the weather, for whatever pleased the Lord pleased him also.

We had Sunday school celebrations every summer, usually on the 4th of July. They were generally held at the Gap, though once we went in a long procession to Buffalo Grove. The children would meet at some point and march in couples to the grove, where seats were provided. Singing and speech-making usually took up the time till dinner was served. Tables were always provided and bountiful meals served, basket picnics being then unknown. Upon one occasion some people from the old country were present and brought strange looking victuals—among others, custard pies pleasantly flavored with ripe currants! But the crowning joy of all the festivities came just before breaking up, when certain mysterious boxes, kept in the background, were opened and the delicious contents passed to eager claimants. Children were not in much danger of being cloyed by sweetmeats at that era, most of their confectionery being of the home made variety. Consequently a few sticks of "store candy" and two or three bunches of raisins in their possession caused them to feel that the summit of earthly bliss was attained.

The first church in Palmyra was at Gap Grove, on the site of the school house now there. It was built jointly by the Congregationalists and Methodists and occupied alternate Sundays by those two denomina-

tions. The dimensions were 24x36. It was painted white outside and within, with the exception of the pulpit. Long benches, with backs to them, seated the congregation. Only one stove was used for heating the building. The windows were destitute of blinds or curtains. Tin sockets for candles were arranged upon the walls, with reflectors at the back. Congregational singing was in vogue at that era. John H. Page, assisted by a tuning fork, was always depended on to "pitch the tune" for a long period. At evening meetings, when candles proved refractory upon the pulpit, some officious brother would dextrously trim the offending wick while those in the background were either entirely neglected or attended by volunteers who generally employed Nature's snuffers. Only a few names of the early ministers can be recalled—Rev. Copelin (Congregational) being one of the best remembered. Barton Cartright came occasionally, but it was never on his circuit. Previous to this period services were held at Capt. Fellows' (Rev. James McKaig being one of the ministers], and at a little log schoolhouse which stood near Horace Gilbert's residence at Gap Grove.

Mrs. Martha Parks, now in her 85th year, remembers attending church there the first year she and her husband lived at the old homestead, in 1839. Rev. Arrion Gaston was the officiating clergyman upon that occasion. Mrs. Parks is also the only survivor of those who organized the Dixon Baptist church in 1838. "Mother Dixon" being a very active and devoted member.

It is worthy of mention, also, that Mrs. Parks' daughter, Mrs. Thomas Ayres was named by Mrs. Dixon, for herself, "Rebecca Dixon," and gave her a town lot as a name present. She urged Mr. Parks to accept the deed, and have it recorded, but he "thought it would never amount to anything," and did not do so. The fact that the lot is now occupied by Alexander & Howell's store makes comment unnecessary.

The early records of Palmyra are rather meager; E. B. Bush was the first postmaster; and the first justice of the peace, after township organization in 1839, were Levi Gaston and W. W. Bethea, who were succeeded by Mathias Schick and Henry A. Coe, J. Morris Johnson and W. W. Tilton, constables, from 1839. were Eben H. Johnson, David B. Contrell, Martin Fender, W. W. Tilton, Morris Johnson, Charles Columbia, Volney Mason, Charles Martin and Dana Columbia.

Two letters have lately come into the posession of the family of the late Eben H. Johnson and wife, which will be read with much interest, owing to the fact that they were written half a century or more ago, containing much interesting information about the country, and were the

joint productions of "Uncle Eben" and "Aunt Sarah," as they were familiarly called. This was before the days of envelopes or postage stamps; the letters were written upon large sheets of paper, folded to resemble an envelope, and sealed with small red wafers. They are marked 25cts. for postage, in the upper right hand corner. The one bearing date Feb. 7th, 1845, shows that the Dixon post office had attained to the dignity of possession of a stamp. The handwriting of each is remarkably legible, being easily read, though the paper is brittle and very yellow with age. The oldest, dated Sugar Grove, Ogle county, Nov. 18, 1838 (54 years ago) was addressed to Mr. Johnson's mother, in her far-off home in York state, one page apiece, in the handwriting of each being devoted to that purpose. We make selections which will be of general interest: "We arrived in Illinois, Oct. 9th, after a prosperous journey of five weeks, one of which was spent with relatives in Ohio. We first went to Monmouth, where our friends had preceded us and we first thought of settling, but after viewing the country over, they all concluded to settle here, 110 miles north of that place. We are in a very handsome country, five miles from Dixon's Ferry, and have been three weeks in our new situation.

We find the county mostly settled by eastern people which makes it very pleasant. The majority are from New York and New Hampshire, with quite a number from Massachusetts, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. Father and mother will remain at Monmouth with a brother till spring, when they will rejoin us here. (Mrs. Johnson's father was Capt. Jonas M. Johnson, a veteran in his 76th year, who greatly enjoyed the new country during the remaining four years of his pilgrimage.) Mr. Johnson gives a slight hint of homesickness in the following: "I like the country full as well as I ever expected to, but if I owned a decent farm in York state I would never sell it to come here, though once here a man could do better. The crops here are all very good—it is nothing uncommon for a man to raise 2,000 bushels of corn, and watermelons by boatloads. Wheat is $1.25 and corn 50cts. per bushel."

The next letter, bearing date six years later, was to relatives in the east, who sought information on various points, with a view of removal here. "We have enjoyed almost uninterrupted health ever since we came to the country, with the exception of the attack of bilious-fever, which was rather severe." (It is worthy of note that this was the only family in the country which escaped the ravages of ague: it was, perhaps, owing to the elevatied situation of the house, as many thought.) "I have a farm which I could probably sell for $1,000, but which I would not ex-

change for the whole town of Bainbridge for farming, (homesickness appears to be gone.) I raised 1,000 bushels of corn, wheat and oats, the past year without any hired help. Our markets are Chicago and St. Louis, by way of Rock and Mississippi rivers, and sometimes the lead mines at Galena. Wheat is from 75cts. to $1.00, corn 25cts.—80 at Galena, oats 20 to 25cts., butter 12 to 18cts., cheese 6 to 8cts., pork, dressed, three to four dollars, horses, $100 to $150 a span, cows, $8 to $12, sheep, $1 50 to $2.00, wool, 31cts., good timber is from ten to twelve dollars per acre. Prairie, now unsold, one mile and further from timber, can be had at government price, 10 shillings per acre. Wooden axle wagons are from $60 to $70, wrought, $70 to $90. As to dairying, there is no better country in the world; cows feeding on our prairie grass yield as much milk and better in quality than in your state. (Orange county, hide your diminished head!) and wool nearly doubles in quantity. Society good; one church within a mile and a half and a log school house one mile away with nearly fifty pupils this winter, among them our eldest, a boy of five, named Thomas H., who attends every day. Our place resembles an old settled country; good buildings and good fences, money plenty for produce of all kinds this season. Our soil is of the best and has been proved to bear good crops from eight to ten years without manuring. Timber good; oak, sugar maple, black walnut, butternut, basswood, etc. Water good, but in some places have to go through rock by blasting, although there are some of the finest springs in the world. Our winters are much milder than with you and this winter milder than ever, no sleighing. All I have written is no misrepresentation, however few in your country can credit it. Come and see. If you conclude to come, the way by the lakes is much the shortest and cheapest. Give me due notice and I will try and meet you—at Chicago."

Rev. Stephen N. Fellows, of Iowa, a son of one of the earliest pioneers, kindly contributes the following sketch of "the good old times."

My father came with his family to Sugar Grove in November, 1834, went into a cabin just west of the Myers place, down in the Grove. The cabin was 14 by 14 feet, and fourteen of us moved into it. In the spring of 1835 he built a log house on our old place, (the Peck farm.) In 1836 he built an addition to it of two stories, with a room between. The upper story was used for a school room and church purposes. From 1836 or 7 to 1840 this was the only place for meetings, it was a regular preaching place on the circuit. Sometimes quarterly meetings were held there. In 1839 father, Wm. Martin and Ambrose Hubbard united, with such help as

they could get, to build the old church at Gap Grove. It was 24x36 and stood on the present site of the school house there. It was enclosed in the fall of 1839. Father died Feb. 8, 1840, and was the first to be carried into that church for burial. In the spring of 1840 it was finished and occupied as a church. When we came to Palmyra, the Indians were very plentiful—sometimes a hundred or more would pass our house and camp near by. Mother has told me that I used to play with the Indian children. They were very peaceable, never molested or stole anything from us. Sometimes in winter they came to beg food and mother always gave to them. We suffered hardship, the first winter in the little cabin. We had no butter or potatoes, our flour gave out, then our corn meal, and for some weeks corn was cut from the cob with a jack-plane. For meat we had some "hog meat," mother would not call it pork. This hog meat and hominy, made from the planed corn, was our food. But we were well and hearty and came through all right. I don't know as these incidents are of any value, but they are given as I remember them. Regarding schools, I think my sister Margaret and brother Samuel were the first to teach in that township Samuel taught school at Buffalo Grove during the winter of 1834 and '35, the first winter we were there. I think the next winter, 1836, he taught in our house. The first building for school purposes was built at the Gap. The first Sunday school was held there, and Wm. Martin was superintendent and only teacher. I was one of the first scholars. I remember that one Sunday morning I committed fifty verses of the Bible to memory and walked two miles by 9 a. m. and recited them all."

"Lord John Shillaber," as he was generally called, was quite a noted character, well remembered by all the early settlers, who owned a large tract of land near our northern boundary. He came there from Massachusetts and bought a section of land for the purpose of founding a colony; the scheme failed, leaving him an unwilling landed proprietor. He was a brother of B. P. Shillaber, the genial humorist, best known as the author of Mrs. Partington's sayings. At one time he had nearly the whole of his domain in wheat, which was all cut with the old "turkey-wing" cradles and bound by hand. Great difficulty was experienced in procuring sufficient help in time to save the grain. The farm was afterward stocked with sheep, to the number of 700; shepherd dogs were employed to look after them. Hunting dogs were also kept for the benefit of sportsmen. He was a widower, but kept up a large establishment with the aid of colored servants, often entertaining in grand style. Among other pets were parrots and monkeys, one of the latter often

accompanying his master in the fine carriage, sitting beside him, with a colored coachman in front. He was a very intelligent, well informed man, who had traveled in foreign countries, spending some years in the West Indies, where his son had a large indigo plantation. Many old settlers remembered with gratitude his favors to them, in lending them books from his fine library, magazines, London illustrated papers, etc. It was always a joyful occasion for the children when he came, as his pockets were always stocked with nuts or candies for their benefit. The writer of this sketch has a hazy remembrance of these favors and of being presented with a bird also by the great personage we regarded as a second Santa Claus.

His health failed and he returned to his native land, where he died a few years later. The great estate was divided and sold. Many years later the old homestead became the property of the late Wayne H. Parks, where he resided many years.

Almost every community has some odd characters—people who differ greatly from their fellows. Palmyra has had a fair share of such—most of whom have passed away. We will select as a good type Milton Curtis, who is yet living and with us occasionally. His name is familiar as a household word throughout the whole county, on account of his constant pedestrian excursions over it for nearly thirty years past. He came west from New Hampshire with his father and an older brother while quite young, and grew up with the country. His "local habitation" was at Prairieville for many years, but he long since renounced allegiance there, consoling himself with the old proverb that "a prophet has no honor in his own country and house." Milton is a would-be poet, yearning for recognition, which never comes, and consequently is embittered against his unappreciative fellow-citizens. This veritable "Wandering Jew" has a regular circuit extending through this county and all our boundaries, from which he sometimes makes little detours to take in neighboring states—once straying as far off as Kansas. He will remain a few weeks in one place, doing some job of work, when the state of his wardrobe compels him to the act. His purchases in that line always seem to belong to the misfit variety. Milton's Muse leads him over a wide field, the subjects of his "poems" embracing most of the leading questions of the day. Not having a copy at hand we are unable to give a critical review. In early editions (paper covers) he was not very gallant toward the ladies, being strongly opposed to their voting: his sole argument was "they can't hitch up" to go to the polls. Among other peculiarities, he is a great advocate of fresh air—insisting on open doors and windows, even in zero

weather. For this and other reasons he is not a very popular guest with the ladies. We learn that Milton did the country good service during the late civil war. He enlisted in a New York regiment and served faithfully for three years. All through his sojourn in Dixie he was in the habit of writing to old cronies quite frequently giving a record of his adventures all in rhyme. He recently secured a pension and has purchased property in Marshalltown, Iowa.

Milton had a half-brother named Jonathan, who was also eccentric. He was much older and possessed considerable property. He was quite a gifted artist, painting many portraits in oil, which were said to be excellent likenesses. Some of them are still in good preservation. He, also, was of a roving disposition, but his career was cut short by being drowned in Rock River at Como while on one of his tramps. He once returned to his native heath in New Hampshire, where he became celebrated for quite an exploit; he found his denominational brethren quarrelling over church matters (as they occasionally do), Jonathan said but little but meditated a good deal—finally evolving a brilliant scheme from his troubled brain, which he proceeded to put into execution. One evening he quietly strolled over to the church and applied the torch, only intending to "burn out *his* share," he explained. When people arrived on the scene he was coolly reading the bible by the cheerful blaze.

Mrs. Locada (Seavey) Donaldson, one of the early residents, living near Polo, Ill., writes to an old friend as follows: "There were eight of us who came to Palmyra in the fall, arriving at John Page's Oct. 2, 1840. The only building used for a schoolhouse at that time was an old cooper shop at Gap Grove, near the widow Martin's, and owned by Grandfather Hill. It was a log building, destitute of a floor

The school was taught by Almeda Wells in the summer of 1841 and in winter at Widow Hubbard's house. The next summer (1842) the old log schoolhouse on the Page farm was built. The first teacher employed was Calista Mason. It was abandoned for school use I think in 1846, and was shortly afterward used as a dwelling by the family of Wm. Benjamin. I remember of one family at least, the Masons, who kept silkworms. They were fed on the large leaves of a tender variety of mulberry—the multicaulis. They made quite a quantity of thread, a part of which was sold in Chicago. This was in 1843-4-5. The first house of worship was the frame church at the Gap (completed just before our arrival). All the winter wear for men and women was of home manufacture. The occupations of spinning and weaving took up the greater part of women's time.

Mrs. Mary (Monk) James, of Sterling, Ill., gives in her "experience" as follows: "There were five of us in our family when we left Malone, Franklin County, N. Y., in the spring of 1848 to seek our fortunes in the far west. Two men with teams were hired to convey us and our household goods to a point on the St. Lawrence river, where we embarked in a steamboat, continuing on our way through the various lakes until we reached Chicago—then a city of considerable importance. Our former townsmen. Hiram Parks and Abner Moon (the latter a brother-in-law), had agreed to meet us there with teams, but not finding them after waiting several hours new men were employed to convey us and our goods to our destination. The roads were bad in many places, and upon arriving at the little town of Naperville the horses gave out completely, leaving us in despair. Just at this interesting stage of affairs,. while we were eating our dinners at the the tavern, our belated escorts appeared on the scene, stopping to feed their teams and get their dinner at the same place. Mr. Moon declared that as soon as he caught sight of "the old blue chest' in the wagon he knew he need go no farther. (This was an ancient family relic, brought over the sea from old England.) This was in April and the roads were in bad condition a good part of the way. A good many times the horses had to be taken off from one wagon to help the other out of the ruts. Corduroy roads were built whenever material was found for the purpose.

It took us four days to reach Dixon, from whence we journeyed on to Prairieville, where we stayed with Mr. Moon's family several days. We then moved on Ben Gates' farm, where we stayed a year. Our next move was to Sugar Grove, where we lived in a log house on the border of the woods, near the big spring on Frederic Coe's farm, a portion of which my father and brother rented. We afterward moved near Woosung, securing eighty acres of government land.

My first husband, John Benjamin, came west in 1844. Some years later he rented the Fellows place in partnership with his brother, William Benjamin; while there, under contract, he set out the beautiful row of hard maples, extending from the house along the road westward. They are now over forty years old."

Mr. John C. Oliver and wife, familiarly known as "Uncle John" and "Aunt Lydia," the only old couple now living of the early settlers of Palmyra, reside in Sterling, Ill., Mr. Oliver being in his 89th year and his wife in her 76th. They have shared life's joys and sorrows together for fifty-eight years, and are still blessed with a reasonable degree of

health. The golden wedding of this venerable couple was celebrated about eight years since, in a very appropriate manner.

Mr. Oliver was born in Erie county, Penn., in 1804, coming of Revolutionary stock. He left there in 1832, coming to Michigan and settling at White Pigeon. He soon enlisted in the Black Hawk war, serving until the close. Returning to his home he met his future wife at that place in the fall of 1834, and in September, the following year, they were married, going to a relative's at Michigan City, Ind., for that purpose. In 1837 they moved to North grove, five miles north of Mt. Morris, Ill., where Mr. Oliver built a saw mill which he operated two years, when he sold out and removed to Palmyra, in October, 1839. He there bought a claim of his brother-in-law, Simon Fellows, for which he received the title and deeds when the land came into market. He had saved $800 or more for that purpose for quite a period. This was all in silver half-dollars. Wishing to leave home for a few days to attend conference at Mt. Morris, after much deliberation, they selected a corner of the chicken-house for their stronghold in which to secrete their money. A deep hole was dug, in which the treasure, secured in a stout cloth, was buried and a nest of eggs, with a setting-hen placed on guard over the spot. Then they went on their way rejoicing. So biddy sat on in dreamy content, all unconscious that she was doing police duty over a bank of deposit. (A near neighbor secreted his earnings in his cellar, under the pork barrel. This was before the era of banks, when the banditti flourished in all their glory. Mrs. Oliver was a famous weaver, manufacturing many yards of "Kentucky Jeans," for men's wear and flannel for women's dresses, spinning all the warp and filling and doing the coloring herself. Some of the latter was quite handsome in design. She was also a landlady for a year or more, when they kept tavern. On one occasion they kept sixteen men, with their teams over night; they were from Milledgeville and had sixteen loads of dressed hogs. She remembers attending a wedding, going in an ox-wagon, along with neighbors. The oxen trotted at a good pace half the distance, over the trackless prairie. The cabin had no floor; the bride was dressed in a gorgeous challie; liquor was passed around freely among the men, as was the custom in those good old days. A six-quart milk pan full of custard was provided for dessert at supper. A justice of the peace performed the ceremony. Mr. Oliver soon had a fine lot of sugar maples growing in his door yard and a thrifty young orchard of seedling apple trees set out; the latter were procured from a brother-in-law's stock near by. To Noah Beede and wife belongs the credit of establishing the first nursery, probably in the county.

They brought a large quantity of apple seeds with them, saved in their former home in far off New Hampshire. Mr. Oliver assisted in building the church at Gap Grove, doing carpenter work, contributing the door, which was made of black walnut. In those days it was considered the finest church west of Chicago.

We feel that these sketches of the early days would be incomplete did we not pause to pay a just tribute to the pioneer women yet living and to the memory of those gone before. They stood bravely by their husbands, willingly sharing the toil and burdens incident to frontier life and making the waste places blossom as the rose. Most of them had large families of children to be reared, clothed and educated. Often would they be left to guard over their little flock and perform many tasks belonging to the husband, while he was necessarily absent on business, for a week or more at a time. On such occasions, many sleepless nights would be passed, keeping lonely vigil by the bedside of ailing children or listening in shuddering dread to the howling of wolves. The amount of labor they performed, with the primitive methods then in use, seems incredible to the youth of today. Labor saving inventions in the household and every department of farm labor have wrought out woman's freedom to a wondrous degree. Sewing was all done by hand, as a matter of course, as it had not yet entered into the brain of the wildest enthusiast to conceive of the modern sewing machine. The useful accomplishment of knitting was handed down from mother to daughters; stockings of all kinds, mittens, both double and single thread, and even gloves grew (slowly, it must be confessed, in most cases) to completion under their skillful fingers. It is to be regreted that this feminine industry bids fair to become one of the "lost arts," or to be taken up as a fad by the coming young lady of the period.

The old dash churn, which numbered an innumerable procession of martyrs, was about the only kind known, while a zinc or wooden washboard was the only invention devised to lessen the labors of "blue Monday." Cheese making, in a small way, was carried on in a majority of homes during hot weather, when butter making was impracticable, they were made in a hoop, on the old fashioned hand presses, with their intolerable creaking and groaning. Of those old relics there is probably not a vestage in existence. The quality of the article manufactured by this method was usually very good, quite equal to the modern creamery product in the opinion of good judges. We hear of flax being raised, hatchelled and otherwise prepared for spinning, upon the little wheels, in sufficient quantities to supply shoemakers with thread, and probably

for household uses, also. The silkworm industry flourished in a small way. We hear of three families, at least, (Beede, Mason and Fellows) who were supplied with thread by the little spinners.

In those days nearly every farmer kept more or less sheep; after shearing time, as soon as convenient, the fleeces would be taken in hand, washed and dried by the thrifty housewife, next came a picking over process, during which a moderate quantity of grease applied to the product was considered indispensable. This disagreeable task was generally assigned to the girls, who breathed a sigh of relief when it was over and the wool packed off to the carding mill. Before these were built, rolls were made upon the little hand cards, (now rarely seen) a laborious process. Wool batts for comforters were also prepared upon them. A carding mill was in service many years at Empire, Whiteside county, being finally destroyed by fire. After woolen mills were established in Aurora, many farmers took their wool there, exchanging for stocking yarn, flannel blankets and fine grades of woolen cloth, for men's clothing. After the snowy rolls came home, the old spinning wheel, brought from the far away eastern home, would make merry music by night and day, until the yearly supply of stocking and mitten yarn was spun, doubled and twisted and reeled off into skeins ready for dyeing. Indigo-blue and madder-red were the leading colors; some resorted to the woods for variety, gathering sumach-bobs, various barks and shucks from several kinds of nuts. Hand-looms were possessed in many homes, upon which were woven a great deal of flannel for sheeting, "Kentucky Jeans" and other kinds for men's wear, and linsey-woolsey for women's dresses. Some of the patterns of the latter were quite handsome. In some kinds the warp and filling would all be spun upon the old wheels and colored with home-made dyes. Instances were known where the men of the household were clothed throughout, even to overcoats, from the product of the looms, woven by the busy housewife and afterwards shaped into garments by her skilled fingers. Often would the hour of midnight find faithful mothers wearily plying the needle, by the dim light of a candle, that their families might be comfortably clad,

If crowns for brows are granted in that "land that is fairer than day," surely those of our pioneer mothers must shine with the brightest of jewels.

King Solomon's apostrophe to the good wife applies with equal force to their attributes: "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh diligently with her hands. She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household."

"She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands holdeth the distaff."

"She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness," and verily, do her children "rise up and call her blessed.

Mr. Charles Martin, an old resident of Gap Grove, now living in Fremont, Nebraska, sends the following recollections: "The first building used for a public school was erected in 1836-37, about where the oak trees in my old orchard stood. Mary Hill was the first teacher, she afterward became the wife of Michael Fellows. The second building was put up in 1838 or 39, this was never completed. It stood a little north of Mrs. Lennox' home. W. W. Bethea taught there two winters and Mary Hill in the summer. The third structure was also a log structure upon the Page farm—built in 1840 or '41. I think Samuel Fellows was the first teacher. A log house—built for a dwelling—upon Harvey Morgan's place (Dudley Hubbard's) was vacated in a year and used for a school. The frame schoolhouse near the Power's place was built in 1946 or '47. There were also quite a number of private schools before districts were organized. The first teachers at the Gap were Mrs. Mary (Hill) Fellows, in the winter of 1836-'37, Mrs. W. W. (Hubbard) Tilton summer of 1839; Miss Artemesia Hultz, summer 1838; Mrs. Bennett (daughter of Col. Johnson of Dixon), summer '39. I remember that my mother kept silkworms, as did Mrs. Noah Beede also. My father (Wm. Martin) organized the first Sunday school in the town. George and Stephen Fellows and myself are the only ones living who were members of it.

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William Y. Johnson.

WILLIAM Y. JOHNSON was born in Blanford, Mass., September 21st, 1810. When he was eight years old his father moved with his family to Broome County, New York, where he lived until he migrated to the west. In September, 1834, he was married to Louisa Mason of the same county.

Deciding to make a new home for themselves in the west, they left Harpersville for Illinois the last week in August, 1837, intending to make the greater portion of the journey in their own wagon.

The previous summer Mrs. Johnson's father, Col. Leman Mason, had come west with his son Sterne and had bought a farm in Knox County, Illinois, on which there were two log cabins. The following spring he sent his son back for the family. There were two wagons in the company. In one were Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and their baby, who was but nine weeks old, and Mrs. Johnson's sister; in the other were six of the Mason family. They sold all their household property and brought with them only one bedstead and table aside from their bedding and personal effects. The wagons were the common spring seat lumber wagons with board tops supported by standards, with curtains on the sides and end.

When they reached Buffalo they took passage on a boat for Cleveland with all their belongings. On this boat they occupied a cabin in company with many other families, most of whom were bound for the west. It was a large cabin with bunks all along the sides. They, however, preferred their own beds, which they spread on their chests aud hung sheets around them to shield them from the view of the other passengers. They also prepared their own meals, not only on the boat, but throughout the entire journey, stipulating for that privilege wherever they stopped for the night; at noon they usually partook of a lunch while the horses were resting and feeding. They met with a little adventure on the boat —where a man was detected in an attempt to break into one of their trunks.

When they arrived at Cleveland they put their horses in a stable while they were getting out the wagons and loading on the goods. What was their consternation upon going for their team, when all was in readiness, to find that one of the horses had received a clean deep cut the entire width of its shoulders, a cut that could only have been made with a sharp knife. While speculating how it could have possibly occurred and what motive could have prompted such a cruel deed, and mourning that they would be delayed on their journey, a man came up and seeing the condition of the horse, recommended an ointment which would take all soreness from the wound, and even went to a store where he knew it was to be had and got some for them, afterward helping them to dress the leg. This timely assistance enabled them to continue their journey the same day, and that evening they reached Medina, O., where a sister of Mrs. Mason was living, and remained over the Sabbath with her, which allowed both themselves and their horses a most welcome rest. Little of moment occurred during the remainder of their trip, except once when the wagon upset in going over a low wet place where logs had been thrown across the road to prevent teams from becoming mired. At that time Mrs. Johnson's sister had her shoulder dislocated and suffered great pain until they could reach a village many miles farther on, where she could receive the attention of a physician and have it set. When they reached their destination the second week in October, after six long weeks on the way, they found that Col. Mason had sold his farm. Fearing that he would not be able to obtain a clear title to the land—being located on the military tract—and having been offered a good price for it, he thought best to dispose of it. Fortunately there was not far distant a cabin they were able to rent. It was small and had only an earthen floor, but by going quite a distance they got some lumber and in the course of a couple of weeks a floor was laid. In this cabin the entire family, Johnsons and Masons, lived through the ensuing winter.

Very sorry were they that they had parted with all their household furniture, for with the exception of the bed and table above mentioned they had none. "Mother wit," however, supplied them with the former, which were all arranged in the back part of the cabin, there being just room enough to allow two beds placed lengthwise and one crosswise, in between the others, with curtains of sheets to seperate them. When nearing the terminus of their journey, in passing through one or two villages, they tried in vain to purchase some chairs, so they were forced for a time to use three-legged stools of their own construction. It was not very long before they were enabled to get a supply of the much-needed

articles from a man who manufactured the splint-bottomed chairs. In the spring they moved to Monmouth, where they remained a year. The following autumn Mr. Johnson's parents, a brother and his wife, a sister (then a bride) and her husband, Eben H. Johnson, joined them. Leaving the women there all the men started off to look up some land in the Rock river country, of which they had heard much praise. Arriving in Palmyra they found a squatter's claim belonging to the father of William Myres (more familiarly known as Prophet) which could be bought for a thousand dollars. As it was near the timber they considered it a desirable place to settle, so purchased it, afterward paying the government price of one dollar and a quarter per acre.

It is erroneously stated in the Lee County History of 1881 that Eben Johnson bought this claim, when in reality it was a joint investment of the party of five (two Masons and three Johnsons), each taking twenty acres.

The spring of 1839 the remainder of the family left Monmouth in their wagons for Palmyra. With the exception of the very perilous fording of Green river, in which they narrowly escaped being capsized, they encountered nothing worthy of comment upon their trip. There were two log cabins on the Myres place, in which they all lived together for a time, then William Johnson with his family took possession of what was known as the "jumped claim," living there a year and a half. Later he bought or traded for some land near where the church now stands. It was on this place my husband's eyes were first opened to the light of day.

They had bought some cattle while at Monmouth, and Mrs. Johnson supplied several customers with butter, which at that time was very scarce and brought a high price, as there were but few cattle in the country. They had been obliged to leave their business at Monmouth in an unsettled condition, and when Mr. Johnson returned to collect some accounts due him, he had to take in part payment a yoke of oxen, a large wooden rocking-chair, and a standard gridiron. In those days they were often forced to take whatever they could get in payment of a debt when the money was not forthcoming The rocking-chair, however, was a very welcome addition to their store. These articles of furniture were highly prized on account of their scarcity, and were considered so great a luxury that less fortunate neighbors, in times of illness, came to ask the loan of them. How strange that appears to us in these days of ease and plenty. Mr. Johnson taught school the winters of 1841 and 1844. As this has been alluded to in another paper I will give it only this brief mention.

The latter part of the year 1842 death reaped a rich harvest in the family, four of its members being called to their rest between August and December. The fall of 1846 Mr. Johnson bought the farm in China township afterward owned by Mr. Morris. Here they lived seven years. Mrs. Johnson tells me they lived a somewhat monotonous existance, the days being passed in sewing, spinning, knitting and the performance of manifold household duties, the evenings mainly devoted to reading.

Mr. Johnson was for several years an agent of the American Tract Society, and in 1853 moved with his family to Chicago to take the position of general agent for the northwest for that society. He was ordained a minister of the Episcopal church in 1858, and continued in this good work until the time of his death in 1873. His wife is still living and at the age of eighty-two is a remarkably active woman, both in body and mind.

GRACE EVERETT JOHNSON.

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Charles A. Becker.

IF we could have foreseen that the incidents in the lives of the pioneer families of Palmyra would be of special interest, more pains would have been taken to preserve letters and papers relating to their early life in this vicinity. My account will necessarily be rather meager and unsatisfactory, as the time to gather material is so limited.

My father, Charles A. Becker, was born in Nordhausen, Prussia, Germany, Jan. 7th, 1810—the fortified city to which Martin Luther once fled to escape his enemies. My father was educated there and learned the watchmaking and jewelry business under his father, John Becker, jeweler. On attaining his majority he came to America and located in Reading, Penn. While there he became acquainted with my mother, Miss Mary Kessler. They were married in 1833, Two years after they moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where business was very flourishing until the panic of '37, when banks failed, merchants broke up, and business being in a very depressed condition my parents resolved to seek their fortune farther west; my father was a heavy loser by the Mormons. Here I must digress a little in order to tell how they happened to make this part of the west their destination. Father had become acquainted with a number of Polish exiles who had been officers in the Polish army, were taken prisoners and given the choice of being exiled to Siberia or America. Naturally they chose the latter: when they landed in America the U. S. government gave each of them a home of eighty acres near Rockford, Ill. Through them and others (Bishop Chase among them) my parents heard glowing accounts of this "paradise of the west." I would like to give in detail some of the interesting events which happened on their six weeks' journey in a covered wagon to Chicago, but fear it will take too much space, however, one or two little incidents may not come amiss. At Fort Defiance, Ind., they had the opportunity of seeing several hundred Indians assembled there. At that time the Indian still had some claim to the title of "noble red man," among them some magnificent

specimens of Indian manhood, their limbs showing to good advantage as they stalked majestically around in almost an entire state of nature. Then as our travelers journeyed through the Maumee swamps, lost their way, stopped to hunt deer, of which they saw a number and only succeeded in shooting one, after a long but in the main enjoyable journey, with various mishaps, they reached Chicago, then a town of about seven thousand inhabitants Some prominent business men tried to induce my father to locate there, as there was a very good opening for a watchmaker, and offered him several lots for two hundred dollars a lot on Clark street, one of the main thoroughfares in Chicago. Seeing that he was determined to push on they advised him to go to Dixon instead of Rockford, as he had intended, as at the former place there was no watchmaker and the land much more desirable, which he accordingly did, as it was his idea to take up some land as well as follow his business. The morning following his arrival in Dixon—having moved into the store just vacated by Mr. Bowman on Water street, the business street of Dixon at that time—he had hardly put up his sign before people began to flock in, when he did a brisk business in repairing and selling clocks, watches and jewelry. He had brought a large supply of goods along and had no trouble in disposing of it. People came from thirty and forty miles to get work done, and friendships formed at that time have lasted to the present day; at that time all within a radius of twelve and fifteen miles were considered neighbors.

My parents had pictured to themselves just the kind of place they would like to settle on and make their home; after having looked around for some time in vain they by accident heard of the place on which my mother still lives, six miles west of Dixon. On her first glimpse of the place she said, "This shall be my home," and has never had reason to be dissatisfied with her choice, albeit at that time it had only its beautiful situation overlooking the river and fertile ground to recommend it, with the exception of a small log house with a solitary cat for an occupant, there were no improvements on the place—if one can call a most lonesome cat an improvement—and yet in a manner it was, as it gave them a very warm welcome and at once made the place seem like home. My father bought the claim of Mr. Lunt, a nephew of Mrs. Sigourney the poetess. They moved out as soon as the necesary arrangements were made, but for two years my father still kept his business in Dixon. At the end of that time when he spoke of removing entirely to his farm Father Dixon made him a very generous offer; he wanted to make my father a present of a lot if he would only build on it and stay there. He

did not avail himself of the kind offer, however, as he thought his health was better on the farm. My parents enjoyed their home very much after being unsettled for so long, never tiring of rambling along the shores of the ever beautiful Rock river—especially so then, as its waters were so crystal clear and the scenery along its banks so varied and charming. From the house one could command an extensive view of the beautiful stream, dotted here and there with well wooded islands. On the rise whereon stood the house were many very large and noble oak trees, which much to my regret were mostly cut down in those early years, being so convenient for firewood. They did not stop to think that such magnificent oaks could not be replaced in their lifetime. But to proceed. They put up a log addition and were soon settled in their very comfortable though unpretending abode Had it not been for my father's business it would have been a much more serious affair, making ends meet; as it was, they were in very straightened circumstances, there being almost no money to be had. My parents understanding very little of farming did not immediately make it a success, although the soil needed very little encouragement to produce the most astonishing results; immense crops were raised with very little labor. It was in truth a genuine paradise in almost every respect. The greatest drawback was the distance to market and the lack of schools—which latter as the years rolled by troubled my parents not a little.

One can imagine there were very few luxuries in those times, but they never (as do the people in the far west now) had to suffer for food—they had that in abundance, game of all kinds was plenty. I have often heard my mother tell—as an instance of the ease with which game was secured—how my father went out to a small grove just east of the house in the morning before starting for town and shot eighteen prairie chickens, the ignorant birds merely flying from tree to tree to escape him. The poor things, alas! have since learned greater caution, and it would take more than one morning's work to secure much less than half that number. A beautiful and now impossible sight was seeing the most graceful of all wild creatures, the deer, come bounding down across the prairie to drink at the river, and the ease with which they cleared the high rail fences used in those days. Even as late as '53 and later deer still inhabited the woods a mile from their place. My mother has told us how amused she was one day at her son Charlie, then a boy of about sixteen years, and a young German by the name of Boehma, who was staying here at the time. Mr. Boehma went out hunting one morning and came back after a few hours proudly displaying a deer as the result of his good marks-

manship. Brother Charlie said very unconcernedly, "I am going to get one also," and started out. He had been gone but a short time when he returned triumphantly carrying the deer he had shot. Of course no one had thought he would get one.

Within my recollection small bands of Indians still roamed through the country and I well remember how frightened we children were one time when a dozen or so Indians, men, women and children came up from the river to our home on a begging expedition. The young Indians of about ten years of age carried bows and arrows; they asked if they might shoot a chicken or two. On being given permission they soon knocked over several, being very expert with their primitive weapons. These bands of Indians were harmless excepting for their thieving propensities. We still find many perfect specimens of their handicraft, one of my nephews finding a very fine sharp stone hatchet such as I have never seen in any collection of Indian relics.

In those first years the lack of certain things was sadly felt. One time when my parents felt the need of coffee particularly and had for some time been without, they received a most acceptable present of a large package of coffee from one of their nearest neighbors, one of the members of whose family had been to New Orleans and brought back a fifty-pound sack of the precious stimulant, which they very generously shared with their neighbors. Such open handed generosity was proverbial among the early settlers, each and all sharing in a most liberal manner. Some Kentuckians who were living here when my parents came, brought venison and other things a number of times, and would have felt insulted had they been offered pay. Although Dixon and vicinity had rather a hard name at that time, on account of horse thieves and other desperate characters, there was no petty thieving done, doors were left unlocked and clothes hanging out over night with perfect safety, the floating population being intent on larger game, and would have scorned to steal trifles. The people who came to take up land and settle were all of the most respectable class and a great many of them cultivated and refined.

In 1853 my father, whose health began to fail, made a visit home to Germany. He remained a short time in New York before taking passage for his journey across the ocean, with relatives of my mother, John Roebling, the engineer that built the suspension bridge across the Niagara river and afterward the famous Brooklyn suspension bridge. The Roebling family and other relatives showed my father every attention and made his visit with them very enjoyable. After being away five months he returned home and commenced the erection of a stone home just west

of the log house. I have forgotten to mention that he spent three winters previous to this time in Chicago, working at his business of watchmaking. Chicago had grown so rapidly and he was offered such inducements to go into business there, that he embraced the opportunity of making more money than he could in this vicinity, and which he greatly needed, as he had a growing family to support, and the farm did not bring in a very large income, there being very little sale for farm produce; butter and eggs were a drug on the market, one egg in the winter of '93 in Dixon bringing more than a dozen in those days, as my mother frequently sold eggs for two cents a dozen, or at that rate, as she took thread in payment. My mother and aunt had some experiences that will never have their counterpart again, it is to be hoped. My father at one time having quite a siege with the fever and ague, which was very prevalent at that time; the supply of wheat ran out, consequently bread was an absent quality, and at last my mother and her sister becoming desperate attempted to thresh some unbeknown to my father. The threshing in those primitive times was done by means of horses treading it out. They worked hard all day and succeeded in getting seven bushels, which on the following day they took to Wilson's mill, fourteen miles distant, on Buffalo creek. My father was much distressed when he learned how they had worked, but was powerless to remedy it, and they all enjoyed the bread that was very literally "earned by the sweat of the brow. They moved into the new house in the fall of '54. My father went out of the business of watch making then and devoted the time—when he felt well enough—to gardening, which he greatly enjoyed and was very successful with, the market begun to improve and pears sold readily for two dollars a bushel and currants at four dollars a bushel, the size and amount of fruit would be unbelievable in these days, bushels of immense and luscious peaches went to waste, strange as it may appear, they not selling as well as did currants and apples, probably because more people raised them. As time went on my father's health failed rapidly, he having injured his knee, bone consumption set in. He suffered great agony at times. Having heard of a renowned physician in Chicago—Volenta by name—a Hungarian, he went to that city and stayed several months, but the doctor gave him no hope. They formed a warm friendship, and Dr. Volenta came to Dixon to see my father, more as a friend than physician, and it did him much good to see him. The neighbors—always kind—and during my father's illness doubly so—came in many times to help wile away the time; and especially were they inebted to one, William Graham, for making many an otherwise weary hour pass

pleasantly, he had such a store of amusing anecdotes to relate and had traveled quite extensively, so it wes a never failing pleasure to see him. And Dr. Everett, dear to all the hearts in the community, came to cheer my parents in their trouble, his very presence brought healing to mind as well as body. In '59 my father was relieved from his suffering, and my mother was left to care for a large family. She has told us many times of the unfailing kindness of neighbors and friends in helping her. The different merchants in Dixon also, never hurried her for payments that she found hard to meet, they favored her in many ways and were unfailingly kind and considerate in their dealings with her. Time has dealt very gently with her and she has lived to a good old age and takes much pleasure in recalling old times. She never became wealthy, but has a good, comfortable home, free from encumberance, and her children and friends hope to have her with them many years yet. Thus ends my, at best, very incomplete account of my parents' early life in Palmyra.

PAULINE BECKER.

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The Township of South Dixon

South Dixon.

THE earliest permanent settler of the present township was Joseph Cartwright, who came in 1838. I knew the man well, but knew little of his family till after his death in 1839. His wife and son, Richard, went to Dixon in an early day, and are now living in Iowa, I understand.

Before that, in 1836, a young man staked out a claim for himself near the three mile branch on the old Chicago road about where Mr. Young now lives. Soon after Uncle Peter and Aunt Rhoda McKenney, through some misunderstanding probably, jumped his claim, built on it a small shanty and set up housekeeping.

The young man made complaint to the "Claim Society" (organized for the protection of the settlers) and the members at once rallied to restore him to his rights. They found Uncle Peter peacefully smoking his pipe in the shade of the cabin, and Aunt Rhoda getting dinner. Two of them, to induce Uncle Peter to give peaceable possession, led him gently but firmly over the boundary line of the claim, he calling all the time to his wife "Keep possession, Rhoda! keep possession! They can't get us out if you keep possession!"

But in spite of his good advice the shanty was loaded on a wagon, good Aunt Rhoda given a seat, and the entire establishment moved off the claim to a spot where it is to be hoped they were able to "keep possession."

The second permanent settler was Charles Edson, who came in 1839 with his wife and family. There were five sons and three daughters, some of whom were born here and some in Pennsylvania.

They were a remarkably intellectual and interesting family, combining graces of mind and heart with a kindness and benevolence that reached and touched all that came within their influence. Mrs. Edson was of that cheerful mirthful disposition that attracted the grave as well as the gay while her lovely character bound in the ties of a warm es-

teem all who were thus attracted. A single reference will show her ready wit.

I remember that after she lost her teeth her chin inclined a little toward her nose, which seemed to appreciate the kindness in seeking a meeting, and I said to her, jokingly, "Your nose and chin will have a meeting some day." "Indeed," said she quickly, "I am not certain but they will, many words have already passed between them."

Mrs. Edson was left a widow before her children were fully grown, but their training was begun aright and it was her pride to say in her old age that "not one of them ever caused her a moment's shame or pain by any wrongdoing." They were all worthy men and women, noble in nature, honored by their fellow citizens and beloved by those who knew them best. To the day of her death in advanced age they showed the tenderest solicitude for their mother, and this slight tribute to her inestimable worth will find an echo in their hearts, as well as in many others.

The oldest daughter, Harriet, was married to Otis Eddy, but was soon bereft of her husband and infant daughter. She became a very "tower of strength" to all the family thereafter, and is to this day an ideal woman—practical, unostentatious, but noble in every sense. She went with her brothers across the plains to California when the gold fever broke out. Returning, after a few years, she again accompanied them to Pike's Peak on a summer trip made in the same way. When a younger brother lay at the point of death in a southern hospital during the war it was Harriet who went to him, cared for him, and brought him home.

The family went to California in the early '60's and have prospered there, as they well deserve, but with characteristic modesty they refuse to have the little town on a part of their property called "Edson," but instead have named it "Gazelle." It lies at the foot of Mt. Shasta in Northern California, and it is a noteworthy fact that Mrs. Eddy was the first woman who ever ascended this beautiful peak. She made the ascent about 1854, and ten years later repeated the feat in company with her brothers and youngest sister, Libbie.

The other sister, Lucy, is well remembered by the earlier settlers of Dixon and vicinity as a talented musician, in addition to the same noble traits which characterized the rest of the family. Though a sufferer from a fracture of the hip joint which made a crutch necessary from childhood, she was as ready and cheerful as any, and no more delightful evenings were ever spent by the young people of that time than when they gathered at "the Edson's."

They built the house and barn now owned by the writer—one of the

few of the original farm homes left on the prairie. They afterward removed to the place near the "Brick School House," which is often spoken of by their name. Their house is still standing, though no longer used as a dwelling.

Here Mr. Edson died, and here the sweet youngest daughter, Libbie, was born. As soon as their first home was inhabitable Mrs. Edson gave up her largest room for a school. This was the first in the vicinity, and very probably the best in the county. The teacher was a Miss Robinson, later a preceptress in Mt. Morris Seminary. She married Judge Fuller of Ogle county, and after his death Bowman Bacon, a nephew of Mrs. Jos. Crawford. She is the mother of Frank Bacon, who married Kizzie Kennedy—well known in Dixon.

Among the scholars beside Mrs. Edson's children were Mary Augusta Gardner, now Mrs. Hawley: William D'Wolf, the genial judge of later years; his brother Erastus: Wellington Davis, and Hannah Casterline, afterward his wife.

The superior schools in that district at a very early day were largely due to the influence of the Edson family, some of whom were its best teachers. Mr. Edson helped to build the first M. E. church of Dixon, of which his family were all devoted and useful members.

The next family which came here to make a home was that of James Campbell with his wife and two excellent, amiable daughters, Ophelia, now the wife of Dr. Todd, of Worcester, Ohio, and Julia, who married Eugene Pinckney and died some years since. Mrs. Campbell was left a widow at an early age, and became the wife of Isaac Boardman and was well known and highly esteemed by the people of Dixon and vicinity.

Reuben Trobridge settled near the present town of Eldena, or rather his father did, and he afterward brought his pretty, young wife to the old homestead, where they reared a pleasant family. "Grandpa" Trobridge and his large family of boys have done much to add to the wealth and influence of Lee county; several of them—notably our present subject, Reuben—have been devoted workers in the interest of our Sunday schools.

Hiram and Herman Mead came soon after, families of worth, whose children grew up to be useful, capable citizens and worthy members of society. Their brother, Alonzo Mead, settled in China township, but soon came to Dixon, where he and his family are well known, and his sons, J. C. and W. H. still reside.

Somewhat in contrast to these was a man by the name of Hammill,

who brought with his family from the poor house of Buffalo, N. Y. The child was so shamefully treated that N. G. H. Morrill, the county poor master, (for, remember, this was long before there were many town organizations, there being but four or five voting precincts in the county, not more than 150 voters), took her to his home in Dixon. Her pitiable condition excited the sympathy of the people at once. Her hair was dirty and matted, face unwashed, and what do you think she was clothed in? It was an old coffee sack with the corners cut off for arm holes, and a hole in the center of the bottom for her head, no underclothing, shoes or stockings.

Hammill prosecuted Mr. Morrill for kidnapping the child. When the case was called he was ready with his lawyer, whom many old settlers remember, McKay by name. When they adjourned for dinner they went to the old "Western Hotel." Just as they were through dinner some men stepped up to Hammill with a kettle of hot tar, which they poured over his head and shoulders, the streams running down over his whole body; another shook over him a bag of feathers, and then they rolled him in the sand of the street. I shall never forget how he looked, lying there with closed eyes—I thought he was dead—but in a moment he opened one eye then the other, and seeing the men busy elsewhere, rolled over and springing to his feet ran to some bushes near, then for home. he was a laughable sight! On the principle that the 'partaker is as bad as the thief" the men felt that his attorney deserved similar treatment and attempted to administer it, but the tar was too cold to run easily or to hold the feathers. He showed fight and came near killing one of the boys. The muzzle of his gun was knocked up by a bystander just in time. The kidnapping suit ended there, and so I think, did the career of Mr. McKay in Dixon.

In an early day provisions, pork and flour were mostly brought from the southern portion of the state, also from Kentucky, Indiana and St. Louis, in large wagons with broad tires, high wheels and very high, long boxes, often 20 or 22 feet long. They made a track over a half wider than our common wagons. Drawn by three or four teams of horses or four to eight yokes of oxen, and carrying from sixty or eighty hundred pounds, they well deserved the name of "Prairie Schooners." They went in gangs of six or eight wagons, with several men on horseback to pilot them and help to avoid the sloughs. They sold their bacon at from 25 to 30cts. per pound, flour from 25 to 35 dollars per barrel.

A few years later, while the men were working at the abandoned track still discernible in places, of the Illinois Central railroad, some such

traders would start from the southern part of the state, with large droves of hogs, carrying with them all the facilities for butchering—kettles for heating water, tubs for scalding, etc. When they came to a gang of men or to a village, they would sell, kill and prepare the meat for their customers. They carried their own corn, and gathered wood at the groves as they traveled, did their own cooking and were very independent. They lived chiefly on fried pork, coffee and "hoe cake," made of corn meal wet with water and baked on a board before the fire.

It is said that when the prop for the board failed to do its duty, they caste lots or played "high, low, jack," to see who should lie on his back and prop the board with his feet.

It would be a pleasure to add more particulars in regard to the early history of the pioneers of South Dixon, but as I cannot do so I trust what I have already given may add a little interest to your book.

ABRAM BROWN.

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Wolf Hunting Fifty Years Ago.

WHEN the prairies were almost bare—but few houses, trees and fences and no railroads to prevent a full sweep of the country—one of the favorite sports enjoyed by young and old fifty years ago was hunting wolves.

A party was first chosen to select an elevated point of land on which to place a high pole. A certain day was agreed upon on which to have a general wolf hunt, and the men for miles around were notified.

They came from Inlet Grove, Franklin Grove, Grand Detour, The Bend, Dixon, Sterling, "Dad Joe's" Grove and East Grove and Palestine.

Early in the A. M. the hunters, with their guns and dogs, some on horseback and others on foot, start for the pole. Often on their way they would start up deer and game of all kinds, kill it and get it when they returned home at night. They all keep traveling toward the pole, making the ring smaller and smaller and the wolves more and more frightened as they find themselves surrounded and they try to break through the ring and escape, but as they go the hunters shoot at them and dogs and men and horses try to chase them down.

Finally when the men are within about a mile of the pole and all the wolves either killed or escaped the day's sport sometimes ended with a race to the pole. As they reached the pole they frequently collided with such force as to knock each other down.

I remember at one hunt two horses ran against each other and one fell and rolled over his rider, but he jumped up apparently not much hurt. Among those whose faces were familiar at the various hunts were the Hales, Doans, Bainters, Dexters, Bliss, Badgers, Leakes, Patrick Nally's, Hausens, Wilsons, Gardners, and many others whom I cannot now recall.

On one occasion the pole was placed on what is now the writer's farm, then known as Harvey's Hill.

I remember how I barely escaped being shot on that day. A wolf broke through the circle and Wilson shot at it, missed it and the bullet whizzed past, barely missing me.

R. TROWBRIDGE.

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The Township of Sublette.



MRS. DANIEL BAIRD.

Charlotte B. Field.

CHARLOTTE B. FIELD was born February 27th, 1811, in West Brookfield, Mass.; December 20th, 1832, married Daniel Baird of Westborough, Mass.

They came west in 1836 and settled in Rockwell, La Salle county, and in 1839 moved to Lee county and settled on a farm near Palestine Grove, three miles distant from what is now the village of Sublette. He died March 26th, 1866, and she March 18th, 1890. Both lie at rest on the old homestead.

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MRS. S. L. HATCH.

Pioneer Mothers of Sublette

THIS work of collecting matter of interest to the present generation concerning those brave pioneer women who between the years 1838 and 1846 laid the foundation for our present condition of comfort, culture and morality is attended with some difficulty, as most of those who took part in the activities of those years have passed into the world beyond. And I the daughter of one of those mothers, born during those years, have but a shadowy memory of those days. And yet from material gathered from parents and friends I will try to prepare a chapter, which, although it may lack interest to the casual reader, will at least fill its niche in the "Lee County Columbian Book" as a tribute to our mothers.

The county at that time I believe had not been divided into townships and what is now known as Sublette was then simply the settlement of Palestine Grove while our post office was at Inlet Grove, until about the last of this period, when a post office was established at the house of one of our neighbors, Mr. Daniel Baird, he being quite scholarly for those times.

No doubt the manner of living of our mothers was almost the counterpart of that of the pioneers of our sister towns. The educated woman turned the mill to winnow the grain which was to take its three or four days' journey to Chicago, to be exchanged for a pair of boots for father or a pair of shoes perhaps, for mother, some sugar, tea and coffee, calico, sufficient for a dress, a paper of pins, etc , and once, perhaps, within the recollection of the children, mother was so extravagant as to send for a bit of silk and ribbon, with which Mrs. Ingals, our oracle of fashion, was to shape a bonnet. I think however, that the styles of those days were mostly taken from the latest arrival from the far away "East."

The bride passed her honey moon on a floor of mother earth, with a blanket hung at the doorway to keep out the night wind, and a home-made table with some other as crude pieces of furniture were placed

against it to keep out wild beasts, and the ax and pitchfork stood beside the bed of the lonely woman at night as a defense against man and beast, when her husband was away. Then there were all of those farm chores to be attended to during all of those six, seven, eight and sometimes nine or ten days' trip to Chicago. Six days was the shortest time, under the most favorable circumstances in which the journey could be made. Well do I remember the anxious watching for father to come. The sixth evening mother would occasionally say "hark children, I believe I hear the sound of a wagon" and yet scarcely expecting it to be the one listened for, but the seventh evening the supper would be prepared with quite a feeling of certainty that father would be there, and yet often mother would sit up late anxiously watching, and no father came, and as the eighth, or perhaps ninth day drew to a close mother would look at the little ones with an expression which in after years we remembered, and it told us plainly that she was thinking "perhaps my children are fatherless," and yet mother's anxious face as she watched for father is not the only gloomy picture of those far off days that many who read this through glasses will find hanging on memories wall. Many a little toddler in the pioneer cabin wandered about neglected and forlorn all day, while mother lay in bed sick with a terrible chill and the fever which always followed it, and at last sinking into a tired sleep at night, then waking in the darkness of the early morning to find her babies, who had crawled supperless to bed, on either side of her.

We have never heard that the mothers in those days had occasion to fight with wild beasts, but many a tale we have listened to of fighting with an equally unconquerable foe—a prairie fire—which in spite of every effort would sometimes devour every kind of grain, every spear of hay and the outbuildings, leaving a hungry herd of cattle with no visible means of support. The wives of that period must have watched and waited much of the time, for if the husband had occasion to grind his scythe the only stone in the vicinity was owned by his neighbor on the "other side of the grove," where Amboy is at present. And if a hole must be bored he probably had to go three or four miles to Mr. Ingals' to borrow an auger, and if Mr. Ingals was as good a talker then as now I will warrant the dinner spoiled. Borrowing saleratus, yeast cakes, etc., was no trifling matter then.

If Mrs. Baird wanted to make her little girl a dress and wished for Mrs. Hatch's pattern, she must put her babies in the wheel barrow and wheel them a mile across the prairie, and if Mrs. Hatch wanted Mrs. Baird's receipt for pickles, as she had no wheel barrow she would take her

little ones as far as they were able to walk or she was able to carry them, then leave them by the fence corner, charging them not to stir from that spot, and to be very good children and at last telling them that she would stay but a few minutes. I have, however, a misty recollection of those same children wandering away in grass above their heads trying to find mamma.

Our houses were similar, usually the typical pioneer house of logs, varied slightly in design. Perhaps a corner for a pantry would be partitioned with rough boards, and from the corner of that to the opposite wall would be drawn a curtain of some bright furniture calico forming a commodious alcove for the bed and the old time necessity for the children—the trundle-bed. One family had besides the living room, a sort of lean-to, which was used for a bedroom, and it had a bonifide door of wood, instead of a curtain, and that bedroom was the envy of all the little folks in the community. It seemed the height of grandness to them.

Of course each year brought new arrivals from the eastern states, and frequently a little stranger came to stay to gladden the mother's heart; another one to love and to live for, another one to be educated, consequently with the toiling out of doors and indoors must be mingled the duties of teacher, and I must add that the progress of some of these little folks compared quite favorably with that of the little ones of the present time. At last, however, the great need of the community seemed to be a school house.

In the year 1843 a school house of logs was erected on the south side of Palestine Grove. Here for some years religious services were held, and attending these services might be seen Mrs. Jonathan Peterson with her little daughters; Mrs. Sylvanus Peterson and children; Mrs. Morton, a sister of the Petersons, and her little family; Mrs. Rodgers, her sister; Mrs. Ingals with her little brother and sister, to whom she was acting the mother's part; Mrs. Goodale, a sister of Mrs. Ingals; Mrs. Dr. Adams, a sister of Mr. Ingals; Mrs. Hatch with her two little girls: Mrs. Baird with her two; Mrs Hubbard with boys and girls; Mrs. John and Hezekiah McKune, with little folks; and perhaps we might see the Mrs. Fessenden, who were among the early settlers. Then there were some bright young ladies, sisters and cousins of the Petersons, to take part in that society of the long ago. During this time a few families settled about Knox Grove, in the extreme eastern part of our town. Two families, the Pratts and Crawfords, became permanent settlers. Those brave

mothers have passed away, but have left their children to go in and out among us as some of our best citizens.

There were but few persons here then approaching that much dreaded era in life after which we are called elderly. The parents of the Peterson family, Mrs. Eells, their aunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Reniff, the mother and stepfather of Mr. Baird, were I think the only ones whose journey of life was in the decline.

Of those who ministered to our spiritual wants the first I believe was Elder Headley, who resided in or near Ottawa. He, I have no doubt, was instrumental in organizing the Baptist Church, which has been spiritually the alma mater of most of those who have drifted out on the sea of life from Sublette. I have, too, a misty picture before me of one Mr. Hannum, a lay preacher, gathering with us around the family altar and putting up petitions to the "Heavenly Father" for our spiritual enlightenment. Mr. Hannum lived on the old Chicago road some miles west of Lee Center. The older citizens of Lee county know that it is the road leading from Dixon on past the home of Dr. Chas. Gardner to Lee Center and still on eastward to our metropolis. These old landmarks are fast being obliterated, but this one at least we will preserve in the "Lee County Columbian Book."

As we, surrounded by modern conveniences and living in comparative ease and luxury turn to the picture of our mother's early life, as she crawled to a spring a quarter of a mile away for water to slake her feverish thirst, wondering the while whether she would live to get back to her little ones, we see nothing but sadness and gloom, yet there were bright spots in their lives.

The old folks talk of "those good old times," when hospitality abounded, and everyone was a neighbor, although miles away. They frequently exchanged friendly intercourse and partook of the mince pie made with slightly cooked potatoes, soaked in vinegar, which took the part of the missing apples, and the wild plums preserved in molasses, or the wild crab apples boiled, the core taken out and served with sugar and cream Then there were the cookies, with caraway seeds in them, too. We have no doubt the ladies then enjoyed the little social gatherings, around a quilt on the visit to the lady of the house, while the husbands assisted their neighbor to erect a barn or a stack of hay, quite as well as the ladies of our time enjoy the elaborate luncheon, or the five o'clock tea.

There were, no doubt, many interesting incidents in those days which would be well worth recording here but they have passed beyond the ken of mortals with those cherished mothers, those mothers who were then

only taking up those burdens of life which grew heavier as the responsibility of a family to educate became more apparent, while the facilities for doing it scarcely kept pace with the physical development of the children.

The mother of that day was indeed a Spartan mother, and "her children rise up and call her blessed."

HARRIET H. GARDNER.

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The Township of Viola.

Viola.

WHAT is now known as Viola township was a part of Brooklyn till 1861, when the voters met at the home of Moses VanCampen, and organized the new township. Abram VanCampen, was clerk and Simeon Cole moderator; fifty-two votes were cast. The names proposed for the township were "Butler," "Elba" and "Eldorado." At a meeting of highway commissioners held a month later to lay out a dividing road, the name of Viola was given to the township, the others having been found to conflict with township names in other parts of the state.

A beautiful, natural grove in the southeast corner of the towuship, containing about 320 acres—now called "Little Melugin's Grove," in an early day was known as "Guthrie's Grove," for Wm. Guthrie, the flirst settler. "Big Melugin Grove," another natufal grove, partly in Brooklyn township, one half, or more in Viola, is situtated in the southwest corner, and named after another early settler, Zachariah Melugin.

The drainage is by wide, deep ditches, leading toward and through the Inlet swamp to Green river. The surface is rolling from two to ten miles east, and the same on the south, the balance flat.

W. Guthrie made the first settlement, at the extreme south of Little Melugin Grove, in 1834. Wagon roads ran anywhere to the nearest point over the then vast and open prairie.

Among the first white settlers about the Grove were also Dick Allen, J. Gilmore, W. Lawton, who sold to W. Little. After these many more came, among them being Evins Adrian, who was the first one married in Viola, to Mrs. Marilla Smith (formerly Marilla Goodale,) in October, 1840, she died in 1857.

The first death of an adult was Walter Little, grandfather of ex-sheriff Walter Little. The first birth was in the family of W. Lawton, and this child died before Mr. Little.

The first school was kept in the house of M. VanCampen, for three

terms. The first school house was built at Little Melugin Grove. There are now seven school buildings, and schools are held from six to nine months.

The women of the township, like all pioneers, endured privations and hardships which are unknown to us more fortunate ones of the present day. Undoubtedly, though, if they were here to tell their story, they would relate with beaming countenances, what happy days those were. They knew no difference in social standing, they were like sisters, every one ready to help another in trouble, or share a pleasure. In many a rude cabin or sod house there was greater content and purer happiness than in the handsome, modern "residence." Wood was plenty, and abundant fires made cheerful warmth and light for winter evenings. Not unlike today, crops failed and seasons were sometimes unfavorable, but there was rarely any lack of food, they were hopeful and energetic, the dark days passed and brighter ones followed. The deer roamed at will where now comfortable or handsome dwellings and broad fields of grain dot the landscape.

The barking of the wolf and scream of the panther, which struck terror to the hearts of timid women are replaced by the shriek of the locomotive and the cow-bell.

Only recently has the old Indian trail across the township been obliterated. Their dusky forms have long since disappeared from our midst, but children still love to gather about the grandmother's chair and hear the "Indian stories" of the early days.

MINNIE COBB.

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The Townsip of Willow Creek.

Willow Creek Township.

THE historian who writes up the reminiscences of Lee county and leaves out the township of Willow Creek is not going to get credit for doing a first-class job, so I will come to the rescue and tell something about this beautiful prairie and woodland section—this northeast corner of Lee county. In the first place I will describe the country by saying there are four groves in the township. Allen's Grove is the largest, the next in size is Smith's Grove, and then there are the Twin Groves—they derived their names from their location, standing as they do side by side, one is a little larger than the other, but they are twins.

Allen's Grove took its name from the first man who settled there, and likewise Smith's Grove was named after one of the numerous Smith family, who came west long years ago and became a settler at the grove. Willow creek takes its source in Wyoming township and flows north in a circular course, passing through Twin Groves. Native Willows found growing upon the banks of this creek suggested a name for it, and when the township was organized people named it after the creek that ran through it. The first road that ran through this township was the Indian trail that ran from Ottawa north to the hunting grounds in Wisconsin. The Indians were once paid their annuities by the government at this place.

F. A. Parker, attorney-at-law living in Pawpaw, said his great-grandfather was living at Wedrun some time after the massacre at Fort Dearborn (he could not give the date), and his son, Mr. Parker's grandfather, lived a few miles nearer to Ottawa. One day Shabbona came riding his pony at great speed and warned them that the Indians were liable to kill them. He waved his tomahawk above his head three times and said to them they must "pack-a-chee!" He was terribly in earnest and he warned all the white people in that vicinity, and they were not slow to act upon his advice. There being Indians between there and Ottawa they could not go to the fort for protection, nor even get word to the old

man's son, but they hastily packed up their bedding and some provisions and loaded it on the horses' backs; and his grandfather carried Mr. Parker's mother from there to Allen's Grove in his arms. She was about five years old at that time. And his grandmother, who has told him the story, said she walked by his side and carried all she could of their clothing. Quite a number of families joined them who had been warned as they were. They started after dark and got to Allen's Grove a little after sunrise—walking all night and leading the horses; they followed the Indian trail, as that was the only road. They corraled their horses around in the timber and banded together to protect themselves if need be, but they were undisturbed by Indians and returned home in a few days. Mr. Parker's grandfather's name was Edward Saunders and he belonged to the United States regular army. He assisted in building old Fort Dearborn, in fact superintended building it, being the only carpenter among the company of men that was stationed there in that very early day.

The earliest settlers in Willow Creek township took up their abodes at the groves. Peter Gunzalus, a Frenchman from Duchess County, New York, came to Allen's Grove in the fall of 1836 and made a claim of the Shandy farm, and after staying two years he sold his claim to Richard Allen. This was the first farm that was improved and had a comfortable house built on it in the township. In 1837 a family of Smith's came to this township from Argyleshire, Scotland. The father's name was John Smith. He settled near Allen's Grove and built his cabin. The claim he bought of Armour included a grove which has since been called Smith's Grove. His son, David Smith, still lives close by the spot where his father's log cabin was built. John Smith's cabin was the second house built in the township and it was the first one that burned down. Its roof was made of the long prairie grass that had been mowed down and dried and fixed to shed water, but the fire caught in the dry hay and soon burned down in the cold December; the family lost most of their clothing and bedding and some valuable books. A new house was soon built near where the first one stood. Death entered the household soon after they came to the Grove, and John, the second son, was the victim. This was the first death in the township. His grave may be seen in the family burying ground. John Colvill came from Scotland with the Smith's and made his home with them for a time. Robert Smith, now living at Dixon, is a brother of David Smith.

The first settler at Allen's Grove kept a sort of tavern where food and shelter could be had. After Allen left the Grove a man by the name of

Price took the claim. Israel Shandy came in 1844 and bought the claim of Price and it is his home yet in his old age. In 1839 Heratio G. Hawlett came from Dixon and settled at Allen's Grove. He had lived at Dixon two years; he lived at Allen's Grove until he died at a good old age. His son, James Hawlett, is still living on the old farm at the Grove. William Moore was the first settler at Twin Groves. James Thompson and Levi Lathrop came together in 1842 and bought Moore's claim in partnership. They paid $30 for the timber claim. Thompson bought out Lathrop's claim. Robert Blair, a brother-in-law to Mrs. Thompson, bought a claim to part of the north grove. His son, Robert Blair, was the first white child born at Twin Grove in 1846; at that time and for three years their nearest neighbors were at Malugen's Grove. These earliest settlers lived in log cabins and endured many privations.

George Wise, Isaac Gardner, Mark R. Averill and Jacob B. Fisher all lived for a time at Twin Grove. In 1846 Cummings Noe came to the Grove. He lived for a number of years on land at the south grove.

Shabbona and his tribe used to go through the country and they often visited the early settlers. The first school in the township was taught by Miss Martha Vandeventer, sister to Christopher Vandeventer. The school was held in one of Israel Shandy's log houses. Mr. Shandy used to keep tavern at that time. A Miss Nettleton and a Miss Brace kept school in the same place afterward. The first school ever taught at Twin Groves was in a log cabin in James Thompson's dooryard. The teacher was a widow Stubbs.

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The Township of Wyoming.

The Gilmore Family.

NEAR the close of a cold, rainy day, on the 4th of June, 1835, on the hill about half way between Paw Paw and Melugin's Grove in this (Lee) county, a team of two horses, facing west, became exhausted and refused to go any further. In the wagon were Mrs. John Gilmore and five children, the eldest being nine years old, and beside the team walked the husband and father, and a friend, Mr. William Guthrie; rain was falling steadily, night was approaching, and the only house between them and Dixon's Ferry, was that of Zachariah Melugin, three miles away. A consultation was held and Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore and the children started on foot in an endeavor to reach the shelter of Mr. Melugin's house, which they did, late at night, drenched with the rain and thoroughly exhausted. Mr. Guthrie remained with the team, and help being sent to him they were brought in the next day—thus came the second family in all that empty waste, now so filled with population, wealth, and all that goes to make up the sum of a prosperous and refined society. Guthrie had passed over this country as a soldier in the Black Hawk war, and it was owing to his enthusiastic description that this beautiful spot was chosen for their future home.

They were true pioneers, and within a few days a claim was selected, the walls of a log cabin twelve feet square and seven feet high were erected and covered with shakes, held in place by "weight poles," and the family moved in. No door, window, chimney or floor, but it was the foundation of a happy, prosperous home, still lovingly remembered in all that vicinity. A puncheon floor was soon added, a "stick chimney" and a shake door, and soon the little cabin was made hospitable and comfortable, but when it was finished not a board or nail or a pane of glass had been used in its construction. In this cabin, on the 8th day of November, 1835, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, a son, W. W. Gilmore, still living, a retired merchant in Compton, near the original home. Soon after this event, finding that work (to be paid for in provisions) could be

had at Ross' Grove, twenty miles from home, Mr. Gilmore left his family, and accompanied by his friend Guthrie, went to Ross' Grove and worked most of the winter. They came home on Saturday night on foot, often carrying a part of their week's wages on their shoulders, and walked back to their work on Monday. The Indians had not yet been removed, and day and night they swarmed around the little cabin begging, and often impudently demanding food, which, from her scanty store, Mrs. Gilmore was unable to supply. She has often said that she suffered more from fear of the Indians that winter, than from all other causes combined.

Sometime in the fall of that year Mr. A. V. Christeance and wife had erected a cabin about a mile distant and were living in it. About Christmas there came on one of those terrible sleet storms, still remembered by all old settlers, and the ground was soon covered with one continued glare of ice. About midnight the family were awakened to find the cabin filled with stifling smoke. The stick chimney had taken fire and the house was in great danger. Mrs. Gilmore being alone with her children, hastily dressed herself and tried to put out the fire. The spring of water was some twenty rods away and everything so covered with ice that she could walk only in her stocking feet, and in this way went several times to the spring and brought water, but did not gain on the fire. In this emergency she started her nine-year old boy (now A. P. Gilmore, of Compton,) after help. Mr. Christeance, the nearest neighbor, was a mile away, through the woods with only a dim path, which was easy enough to follow in daylight, but in a dark and bitterly cold and stormy night it was doubtful if the boy could find the way, or endure the cold if he did. But it was the only chance, and whistling for his faithful dog he started. He has often spoken of that midnight tramp as one of the most perilous experiences of his life. But he succeeded and returned with help, and by their united efforts the house was saved, though great ly damaged..

Game was plenty, but amunition was scare. During the first winter a party of hunters camped near the grove and killed a great many deer, which they hung on the trees until they should get a wagon load. One day Mrs. Guthrie, in passing through the grove, came across a large buck hung up, and after considering the matter a little, she shouldered it and carried it home. She used to say that she always felt a little guilty in appropriating the venison, but it seemed to be a matter of necessity. After they became prosperous and well off she used to say that she would like to see that hunter and pay him for the deer. J. K. Robinson taught

the first school in 1837, with eight pupils. Settlers now began to come in and the county filled up quite fast. O. P. Johnson located at the west end of the grove and opened a tavern, which many of the old settlers will still remember. We were boys and girls then—our heads are white now. The first death remembered, was a Mr. Little, a Scotchman, the first one to be buried in the little cemetery. The first marriage in the eastern part of Lee county (it was Ogle ceunty then) was that of J. K. Robinson and Polly Melugin, which took place in 1836.

William Guthrie located a claim in 1835 at what was afterwards known as Guthrie's Grove, near his friend Gilmore, and in the fall of 1836 was married to Miss Ross, at Ross' Grove on Indian Creek, a distance of twenty miles. Transportation in those days was a matter of serious difficulty, but the wedding was an event that must be duly celebrated. So Mr. Gilmore yoked his best pair of oxen to the wagon, took his wife and the younger children, two lady friends and the groom, and by making an early start accomplished the journey in a day. The wedding was celebrated with real new country hilarity, and the bride and groom returned to the cabin which he had prepared. Mrs. Guthrie used to say that they commenced housekeeping with her wedding outfit—a straw tick, a tea kettle and a frying pan. The struggle for life was sharp, and sometimes the larder was nearly empty, but when spring came and the flowers bloomed the hardships of the winter were soon forgotten.

Sometime in the summer of 1836, on a trip to Troy Grove after provisions, Mr. Gilmore come across a Methodist preacher, (it is thought that his name was Lummery) and invited him to come to Melugin's Grove and hold meetings, and an appointment was made for the next round of the circuit which would be in six weeks. At the appointed time the preacher came and held service in the little Gilmore home, at which every man, woman and child in the settlement was present, and room to spare. A church was organized and a class formed, which has never ceased to exist to this day. Then the seeds were planted which in due time have produced the beauties of culture and religion which we enjoy.

REBECCA GILMORE FROST.

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SHABBONA.



SPOTKA.

Shaubena.

WHO was Shaubena—or Shabbona—as I have always been accustomed to write and speak the name? He was an Indian, and a good Indian, too. He was born in the year 1773 at an Indian village on the Kankakee river, now in Will county. His father was of the Ottawa tribe and came from Michigan with Pontiac during the year 1766, being one of the small band of followers who fled from their country after the defeat of that great chief. He was a war chief also, and from a speech of his that has been preserved by tradition he is judged to have been a person of more than ordinary ability.

While Shabbona was an infant or a little pappoose his parents went with him to Canada and stopped at an Indian village twenty miles east of Detroit. They lived there till Shabbona was seven years old, when they returned to their old home on the Kankakee river, and he lived there until he was a man grown, when he married a daughter of a Pottawatomie chief, named Spotka, who had a village on the Illinois a short distance above the mouth of Fox river. At the death of this chief, which occurred a few years afterwards, Shabbona succeeded him as head chief of the band. Soon after this the band left the Illinois river on account of sickness, and they took up their abode in a lovely grove about thirty miles north of their former home. This grove is situated in DeKalb county and the band of Indians was found there by the early white settlers. The grove still bears the name of the kind old chief who did so much for the white people in the early pioneer days. Shabbona and his band lived in this grove—that is situated at the head of Big Indian creek—nearly fifty years. His first wife, Spotka, is buried there and two of his children are buried beside her. A huge stone marks the spot—or did in days gone by—and a fence of poles surrounds the place; I remember visiting the place years ago after the Indians had gone and their land was sold and eagerly sought after by the white men, who wanted the wood

for fire and for building purposes. My father bought the old Indian council ground and my uncle, Michael Clapsaddle, who came to the Grove soon after the Black Hawk war, was personally acquainted with Shabbona. The old Indian used to visit at his house quite often and he was never tired of telling of the brave deeds of the great warriors who had lived and fought and gone hence to their happy hunting grounds, but he would never tell these things over before my aunt. He would want to go out and sit down on the ground under the big shade trees, then he would tell all the war stories one would care to listen to.

One day he came while the family were at dinner and sat down on the ground out in the door yard under a large oak tree to wait for my uncle to come out, as he had told him the day before that he and his family must leave the grove in a very few days. It was not their home now, the white men had cheated him out of his home. They called it lawful and right, but said he, "It is just like *steal*, me Shabbona tell them when to run from Indian tomahawk." He told my uncle how the Pottawatomie and Winnebago chiefs denounced him as a traitor to his race for having warned the white people of their danger. They met in council and said in their speeches that he had forfeited his life, and that both tribes demanded his death because he was the white man's friend. In the spring of 1833, after the council on Green river, near what is now called New Bedford, two warriors volunteered to kill him. One morning, while he was out hunting, passing through the timber just back of my uncle's house (he pointed out the place to him as he told him this) two shots were fired at him from a cluster of bushes. "The bullets went whiz! whiz! by my head just so," (motioning with his hands close by his ears) "but they hide in the bushes, me see nobody." On the same day two mean-looking Indians were seen skulking along the edge of the grove trying to hide themselves from sight. An old Indian who knew they were trying to kill him went to a half-breed who had charge of a trading house a few miles from where the council was held and told Louis Ouilmette, the trader, that the two warriors were on their way to kill him. Ouilmette sent a young Indian who was friendly to the whites and Shabbona to warn him of his danger. He said, "I loved my white friends; I risked my life to save them from the scalping knife and I expected to die by the hand of my enemies for trying to save the lives of my white friends and their children. I mounted my pony and rode to Bureau settlement and I did not return for many weeks, but went to Rochell's village south of the Illinois river and hid away from my enemies."

Shabbona was pleasant in his manners and had many warm friends among the white people and Indians also. He always kept his promise; he was never known to do a mean dishonest act. My uncle said in speaking of him his knowledge of the western country seemed to be extensive. He talked about Galena and Chicago as we now talk about going to Shabbona or Pawpaw, and yet the Indian trail and the fleet-footed pony helped him to cover the distance from Chicago to Galena in those days when the whole state of Illinois was in two counties—St. Clair and Randolph—the northern portion, including Wisconsin, being under the jurisdiction of St. Clair. What a free wild life the Indians must have led before the palefaces came to disturb them.

Shabbona said, "Black Hawk did not expect to conquer the whites, but thought if the different tribes joined him the government would be willing to treat on favorable terms and return to him his village," which the government had sold while he and his band were away on a hunt during the winter of 1830. In the spring when they returned to their village, as they had been in the habit of doing, they found people living in their wigwams and that the white men had possession of their cornfields.

Black Hawk called on the Indian agent, Thomas Forsyth, at Rock Island, and also on his friends, for counsel and advice, and they all advised him to abandon his village and go west of the Mississippi river. He always contended to the day of his death that he had never sold his village, and to regain possession of it seemed to be the one great object of his life.

Shabbona and Black Hawk had always been on friendly terms, although Shabbona could not be induced to join him in a war against the whites. He told my uncle about the last time they visited together. Black Hawk's band was camping about twenty-five miles above Dixon's Ferry in a grove on a stream that has since been called Stillman's Run. Black Hawk sent a message to Shabbona and to Waubansic, who had a village at Pawpaw Grove, to meet him there. They mounted their ponies and started for his camp. They were met by the whole band of chiefs, warriors, squaws and pappooses. They had a good dinner at Black Hawk's wigwam, over which waved the British flag, the one presented to Black Hawk two years before by the commanding officer of Fort Walden. A company of young squaws serenaded them with music of drums and rattling gourds, songs and dances while they ate their dinner.

After dinner Black Hawk took his company off in the grove where they could be alone for a little confidential talk. The three chiefs seated themselves on a fallen tree and Black Hawk sat between Shabbona and

Waubansic and told them the story of his wrongs. He told them how he was born at Sac village and how he loved the place and that his father and mother and some of his children were buried there and how he expected to live there and die there and be buried by their side, and he said, "But now in my old age I have been driven from my home and dare not look again upon this loved spot." He hid his face in his blanket and was silent for a long time. After wiping away his tears he said, "Before many moons you too will be compelled to leave your homes, the hunting grounds you have roamed over in your youth; the corn fields and your villages will be in the possession of the whites, and the graves of your fathers and loved ones will be plowed over by them, while your people will be driven toward the setting sun, beyond the 'Father of Waters.'" Black Hawk stood up before the chiefs and said, "We have always been as brothers, have fought side by side in the British war, have hunted together and slept under the same blanket; we have met in council and at religious feasts, our people are alike and our interests the same." Then Black Hawk said he was on the warpath and urged his friends to join him. Shabbona said no! he could not raise the tomahawk against the white people who had always been kind to him. Waubansic heard what was said by both and smoked his pipe in silence. After hearing Shabbona say "no" to the urgent pleading of Black Hawk, he too refused to take part in the war that Black Hawk was anxious to stir up against the whites, but he promised to be present at the council of chiefs; but Shabbona refused to be present. He urged Black Hawk to go west of the Mississippi to save his people—and the two chiefs parted to meet no more.

Waubansic and his band came to Pawpaw Grove during the summer of 1824 and lived here until the government moved them west of the Mississippi river. Shabbona told my uncle that he sent to Pawpaw for Waubansic's band to come and stay at Shabbona Grove, so each band would be a protection for the other after the commencement of hostilities. They stayed there for a number of days; afterward they sent their squaws and pappooses and the old and infirm Indians to Ottawa and the warriors joined Atkinson's army at Dixon's Ferry. A short time after Waubansic went west he was killed by a party of Sacs and Foxes for having fought against them during the Black Hawk war. His scalp was taken and his body left on the prairie to be eaten up by wolves, while his beautiful pony was ridden away by one of his murderers.

Shabbona said he was acquainted with Tecumseh, and he used to tell how Tecumseh visited his village. He said: "On a warm day in Indian summer, while me and my friends were playing ball, Tecumseh and three

chiefs, each riding a fine black pony, arrived at my village. The next day a favorite dog was killed and a feast made for the great Tecumseh and the chiefs that accompanied him, and night was spent with songs and dancing. Shabbona went with his visitors to a number of villages on the Illinois and Fox rivers and listened to the great Tecumseh's speeches in behalf of his scheme of uniting all the tribes of the west in a war against the whites that they might repel the encroachments of the white men, and retard the march of civilization, which meant the extermination of the Indian. The next summer Shabbona accompanied Tecumseh to Vincennes to meet Gen. Harrison the second time in council, and listened to their angry speeches. Neither Tecumseh nor Harrison were willing to make any concession, and the council ended without reconciliation. Shabbona was Aid to Tecumseh, and stood by his side when he fell at the battle of Thames. The old chief liked to tell about the battle of the Thames, and describe every detail. Shabbona said he was standing by the side of Tecumseh when he was shot by the man on a white horse (Col. Johnson) and with a shrill whoop he fell to the ground.

After the death of his first squaw Shabbona married another, named Miamex Zebequa, and by her he had a number of children. In accordance with Indian customs, some years afterward he married another squaw. After this event the first wife and second wife did not agree, and they had frequent quarrels, and after a few years Po-ka-no-ka, the younger wife, who was said to be very handsome, left the family and went to live with her people in Kansas.

Shabbona's oldest son's name was Bypegee, but he was known among the white settlers as Bill Shabbona. During the Black Hawk war he rode far and near, at Shabbona's bidding, to warn the early settlers of the approach of the merciless savages that were coming to scalp them and burn their dwellings.

While at the grove Shabbona's family numbered twenty-five or thirty persons, counting his two squaws, his children, grandchildren, neices, nephews and all. He frequently took the little ones to church on Sunday. A few years before his death he gave all his family christian names and took the name of Benjamin himself.

Shabbona died at his home on the Illinois river July 17, 1859, aged eighty-four years, and was buried with much pomp and ceremony in Morris cemetery. His remains were deposited on lot 59, block 7, donated by the cemetery, but neither stone nor stake marked the spot. Shabbona's oldest squaw, Miamex Zebequa, and Mary Oquaka, a little granddaughter four years of age, were drowned in Mason creek, in Grundy

county November 30, 1864, and are buried by the side of Shabbona. There are eight of Shabbona's family buried on the same lot in Morris' cemetery, five of whom were his children or grandchildren.

I am indebted to N. Matson's memories of Shabbona for some of the dates and for some of the information in this sketch, especially that concerning Shabbona's death and burial. The object of this sketch is merely to do justice to the old Indian chief and to preserve an account of some of his deeds which should form a part of the early history of this country.

E. S. BRAFFET.

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BLACK HAWK

Pioneer Experiences.

DR. ISRAEL F. HALLOCK, one of the few survivors of the early settlers of Wyoming township, sends us a short story of some of his and some of his wife's pioneer experiences. We wish it was longer, and wish, too, that we had many more such to present our readers for the "Recollections" of genuine pioneers are a story of which we never tire, but alas, a story which must soon be "a tale that is told"—for the pioneers are fast passing away.

TO THE COLUMBIAN CLUB:

Seeing your request for family sketches and historical facts concerning the early settlers of this county I thought it might not be amiss to give a few incidents connected with that early day. It was thought by many that only the simple would settle in such a country. Being one of those simple ones I first settled in Stark county in July, 1840. After a journey of seven weeks and five days over hill and dale, on the 10th day of July we (I say we for I had taken captive one of Deacon O. Boardman's daughters a few months before) together with my father-in-law and family, drove up to the door of L. Dorrance in said county, and then commenced our first housekeeping. The first thing we did was to buy a cow, after which I had just $3. left. To care for the milk wooden troughs dug out of slabs made very good substitute for pans then we bought a rough table of Mr. White, a carpenter. I took it home on my back a mile and a half. This, together with a kettle and a frying pan and a few other things brought in a one horse wagon from the east comprised our household goods. Working here a day, and there a day, for flour and potatoes, I got our food. Pumpkins being plenty they came without work.

In the fall of the same year after the excitement of the Tippecanoe campaign was over we came to Paw Paw, and built our first log cabin. Here, not having any chairs we used stools or benches until a tavern

keeper sold out to get money to bail his son, who was under arrest for counterfeiting; of him I bought two chairs, carrying them home on my back, Having exchanged my horse and wagon for a claim I got a yoke of steers and commenced farming in earnest. With this team I used to haul my surplus grain to market, go to church and visiting with as much pride as the young man of today with his fine carriage and 2:40 horse. In the meantime my good wife was supplying our wearing apparel, bed and table linen, spinning and weaving the flax with her own hands, until we were able to own sheep, when the wool was sent to the factory and carded, then she spun the yarn and wove the cloth to make our clothing, bed blankets, etc., doing all the work with her own hands, unless we wanted something very fine for Sunday wear, when the homemade cloth was sent to the factory, sheared and pressed and then made up.

The experience of my wife was but the experience of nearly all the women of that early day, who not only prepared for the family what was provided by the husband, but who cheerfully manufactured from the wool and the flax material that could not be procured in any other way. And to these pioneer mothers the people of this generation owe much of the luxuries and comforts which they enjoy.

J. F. Hallock.

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Wyoming Township.

THE first settlers in this township located around the grove, of course. Paw Paw Grove takes its name from the Paw Paw trees that grow there. It is the southeastern township of Lee county, and the grove lies east of the railroad station that is called Paw Paw.

David A. Town was the first white settler who took a claim and made a home at Paw Paw Grove. He with his wife and four children came to the grove in 1834. He built his house on the south side of the grove, west of the farm now owned by Pierpont Edwards. It was built of logs, 16x18 feet, with one door and one six lighted window, and had a fire place and chimney. The floor was made of split logs, hewn with a broad axe. O. P. Johnson, of Brooklyn, helped build this house, and he said that he and three other men built it in a day and a half, in November, 1834. In 1835 Isaac Balding came and located on the Chicago road, between the two Paw Paws. He kept the first stage house and tavern, and the stage stopped at his house as long as it ran by Paw Paw. They were put on this route, between Galena and Chicago, in 1834.

In December, 1835, Russell Town came to the grove with his wife and five children. Charles Morgan and wife, and seven children, came from Virginia, and the next year they were keeping tavern half a mile east of David A. Town's house.

William Rogers came in 1836. He was the first postmaster, having his office near Morgan's tavern. The next post office was at Shabbona Grove. He had charge of the removal of the Indians from here to Council Bluffs in 1837. He was an officer in the Mexican war, and had been sheriff of Sacramento, California.

The first weddings were in 1836. On July 4th, of that year, Samuel McDowel, who had lived at the southeastern side of the grove for a number of years, was married to Delilah Harris. This was the first marriage in the township. Among the Guests were Shabbona and two other Indians, who were very much pleased at being invited. Hassa Town, who

was present at the wedding, used to tell of the way they celebrated it like the Fourth of July. After the wedding ceremony the men went into a grove and cut a liberty pole and brought on their shoulders, then they fastened a flag with the stars and stripes, to the end of the pole, and hoisted the pole so the flag could float in the breeze, and then how they did shout. It seemed like a regular Fourth of July celebration. The next wedding was that of Fidelia Sawyer to George Town, December 13, 1836. December 20th Levi Carter was married to the widow Gillet. Rev. Benoni Harris officiated at each occasion.

Jacob D. Rogers came in 1837 from Pennsylvania. His claim of 320 acres was next west of George Town's claim, and included the west part of the site of Pawpaw. He was the first to settle out on the prairie west of the grove. His log house, which was built in 1837, stood where Dr. George Ryan afterwards lived, and Ritchies lived there a long time afterward. The place where the log house stood is now occupied by a fine dwelling house owned by George Faber.

James Gable came with Rogers, and he used to tell about helping to build the log house, and he said after they had hauled one load of logs and piled them upon the ground and went and got another load, they had hard work to find the place where they had deposited the first load, the grass was so thick and tall it hid them from their sight, and there was no road to guide them. The Indian trail ran past Pawpaw to Shabbona Grove.

In 1841 during the summer a thousand Indians were encamped in the northwest part of the grove near a big spring, near what is now called Wheeler's Grove. They came from Indiana and here was where they stopped to get their pay from the government. This same year the Indians that had lived here, Waubansic's tribe, had been removed to their new hunting ground beyond the Mississippi river.

In 1838 Rev. Caleb Morris came. With him came his daughter, the widow Nancy Robinson, and her children, one daughter and six sons.

Deacon Orlando Boardman came in 1849. It was through his efforts and assistance that the first Baptist church was built at South Pawpaw. Deacon Hallock also arrived that year, and White and French, Pete and Mr. Breese's family, who came in May, 1841. There were then eighteen families around the grove, thirteen of whom were living in Brooklyn township.

Peter May came in 1841. He bought part of the land where Pawpaw now stands. Hon. O W. Bey came in 1842 and settled at Four Mile Grove.

Elder Norman Warriner came in 1843 and for twenty years was pastor

of the Baptist church. There were a great many taverns along the old Chicago road, but they could not accommodate many guests. Jacob Wirick kept tavern at East Pawpaw in early days.

The first school was taught in 1836 in a little pole schoolhouse 12x12, built for the purpose on the Mead farm. Emily Giles, from Fox river, taught for one dollar a week and boarded around. In the spring of 1835 Rev. Benoni Harris began to preach occasionally in his son's house, where he lived in 1839.

Father Morris came and preached in the cabins of the settlers. Circuit preachers came in '39 and '40; among the first was Elder White, Mr. Lummery, Alonzo Carte , Peter Cartwright and Mr. Bachelder, all of these were Methodists; their appointments were about three months apart. The first Baptist preachers were Elders Carpenter, Charles Harding and Norman Warriner. Dr. George S. Hunt, the first practicing physician at the Grove and in Wyoming township, came here in the spring of 1844. He has been dead many years. His wife also is dead, and their only child, Mrs. John Baker, lives at the old homestead.

MRS. E. S. BRAFFET.

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